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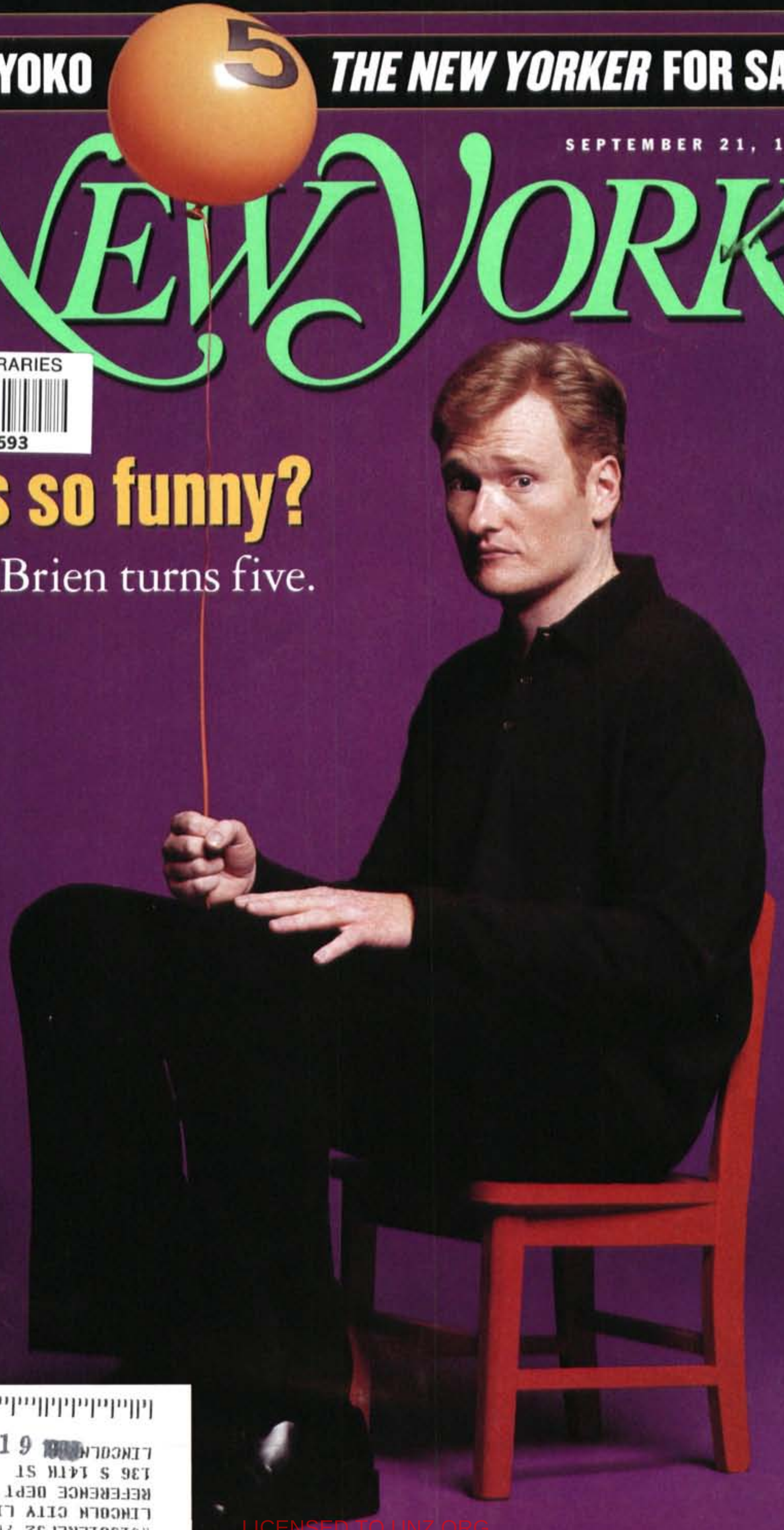
BY
JAMES
KAPLAN



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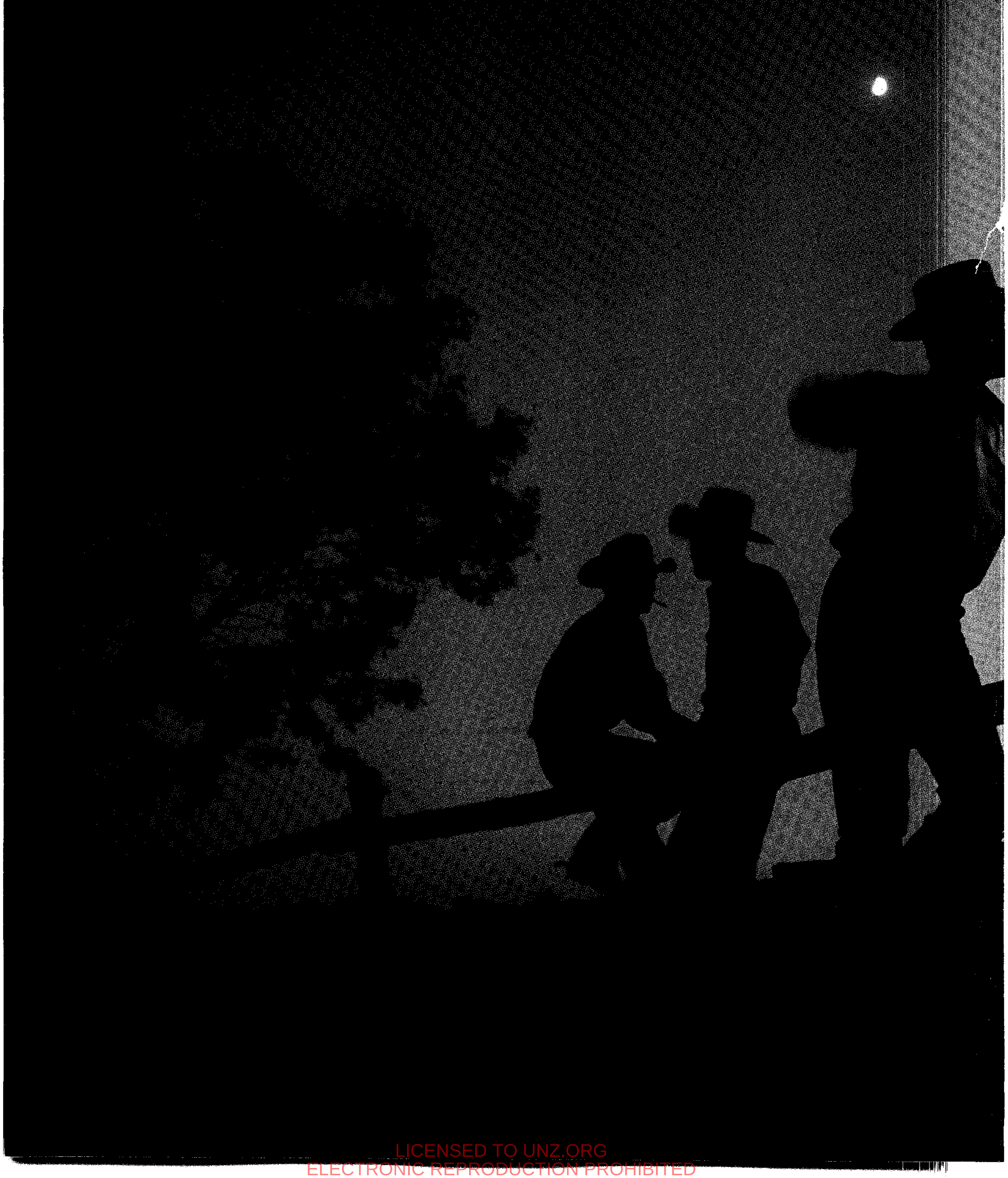

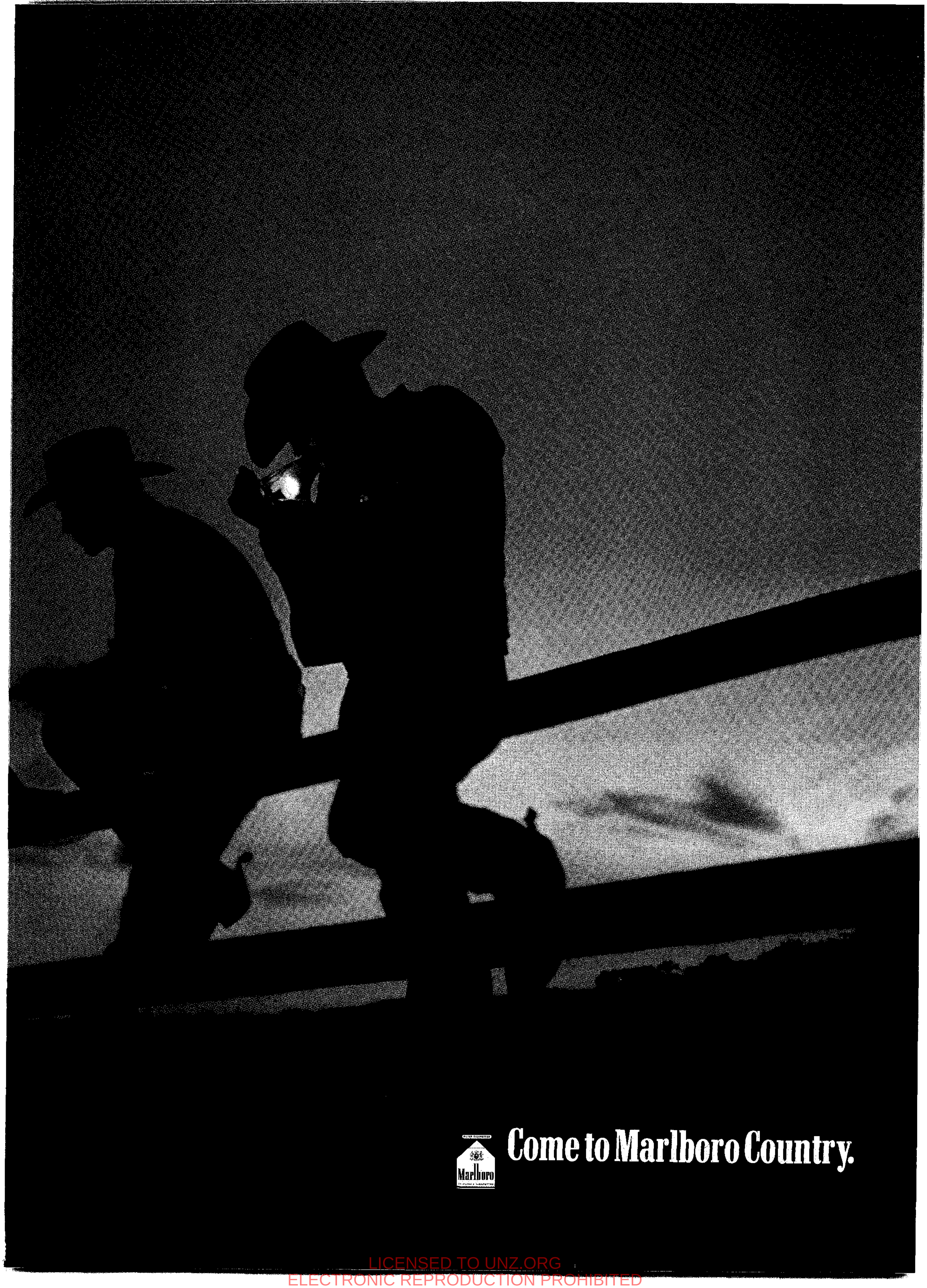
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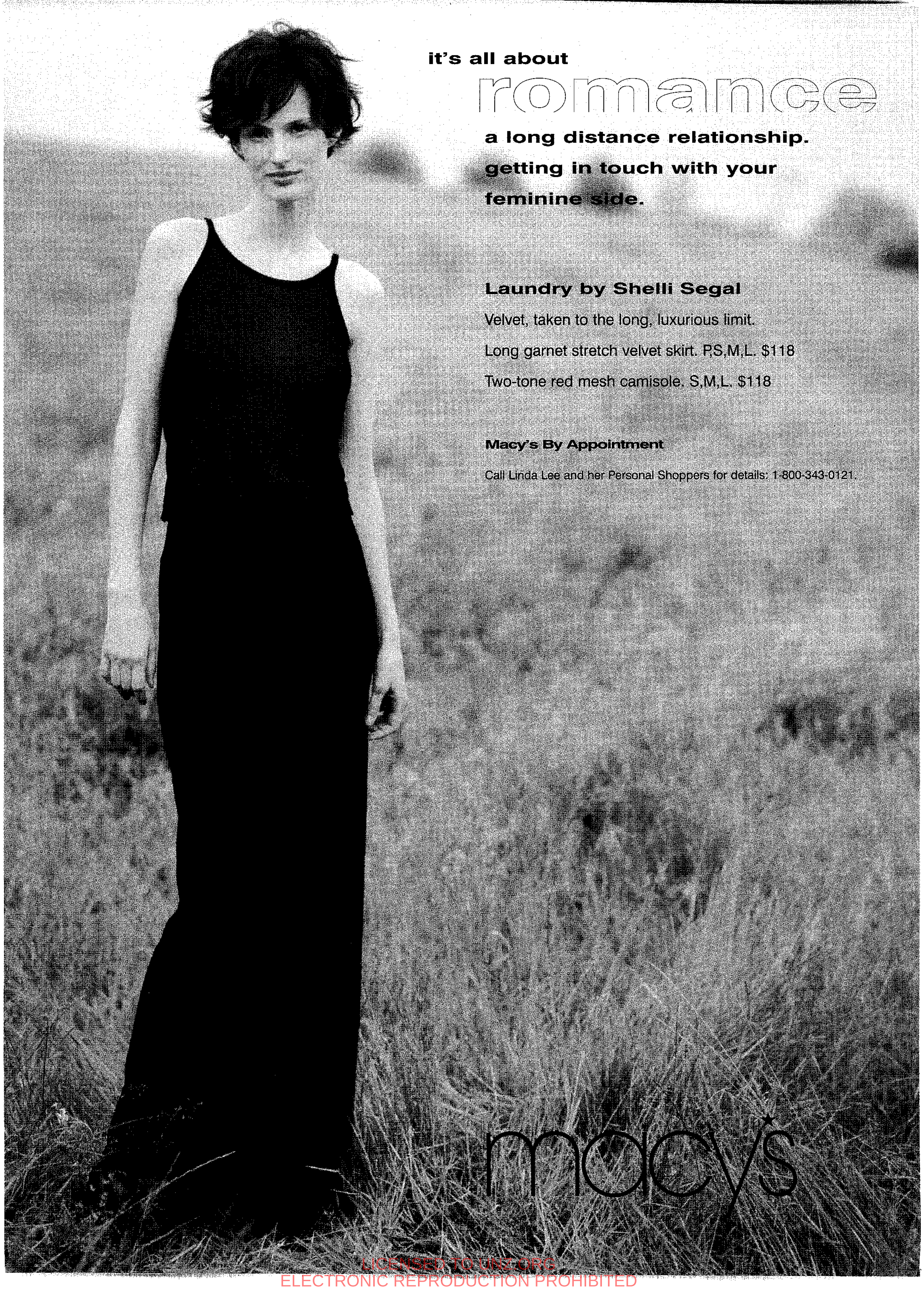it's all about

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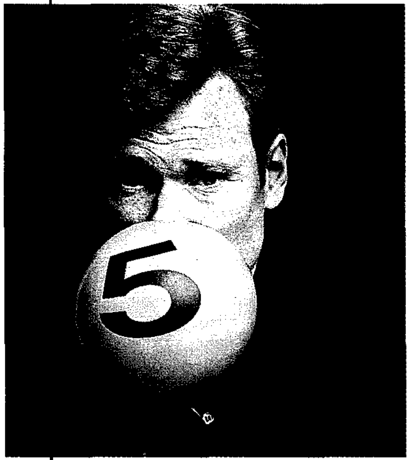
Contents Sept. 21, 1998

> *"I've always said that Letterman was, like, the Viking that found North America. And the rest of us are trying to carve out some virgin territory in northwest Oregon."*
>
> CONAN O'BRIEN, PAGE 26



26 Conan the Comedian

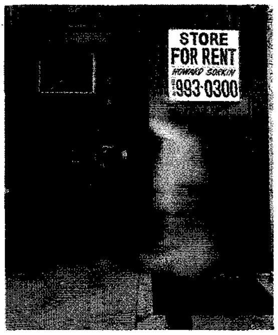
By James Kaplan

Five years ago, who would have thought Conan O'Brien would, come 1998, be more than a trivia-quiz answer? But with a prime-time special and stellar ratings, he's not being kicked around anymore. The king of late-late night dissects contemporary comedy, mores, and the shocking lack of fellowship among talk-show hosts.

34 The Troubles

By Chris Francescani

At first, Hessy Phelan's death looked like the suicide of a despondent Bronx barfly—one who happened to be a former I.R.A. operative. Then Richard Molloy, a cop from the neighborhood, was charged with the murder, forcing the local Irish community to, once again, choose sides.



40 Re-Flux

By Ethan Smith

On the eve of the late Fluxus artist Al Hansen's first retrospective, *New York* chats with Hansen's far-more-famous grandson Beck and his one-time muse Yoko Ono.

42 Tabletop Talents

By Wendy Goodman

More than a decade after Nan Swid began asking architects to design for the table, she launches her own label, with her own lustrous ceramics, pewter pieces by Calvin Tsao, and a Richard Meier decanter that makes solid geometry easy to swallow.

Gotham

15 Cute competition: Bug, meet the iMac; sell me no *Juggs*

19 Gotham Style

A guide for the fashionistas to the far reaches of Chelsea

Departments

20 Cityside
Nancy Jo Sales

The young among the marchers talk back to their elders

22 Media
Michael Wolff

Who would buy *The New Yorker*—good reputation, bad bottom line—if Si were to sell?

72 Restaurants
Hal Rubenstein

Michael Jordan's steaks are great but they can't compete with the Grand view

Marketplace

46 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Home fires: a stylish mat; a Moroccan pot; and a glowing doorbell

48 N.Y. Tech
Simon Dumenco

Your phone book takes (digital) flight; help with your homework

63 Sales & Bargains
Ondine Cohane

Modest Modernism; glamorous gowns; the perfect leather pants

The Arts

64 Movies
David Denby

Rounders captures the body language and the lingo of poker; *Touch of Evil* still chills

66 Books
Walter Kirn

Joyce Maynard's *At Home in the World* adds little to literature and less to our knowledge of Salinger

68 Theater
John Simon

Kids, though well-staged and well-acted, is still *Stupid*

70 Television
John Leonard

Macky Alston traces the varied bearers of his *Family Name*

Cue

75 The Funky Drummer performs; Skid Row stories; pastrami fit for a queen

Misc.

Letters 6
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 9
***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden* 119
***Guardian* Crossword** 120
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 120
Classified 108
Strictly Personals 116

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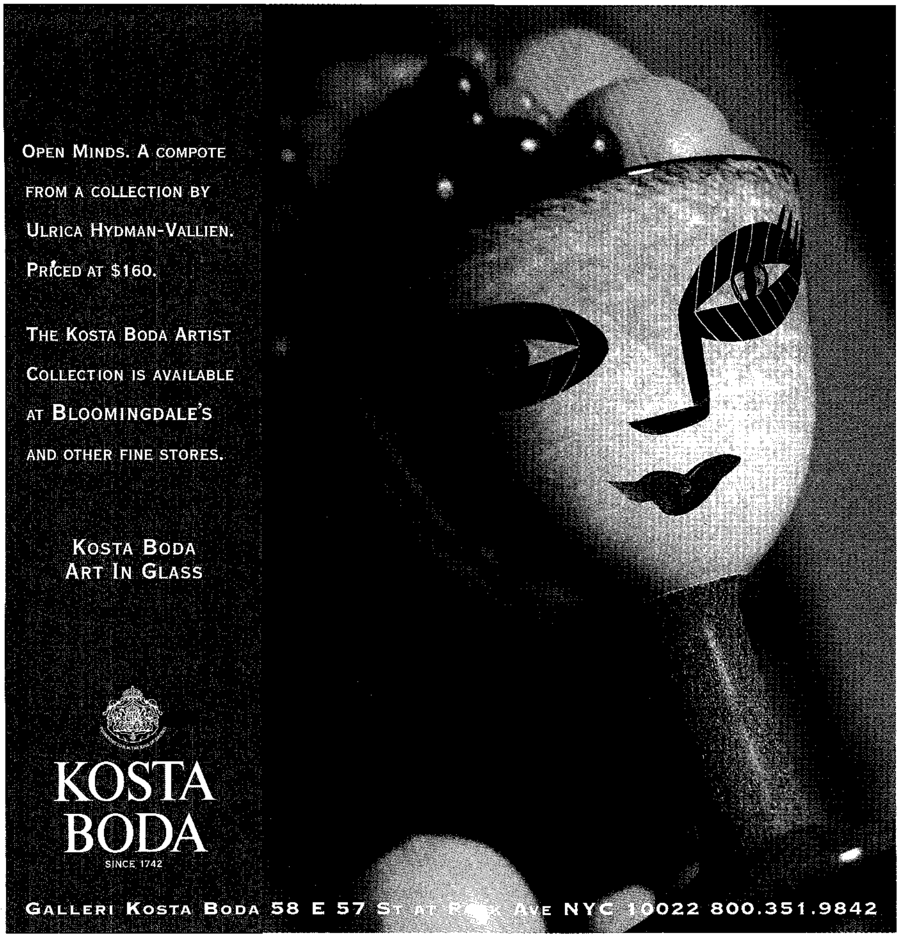
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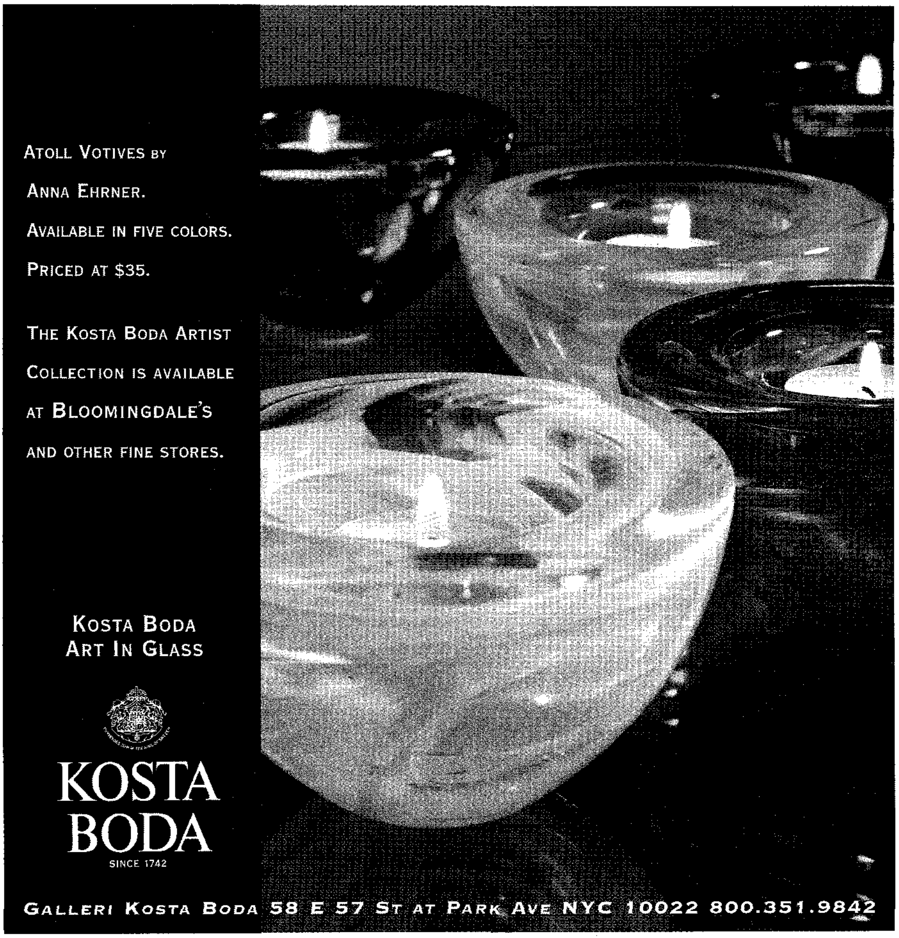
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Leave Him Alone

The American people (or at least our readers) think Clinton deserves a private life; Steve Brill bites back.

NOT ONE OF THE TALKING HEADS seems to give a flip about what the public thinks about the mess with Monica and Bill. It seems few in either print or broadcast journalism are all that interested in being journalists. They want to dictate policy to the people, and if they can bring down a government, so much the better.

The right-wingers can smirk all they want, but they could be next. Just as the Democrats enjoyed what happened to Nixon because of Watergate, only to discover all that really happened was that the media had been empowered to become the self-appointed moral watchdog for America, the right could be the next target of the witch hunt.

On the other hand, maybe some of moral crusaders of the media will turn on their fellows, and we'll find out just how pure the private lives of Maureen Dowd, Sam Donaldson, George Will, and Judy Woodruff really are. Then peeking behind closed doors will come to a screeching halt.

Joe Roman
ATLANTA, GA.

KUDOS TO MICHAEL TOMASKY FOR SO ELOquently defining the "disconnect" between the majority of Americans and the media—to say nothing of the hard-right crazies who sing along. To them I say: Be a sport; you lost. Shut up and go home.

Charles Seely
CASSVILLE, MO.

Brill's Wolff's Brill's Content

I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU ALLOWED MIchael Wolff to use your pages to launch a preemptive strike against the article about his book that appears in our soon-to-be-published October issue ["Media: Wolff's Brill's Content," September 7]. The article says that there is evidence that, among other things, he fabricated a key character in his supposed work of nonfiction. Wolff may now want to retreat à la Mike Barnicle and say that the book really shouldn't be taken that seriously—that it's really only "satirical." But the book he sold names names and skewers real people. That you would allow him to attempt this retreat—rather than undertake your own audit—is stupefying.

The resulting article is filled with wholly inaccurate statements. For example, Wolff has never seen the business plan for our magazine, and his description of it is wrong in every respect. And I would love to have been a fly on the wall when he "proved" to your fact checker that *The American Lawyer* and Court TV were failed businesses and that I was forced out of my partnership with Time Warner. It is a matter of public record that our partnership ended when Time Warner would not agree to sell me its interests because of the high value it placed on those assets.

Wolff also now concedes in his column that his book "shamelessly settles many scores." You shouldn't let him use your magazine to continue the process. Unless, of course, you mean for your media column to be "satirical," too.

Steven Brill
Editor-in-Chief, Brill's Content
MANHATTAN

Michael Wolff responds: Brill should check the meaning of *satire*. Satire—a literary form that uses irony, sarcasm, and wit to attack or expose folly and stupidity—doesn't imply that something is untrue. The allegation that I fabricated a character in my book is not only wrong but represents a high level of incompetence: Many people in the industry can identify the executive. Indeed, I am aware that *Content*'s fact checkers were apprised by independent sources of the identity of this executive, which makes the allegation an instance of what libel lawyers call "reckless disregard" of the truth. As for Brill's relationship with Time Warner, oh, I'm *sure* they were sorry to him go (FYI: this is a satirical flourish).

Queens Style

IT IS CLEAR THAT THE APPLICATION OF new design theories takes place more

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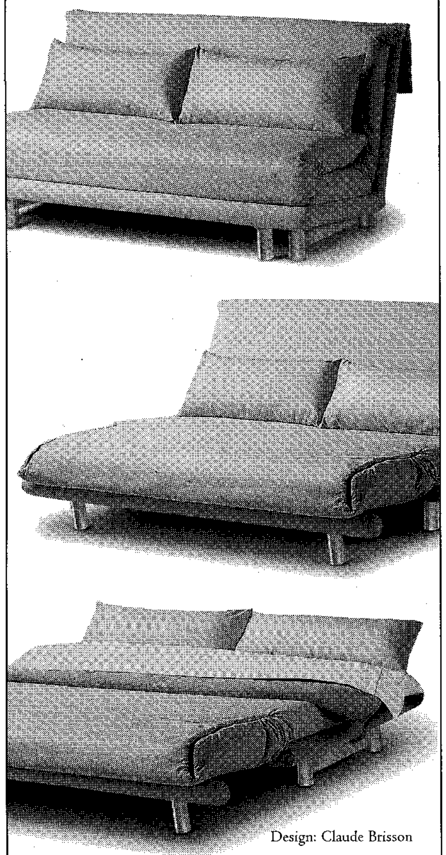

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freely where old ideas are not as firmly entrenched ["Cityscape: Computing a Cathedral," by Karrie Jacobs, August 31]. In Manhattan, economic considerations, often erroneous, have impeded the acceptance of sound contemporary architectural thought: It is deemed risky to use designs that have not been proved aesthetically safe for the broader market. In architecture, outstanding design is often supplanted by mediocrity in deference to the lowest common denominator. Influential people like Reverend Young Hee Lee, by avoiding this apathy, can demonstrate that good design is rewarding in more than economic ways.

Min Yang
Principal, Project: Architecture
MANHATTAN

IF I MAY REAPPROPRIATE A CURRENT cliché, the trio of architects highlighted in Karrie Jacobs's piece are guilty of the "tail wagging the dog." When pressed to rationalize the genesis of the forms used in their Korean Church, the architects deferred to the computer software that "drew blobs, rounded shapes." Voilà! It was done.

In a world of pixelated images and "paperless architecture," and a landscape laden with simulacra, there's a dangerous assumption that architects have relinquished authorship to computers. The implication is that the software was saddled with the burden of design, and not the designer. I applaud the trio for overcoming the hurdles they must have faced in seeing the project through from concept to fruition, and their obvious ability to communicate their intentions to their very open-minded client.

Computers work for architects and not vice versa. Designers should not pretend, either subliminally or overtly, to allow design to be dictated by high-firepower Macs.

Adam Kushner
MANHATTAN

Lovebirds

MAY MARYLOU WHITNEY AND JOHN HENdrikson make the best of what years they've got—they really are the perfect couple for our times ["Driving Mrs. Whitney," by Charlotte Hays, August 24]. Let them embrace the fauna of society and have its flora sheathe them in connubial bliss. Women of some years have all the attractions of their male peers, but with a hell of a lot more zest for life. *À votre santé.*

Tobias Maxwell
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

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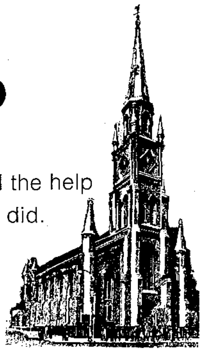

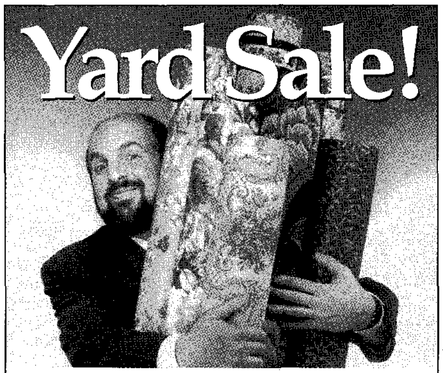

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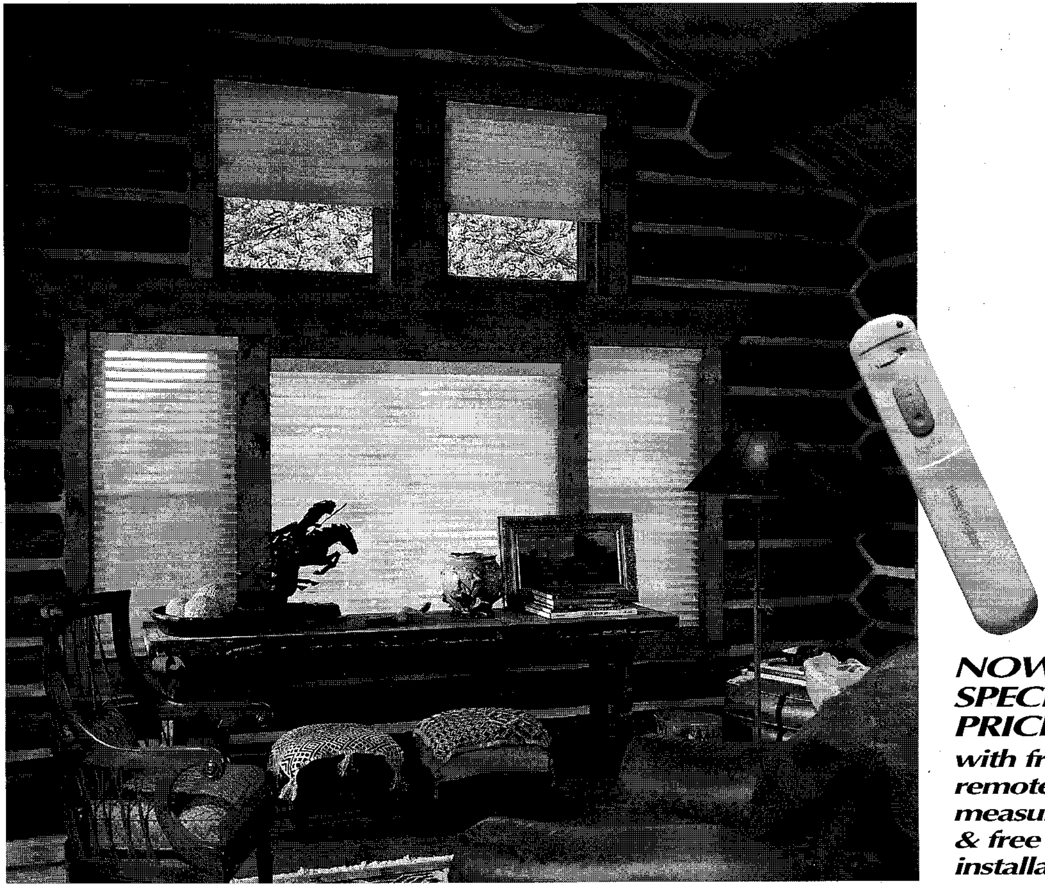

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

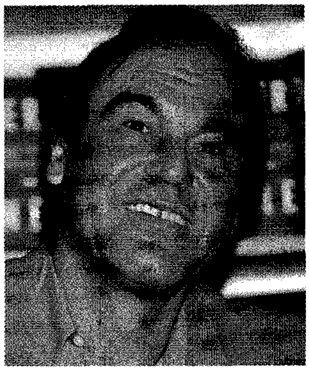
SYLVIA GETS A RIBBING FROM RUDY

The mayor may be banning one of his own alimentary pleasures for a change, namely the smothered steak and collard greens at Sylvia's uptown. City Hall sources say Giuliani is so outraged by what he considers Sylvia's sponsorship of the "Million Youth March" that he's promising never to eat at the famous soul-food stop again.

But what sponsorship is Rudy talking about? "I've never sponsored anything," says owner **Sylvia Woods,** who knew nothing of the mayor's threatened ban. "I would hate for the mayor to even think for one time that we were upholding anything negative." While it's true that **Khallid Abdul Muhammad** held a press conference at the popular Harlem eatery on August 28, Woods is quick to point out that the restaurant was also used just days later by a multiracial coalition that publicly rebuked Muhammad (a conference he promptly crashed). Sylvia's manager **Clarence Cooper** says it's all a misunderstanding and that they neither support nor condemn any organization that rents their space. "Unfortunately, we were used as a building which serves the public," he says, "and now we have to take the heat." A spokesman for Mayor Giuliani says, "I haven't heard anything about it."

NEVER ON A SUNDAY FOR JAMES CAAN

In the end, **James Caan** didn't get the part, but he could write a screenplay about what happened when he looked into it. Caan was being considered for a role in **Oliver Stone**'s look at pro football, *On Any Given Sunday,* which begins filming in Miami this fall with **Al Pacino, Cameron Diaz, Dennis Quaid, Lauren Holly, Edward Burns,** and **Sean "Puffy" Combs.** A script was sent to Caan's agent, **Jim Berkus** at UTA. The problem was, Stone obsessively guards his work, numbering every script that's sent out. So when another UTA client came in for a reading having seen the entire screenplay, a furious Stone was able to trace the leak back to Caan. Berkus, who had apparently made a copy for himself and sent the original to the agency's library, insists Stone's casting agent never mentioned the need for super-secrecy. Stone's spokeswoman, **Pat Kingsley,** says that "Oliver does not know who gave out the script, whether it was Berkus or Caan. But it was Berkus's responsibility." She adds that the director initially decreed that he wouldn't work with any Berkus clients (who include **Jim Carrey** and **Martin Lawrence**). Berkus says he then called Stone to apologize, and that it was "all talked out in a very nice way."



Oliver Stone: Script proctor

THE ROUNDELAY OF MEDIA COLUMNISTS

Reporters reporting on other reporters has become a growth industry—one we'll happily add to by reporting on the latest in the game of musical chairs for media columnists. At the beginning of this month, the *Daily News* hired **Celia McGee** away from the New York *Observer.* Starting September 21, she'll take over the media column **Keith Kelly** wrote before he jumped to the New York *Post.* (Meanwhile, over at the *Times,* **Alex Kuczynski** will start the media beat next month.) "Celia's a very gifted writer and an aggressive reporter, and it's going to put us way out in front," boasts her new boss, *Daily News* business editor **Scott Wenger.** *Observer* editor **Peter Kaplan** didn't know he was losing McGee until *New York* called, but he quickly wished her "congratulations" and said, "It'll be a fun autumn." **Elizabeth Manus** took over McGee's publishing column at the *Observer* this spring, when McGee graduated to features.

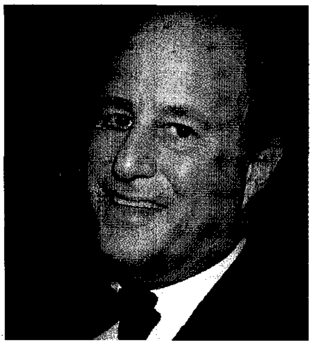
WILL MORTIMER'S SURVIVE GLENN BERNBAUM?

The loyal customers of Mortimer's are determined not to respect the last wishes of Glenn Bernbaum, who died last week. "He wanted the door to that restaurant closed the minute he died," reports the late restaurateur's lawyer, **A. Richard Golub,** who in Bernbaum's will was given the job of shuttering the place. Golub performed his task admirably—and he's been hearing from the restaurant's regulars ever since. "I'd love to continue the legacy of Mortimer's," says perfume maven **Gale Hayman,** who celebrated her marriage to **Dr. William Haseltine** at the famed Lexington Avenue boîte. **Mario Buatta** says he'd even be willing to put up some money to keep the place going. "It would be nice if we could set those people [who used to work for Bernbaum] up in business," says the King of Chintz. Maître d' **Robert Caravaggi** and the other longtime Mortimer's staff members chose not to comment, but another insider said, "We'd like to keep the restaurant open, and I believe that Mr. Bernbaum's friends and clientele also feel that way." "I don't know if it's legally possible," counters Golub. "But if it is, I would do everything I could to facilitate it." Meanwhile, **Judy Peabody** will be meeting this week to see about rescheduling Bernbaum's annual AIDS fund-raiser, Fête de Famille, which had been set for October 1.

PERELMAN IN A.M.; MOLINARI IN D.C.

FATHER KNOWS BEST: Even the richest man in the city doesn't always get his way—right away. **Ron Perel-**

Photographs: left to right, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Rick Maiman/Sygma.



Ron Perelman:
Calling a timeout

Molinari, Paxons:
Liberal lebensraum

man had enrolled his youngest daughter, **Caleigh,** in an exclusive private school last semester. But the tot, whose mother is the beautiful **Patricia Duff,** was assigned to the afternoon session of pre-kindergarten at the tony school. That schedule didn't work for the family, according to one source close to the situation. So the Revlon king tried to get his daughter transferred to the morning session, according to several sources, but the school couldn't accommodate him: The class was already full. Whereupon Perelman took his little princess out of school altogether and hired private tutors for the semester. This semester, according to an inside source, Caleigh is enrolling at the same school—for the morning session.

VIRGINIA BOUND: When **Bill Paxon** told the Washington *Post* about the big new home he and **Susan Molinari** just bought in Alexandria, Virginia, he left out one salient detail. Paxon and Molinari bought the five-bedroom Colonial from one of D.C.'s preeminent liberal lawyers, **Paul Reichler,** who represented the Sandinistas while negotiating a cease-fire with the *contras* in Nicaragua ten years ago. Reichler, for one, was happy to sell out to the Republicans, reportedly for more than $500,000. "This is a house, not a political issue. They made the best offer," laughs the lawyer. "They behaved honorably and decently in the course of the negotiations, and I have no problem whatsoever in selling the house to them."

IMAGE IS ALL: Who said those folks at Industria Superstudios were shallow? Not content simply to host fabulous fashion shoots and throw glamorous parties, they've now graduated to academia. Industria's **Alina Lundry** just sent out a slick brochure for Milan's Università dell' Immagine, an almost-university thought up by the superstudio's president, **Fabrizio Ferri.** Explaining that "image is the form of communication, language, and literature for the next century," the brochure offers students a degree in Taste Enhancement ("the external influences on the building of taste"), Perfume Science ("relationship between brand and smell"), and Body Awareness ("observing other's body postures")—all for just 16 million lira (around $9,300) for the first year. Those who stick it out to year two get a price reduction to 14 million lira. "U.I. does not grant a diploma with legal value," Lundry's brochure acknowledges, "but, above all, helps students to retain a cultural background." The kind that makes it possible to throw fabulous parties, presumably.

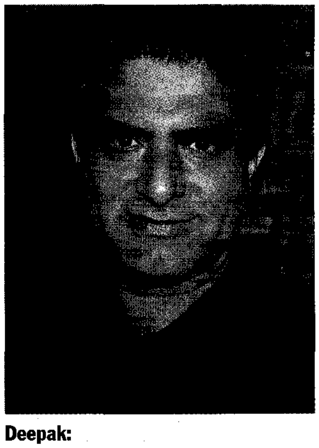
Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

FOX'S REALLY HARD NEWS

The chemistry between *Fox on Entertainment's* **Dana Kennedy** and **Bill McCuddy** turns out to have been the combustible sort. According to Fox insiders, the co-anchors' relationship was fraught with tension, and their fragile rapport finally came to an explosive halt after the show was canceled last week. In terms of experience, Kennedy, a former *Entertainment Weekly* reporter, has it over McCuddy, a onetime adman and stand-up comic who landed the gig after winning a talent contest. But, says a colleague, Kennedy "would outwardly try to be McCuddy's best friend, and then she'd turn around and backstab him. She was always bitching about him." Last week, the two went for drinks at Langan's after they were given news of the cancellation, and Kennedy let loose on the street outside the bar. "She really lost it," says the insider, who says Kennedy's booming voice directed a string of expletives at McCuddy, who remained calm through the barrage. The co-hosts smilingly deny both the street fight and the strained relationship. McCuddy says they got along "terrifically" and confidently predicts the show's return. "The show is canceled," counters a Fox spokesperson. "It did not fit in with the new hard-news format." As to McCuddy's feelings after the public browbeating? "If I've been a gentleman so far, I'm not going to dignify it with a comment now," he says. "Besides, she could probably take me in a bar fight," he says, his stand-up days showing.

GROOVY DEEPAK ENDORSES ECSTASY

He's back. Just when you thought there were no more New Age revenues to exploit, **Deepak**—he's dropped the Chopra for now—has re-emerged as a hipper, black-T-shirted guru with his sights set on the musical world (and he's getting a little help from his closest celebrity friends). *A Gift of Love* (Rasa Records), due to be released on November 3, is "a musical tribute to the act of love" featuring such in-touch-with-their-sensual-side contributors as **Madonna, Demi Moore,** and **Debra Winger,** along with **Blythe Danner, Goldie Hawn, Martin Sheen,** and others (including Deepak himself). The participants are bent on creating an aural "experience of ecstasy" by reading aloud the poetry of Rumi, a thirteenth-century Persian mystic—all to a groovy, ambient trance beat. Deepak hopes the album will (a) help replace the "missing love" in peoples' lives and (b) chart. And if all this ambition should raise any qualms about the guru's self-actualization, rest assured. After being billed as the "**Johnny Cash** of the New Age world," Deepak took issue: "Better-looking," he observed. But of course.



Deepak:
Higher ground

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Gregory Pace/Sygma; Joe Traver/Gamma Liaison; Lisa Rose/Globe Photos.

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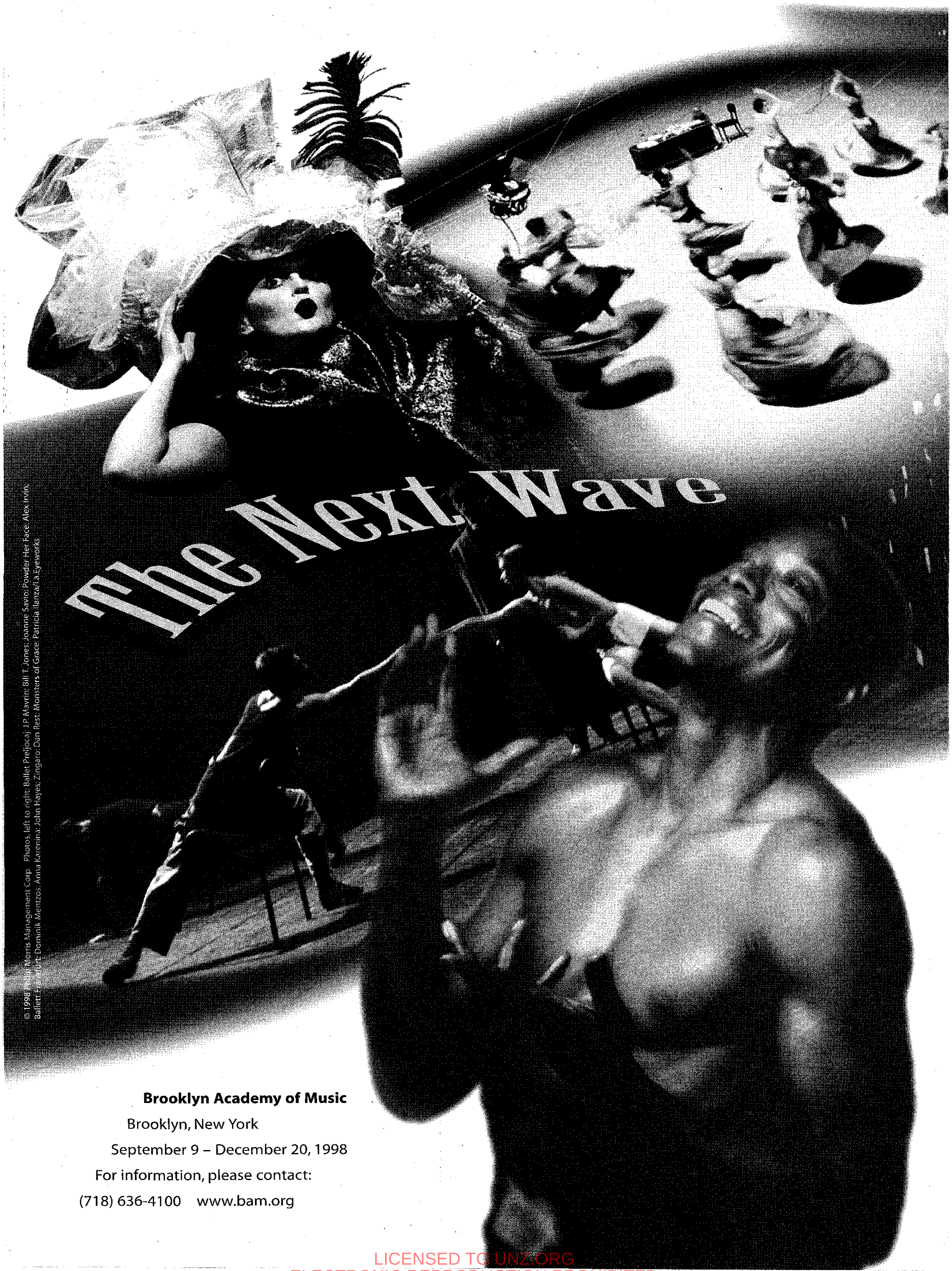

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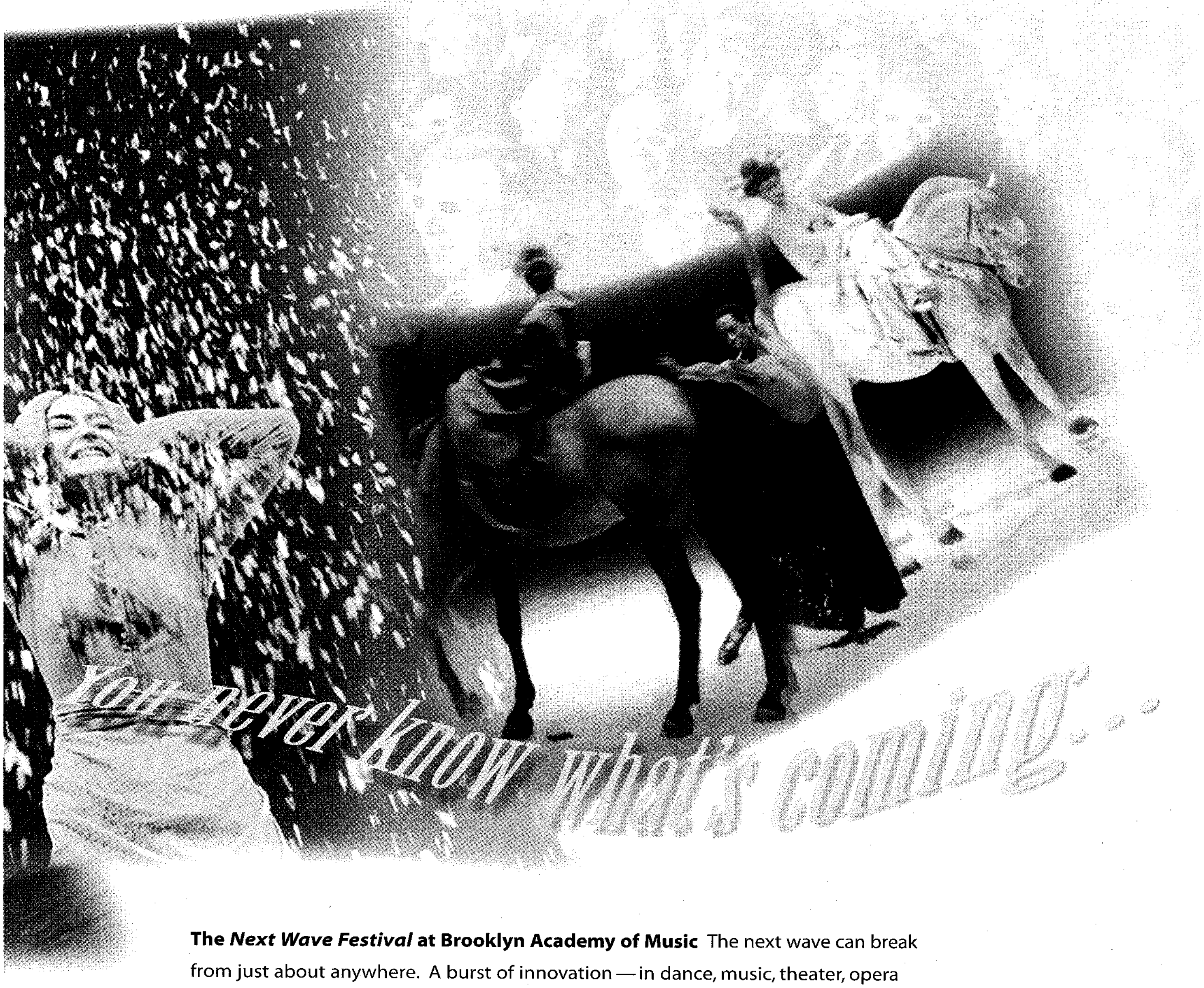
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THE SEE & BE SEEN

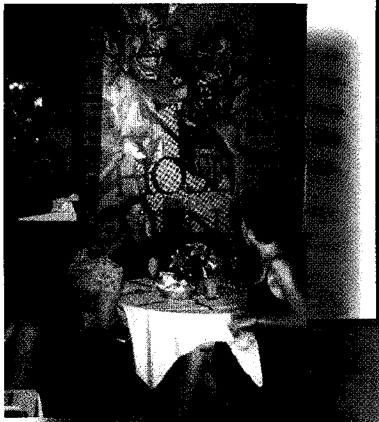
Dinner Scene

By Nik Avery

With its eclectic menu and the hip crowd it attracts, The Greenwich Cafe' (75 Greenwich Avenue, 255-5450) could just as easily be in the intensely happening Forum des Halles quarter of Paris. Instead, it's at the center of all the action that goes on where Greenwich Avenue, Seventh Avenue and Eleventh Street criss-cross at sometimes-dizzying speeds.

The canopied sidewalk terrace, lined with flower boxes in full bloom, offers ringside seats for this see-and-be-seen scene. While inside the ceiling-to-floor plate glass front wall, candlelight sets an intimate mood amid the comforts of plush velvet banquettes that settle into nooks, crannies and cozy corners (and one horseshoe-shaped booth for eight in the middle of the room). There's a long undulating bar, striking modern art and gilt-framed mirrors on the brick walls, jazz on the dance club-quality sound system. All of it blended to create an elegant yet relaxed atmosphere.

Attractive as the surroundings may be, the real appeal of the Greenwich Cafe' is the food. Chef J.D. Cardona's new menu ("an all-star collection from dishes we tested as specials") is what packs the place with a dinner crowd of everybody from regulars who wander in off the neighborhood's tree-lined streets, and bold-faced names who arrive by limo.



Chef Cardona's cuisine covers the map from the Pacific Rim to the Mediterranean, with stops in the American Southwest along the way. Sushi-grade tuna carpaccio served on a layer of paper-thin slices of cucumber and drizzled with Thai chili oil. Grilled langoustines propped up against a pastry seashell and a bed of mango coleslaw with a raspberry coulis. A spicy crab and potato croquette with a melon and avocado coulis. A shrimp or chicken burrito with a corn jalapeno sauce. Sauteed crab cakes with jalapeno polenta and cactus salsa with dark berry rum sauce. Almond-and-herb crusted salmon with chunky gazpacho salad afloat in cucumber dill sauce. Coconut crusted tuna with Asian marinated vegetables and a garlic ginger dipping sauce. The dessert platter arrives loaded down with slices of at least a dozen tempting cakes, tarts and pies.

"I like to surprise people with what I put on the plate," Cardona says. "I'm all over the place with combinations of ingredients and seasonings, but I pull it all together with classic French cooking technique so everything works."

All at a price that's less than you'd expect to pay for this much fun and fine dining. Salads and appetizers are five to eight dollars. The ten pasta dishes run $10 to $13. Entrees are $10 to $17. The well chosen wine list includes plenty of options under $30, with 17 selections available by the glass.

The Greenwich Cafe – 75 Greenwich Avenue, Corner of
Seventh Avenue South 255-5450/89 Amex, VISA, MC, Discover, Diner's

> **AT THE GREENWICH CAFE' THE VILLAGE'S PRETTIEST PEOPLE PACK A FLOWER-LINED SIDEWALK TERRACE AND A CANDLELIT DINING ROOM LINED WITH PLUSH VELVET BANQUETTES**

Gubernatorial candidate Betsy McCaughey Ross and her financier husband Wilbur Ross.

Blonde Has Less Funds

Betsy McCaughey Ross smiles though her bank is breaking.

SHE STRIDES INTO THE Stanhope looking nothing like a gubernatorial candidate on the eve of a primary whose husband just stiffed her for 10 million bucks.

"I have had the *most* amazing day," says Betsy, gushing, of course. "But, you know, every day has been amazing."

Like August 26, when she was told "very matter-of-factly" by her husband of three years, the financier Wilbur Ross—who'd promised the world (and the Democratic Party) he'd cough up $10 million to get her George Pataki's job—that she might notice about $2.25 million less in her campaign war chest. "That was an unexpected, uh, bump in the road," she says.

But really: Isn't she *pissed*? She carefully sips her Earl Grey tea. "It's quite separate," she says. "Right now, I'm just focused on winning the election. And then, after that . . ." Pause. "I'll be working on family matters again."

Already, rumors are flying that the marriage is over. But Betsy chooses her words carefully. "I think people make their personal decisions about their marriages and families—and they have to make them apart from politics." And she suggests that discussion of her personal life may reflect a double standard. "Look at the other candidates. Has anyone ever *seen* their wives?"

But Wilbur was never "quite separate" from Betsy, even without his deep pockets. Their on-again, off-again engagement was played out in the tabloids. And who can forget the McCaughey–Ross wedding extravaganza aboard the *Intrepid*? Or how Betsy invited one reporter to help her try on wedding dresses and another to pick out her china?

"Look, these things happen," says Betsy. "It was Wilbur's decision. It was financial and, you know, *maybe* personal. But it was his decision to make."

The last time I caught up with Betsy McCaughey Ross, she was petting Wilbur's bald head at a steakhouse in Albany. As he chewed, she rhapsodized over their newlywed love affair. And "the adorable way he blinks."

"I'm so lucky," she swooned, "to have a husband who is there

(continued on page 16)

SUBPLOT

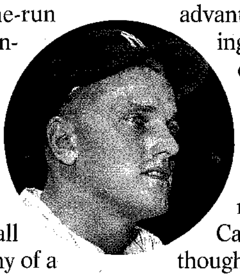
Holiday in Cambodia

BACK-TO-SCHOOL WEEK MAY have made some city students pine for summer vacation, but take heart: the Board of Ed's new schedule allows for more "Days of Religious Observance" than ever. A sampling:

- Elevation of the Cross (Greek Orthodox): Monday, September 14, 1998
- Birth of the Bab (Baha'i): Tuesday, October 20, 1998
- Birth of the Guru Nanak (Sikh): Wednesday, Novermber 4, 1998
- Birth of Bahaullah (Baha'i): Thursday, November 12, 1998
- Twenty-seventh Night of Rajab (Islamic): Monday, November 16, 1998
- Diwali (Hindu): Thursday, November 19, 1998
- Bodhi day (Buddhist): Tuesday, December 8, 1998
- First day of Eid-Ul-Fitr (Islamic): Tuesday, January 19, 1999
- Second day of Eid-Ul-Fitr (Islamic): Wednesday, January 20, 1999
- Ninth Day of Ridvan (Baha'i): Thursday, April 29, 1999

CAMEO

Rest in Peace, Roger



IT WAS PURE CAPRA WHEN, MOMENTS AFTER breaking Roger Maris's home-run record, Mark McGwire climbed into the stands to embrace the late ballplayer's grown children. They celebrated with genuine enthusiasm as the family name was stricken from the record books. And why not? When Roger Maris broke Babe Ruth's mark in 1961, baseball purists moaned that he was unworthy of a spot among the sport's heroes. A black asterisk by his record signified that he'd had the unfair advantage of a longer season. Instead of being remembered as a fine player with one extraordinary season, Maris came to be known as something of a fraud, a lucky hacker. But McGwire's pursuit of the record forced a reconsideration of Maris's achievement, and the family was grateful. Can't imagine they'll feel the same way, though, when Sammy Sosa drops Dad into third place later this month.

'hotographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, AP/Wide World.

Funds

continued from page 15

for me at every moment."

Reminded of these moments, she smiles, sort of, and says: "Life is full of surprises!"

As surprises go, this one was particularly juicy. Even more than the time she stood up through Pataki's entire State of the State speech. Or the time the governor cut off her security detail. Or the story of her maid's being left stranded and hungry in the Hamptons.

"Easy come, easy go," says Betsy. "I didn't feel the rug pulled out. I didn't. Because, well, it was such an aberration . . . to be rich. My father was a [janitor]. You know, I still walk into the store and look at the cans of soup. I could adjust overnight. I thought to myself, *I'm gonna have to move my car to a cheaper garage.* But this is not a big adjustment for me."

And there's an upside. At an appearance earlier that morning, Patricia Ireland, the national president of NOW, introduced her to a crowd by saying, "Betsy's not doing this with her husband's money! She's doing this with us."

"I've always thought of myself as very independent, very strong," says Betsy, "even when all that that money was there. If anything, I felt a bit cheated that people focused on that rather than on the merits of the ideas I was putting forward. So actually, I feel good. I feel empowered. Even if I were still a rich woman, do you think I'd want to go home and pop bonbons?"

Betsy insists that she and her husband have not yet called it quits. "I just had dinner with him," she says. "Do you want me to have him call you? I'm sure he'll talk to you."

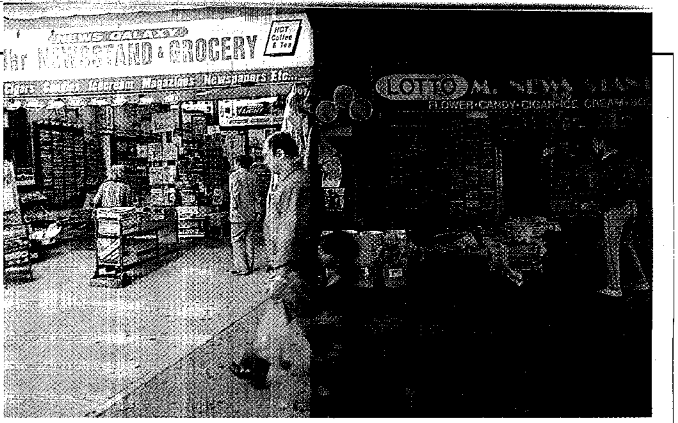
Through his secretary, Wilbur has only this to say: "I have contributed or raised $2.5 million for Betsy's campaign. A substantial amount by any measure. She is now up with a $500,000 statewide media buy that I paid for. We hope for the best on Election Day."

"Win or lose," she promises, "my family will be there. My three daughters will definitely be there." And Wilbur? "Well, I *suspect* so." LISA DEPAULO

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Newsstand Blues

In Midwood, selling 'Playboy' is a crime.



The two shops that police say displayed "offensive sexual material."

FROM THE BUSY SIDEWALK AT Avenue M and East 16th Street in Midwood, one can barely see into Naimul Choudhury's tiny storefront newsstand. Buying their papers from the clerk who sits in the window, most customers never even enter the place; if they did, they'd find the same items that every newsstand in the city carries—an array of magazines, some cold sodas. But on September 1, three officers from the benighted 70th Precinct (of Abner Louima fame) came in and arrested Choudhury's brother Bashith for violating section 245.11 of the New York State penal code—the public display of offensive sexual material. No, he wasn't peddling child pornography or harboring topless dancers. Just selling regular old girlie magazines.

Shortly thereafter, the crackdown continued next door, as cops went into a fluorescent-lit convenience store and, on the same charge, arrested Arshad Khan, whose brothers own the place. The police property clerk's invoice lists the No. 1 piece of arrest evidence as "One *Playboy* magazine."

"Three people come into my store, start grabbing newspapers, magazines, and one video, and tell me that I am under arrest," Khan recalls. Choudhury and Kahn were taken to the Brooklyn House of Detention and held for 22 hours.

The statute in question has been used just five times in the city during the past three years. And what makes its sudden popularity with the NYPD puzzling is that the stores in which the arrests took place use the same covered display racks found in practically every newsstand in the city. Nonetheless, the arresting officer contends, in a sworn statement, that the offensive sexual material was "in an area that could be easily seen from a public space." Khan disputes this. "When the officer took a Polaroid of the video rack, he pulled the cardboard strip away to show everything," he says.

Among those surprised by the arrests was Brooklyn Criminal Court justice Bert Bunyan, who ordered that the two cases be adjourned contemplating dismissal. A third such arrest was made that day in the 70th Precinct, but the Brooklyn D.A. refused to prosecute it. "The D.A. has nothing against *Playboy*," says Patrick Clark of the Brooklyn D.A.'s office.

Marilyn Mode, deputy police commissioner for public information, insists "the arrests were in keeping with the administration's concern for quality of life." But one of the precinct's detectives had another idea: "Maybe the cops just wanted a freebie look at Cindy Crawford," he quipped. JOHN CONNOLLY

SPORTS

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court

IT'S 9:30 A.M. AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, and Petra Pope, the bone-thin director of dance entertainment for the Knicks, clearly hasn't had her coffee yet. Addressing the 350 people who've come to audition for the Knicks City Dancers, she bellows, "If you girls want to come out on the floor and start stretching . . . " She's forgotten that this year amid the mass of black spandex Jogbras and teased hair are fifteen men.

The pre-coed Knicks City Dancers.

Louie Vazquez, a 19-year-old dancer turned carpenter, was worried about his girlfriend. "She knows that there're women here," he says. "But she doesn't know they're really sexy." Jason Griffith, a 19-year-old student with the Ballet Hispanico, was keeping his eyes on his goal—the chance to perform on a basketball court, one way or another. "I want to play, but I'm only five six," he said.

According to Pope, the inspiration to include men in the troupe came from the WNBA's New York Liberty, whose Torch Patrol dance squad is co-ed. "With the rise in the percentage of female fans who attend Knicks games, it's important that everyone's entertained," she explains.

By 10:30 P.M., the 50 dancers who make it to the finals assemble on the floor (Vazquez and Griffith both survive the cut), and there are hugs all around, even tears. "I can tell my kids I was one of the first six men who got picked for the New York Knicks," says Vazquez. Well, close enough. JOHANNA BERKMAN

Photographs: top, Philip Greenberg; bottom, George Kalinsky

FIELD MEMO

Chasing Gerry

Chuck Schumer is right where he wants to be.

ON A SEPTEMBER EVENING shortly before the Senate primary, Chuck Schumer is sitting with his family at their home in Park Slope, watching a ball game on TV. The only sign of the campaign is in the living room, where a CNN crew is laying cables across the Oriental rug. Dad, his collar open and shoes off, is hunched over a plate of barbecued chicken and white rice. "They're almost ready for you," his wife, Iris, says. "Judy Woodruff is just in the bathroom."

Schumer has the Big Mo, but it's not the kind of Mo you can see, or feel, or touch. It's the Mo that crackles through the telephone line when he curls up on the couch and speaks to his strategist, Hank Morris, who's plotted out this campaign in precise, scientific steps. By the numbers, this has been a stunning campaign—from 30 points down a mere seven months ago, Schumer has pulled into a dead heat with Geraldine Ferraro. If the public hasn't found Schumer's ascent much of a thrill, he can live with it. "I've always run against someone who was more glamorous," says Schumer. "Glamorous isn't my strong suit."

Inside his home, as in his campaign, things are placid, happy, and predictable. His two daughters, long accustomed to the limelight, are buzzing around the room and don't even notice when their father's commercial comes on the tube. Jessica, the elder of the two, is getting ready for her first day of high school, asking Mom whether to blow-dry her hair curly or straight. Like their father, they're gregarious and eager to please, showing off a framed picture of the family in a raft, splashing into the rapids. "You've got to look at their faces," father says. "Each one of them is their personality. Jesse's stalwart; Alison's excited." And him? "I'm happy," he says. "You know, having a good time."

CHUCK
SCHUMER

Senate hopeful Charles Schumer presses the flesh on Labor Day.

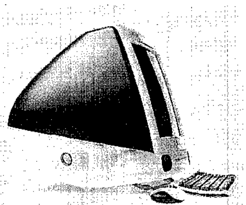
The candidate's only complaint tonight is about the glut of stories on the lifelessness of the Senate race. "In the day when there were less cynical reporters, people would say this has been a great campaign," he says. "It's been just as it should be. We've just gone right at the issues." Naturally, Schumer likes the fact that nothing much happened; he just waited patiently while his steadily building torrent of TV commercials ate away at the support of his underfunded opponents, Ferraro and Public Advocate Mark Green. Whether a clean, uneventful primary will help the winner in the general election against D'Amato is another matter.

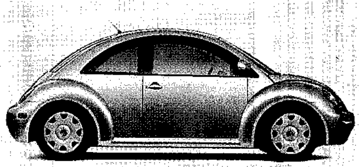
The next afternoon, a small group of reporters stands in a barren Harlem schoolyard in drizzling rain, waiting for the candidate. "I hate this campaign," a reporter is complaining. "They don't say *anything.*" The griping builds. Someone lets out an exaggerated snore. The congressman soon shows up to announce some education proposals. "We have to repair crumbling schools," he says, as one of the two cameras stops rolling. A producer jangles keys in his cameraman's ear, trying to keep him entertained. When Schumer's speech is over, no one has questions. The subject and his audience stand in silence for an awkward moment, until one journalist skips the topic altogether and asks about the Clinton scandal.

It's a remarkably inert scene for a candidate with the Big Mo in the last week of a tight race. But it's just fine with Schumer, who walks away, happy to spend another day far from the wild side. ANDREW KIRTZMAN

DESIGN

The New Cute Things





Cute and round and all the rage, Volkswagen's New Beetle and Macintosh's new iMac are the mass market's latest design objects of desire. And the similarities don't end there. MICHAEL STEELE

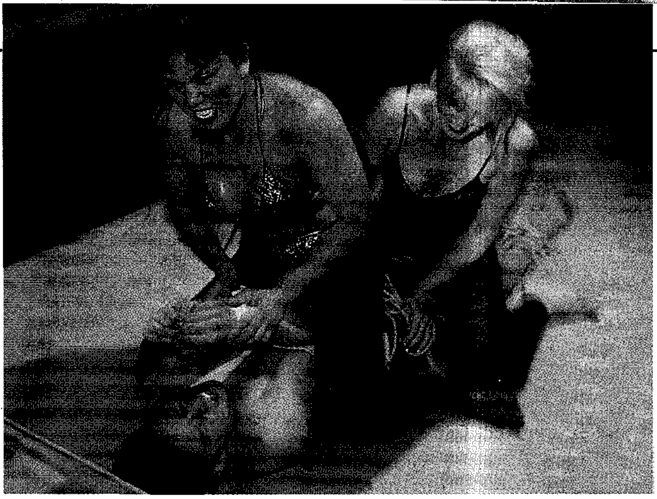
	iMac	**Beetle**
Product it replaces	**Mac Classic**	**Classic Beetle**
Corporate woes it solves	**Apple's stock price plummeted from 50 to 12 in two years.**	**Once-great VW had become one of the least efficient automakers.**
CEO whose comeback it confirms	**Steve Jobs. Oversaw the design team that created the original Mac.**	**Ferdinand Piech. Grandson of the man who designed the original Beetle.**
Effect on bottom line	**AAPL is up, thanks to "the strong performance that they're getting out of iMac," says analyst Lou Mazzucchelli.**	**Volkswagen's U.S. sales are up 50 percent in 1998, largely because of the Beetle.**
Look	**Vaguely organic. Translucent skin. Designer colors.**	**Vaguely athletic. Nice healthy curves. Designer colors.**
Psy Ops slogan	**"I think therefore iMac."**	**"What color do you dream in?"**
Who it's pitched to	**Modern-day Gandhis, Einsteins, and Maria Callases.**	**Fun-loving youth and sixties nostalgists.**
Who's buying it	**Fanatical Apple cultists.**	**Baby boomers.**
Availability	**No problem in major cities. Otherwise, take a number.**	**No problem for stick-shift drivers. Otherwise, drop a name.**
Experts' verdict	**Overhyped, but a swell new computer.**	**Understated, but a swell new car.**
The verdict from the Internet	**Contempt: "A giant eyeball." "The biggest thing since clear Pepsi." "I wonder if they include Barbie software."**	**Contempt—and nostalgia for the AMC Pacer: "Totally worthless." "I thought that bud vase was a bong."**

Photograph: top, Richard B. Levine.

AFTER HOURS

Glam Slam

Pugilism turns a nightclub into a fightclub.


The main event at Dracul, an underground garment-district venue.

SKY HOSOYA, A.K.A. EMPRESS Asia—champion pugilist, pro wrestler, and dominatrix—steps into a boxing ring in a midtown warehouse. The ring's size isn't regulation, but then neither is the house music that's blaring.

And here at Dracul, a three-month-old biweekly event in a secret garment-district location, the fighting isn't even *close* to regulation. "This is the new direction for contact sports," says co-host Enrique, "The Argentine Ruffian." "It's younger and hipper. We've got intergender matches, wrestling, demonstration bouts in Capoeira, karate, all the martial arts. It's campy and kind of sexy."

In the ring, Pistol Pete and Carlos Casanova begin kickboxing. "Look at those glute muscles—oh my gawd, they're flexing! Whaddaya doing, praying?" screams Antonio Tomahawk, the pro who rang the starting bell. Meanwhile, buff kids in bandannas are bopping to a techno track called "Gorgonzola."

Next up: the black-clad Peligro hurls a chair at Julio "Black Panther" Rodriguez, who's wearing Doc Martens and a pink all-in-one. The referee removes his shirt and joins in. Tomahawk screams: "Disqualify the puppet head! Disqualify! He looks like he escaped from *Sesame Street.*"

"This is beautiful," Rodriguez says afterwards, his left eye slowly blackening. "It's a natural art—it should be looked at."

Around 1:30 A.M., Sky whirls in, scarlet kimono and butt-length ponytail streaming. Stripping to cobweb hose and glitter thong bikini, she is joined by blonde Sandra Perry.

Tomahawk raps his bell: "Which one of you wimpy guys outta the audience got the balls to come in here and wrestle these two women?" Sky, flexing muscles upon muscles, flashes an evil grin, and a cute Eurasian boy in chinos steps in. The audience crowds against the ropes.

"C'mere, you little monkey," growls Sky. She flips him onto his back, rips off his T-shirt, and tags her teammate. Sandra straddles his chest, and together, they tie him up with a rope and start tickling him.

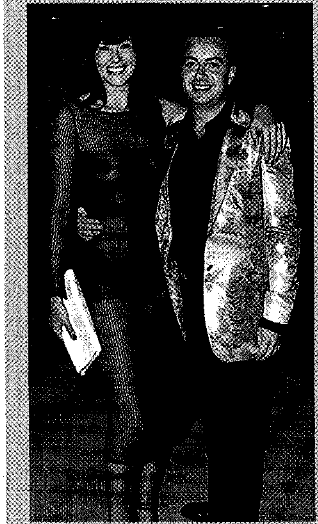
"We were tickling him for real," Sky says later. "He was bucking and jumping and squirming, but he had a good time. Hey, for fifteen bucks, some lucky guy's gonna get a cheap thrill."

One, Dracul's other co-host, says it will soon have ringside opera. Then he explains the club's name. "You gotta have a dragon heart and be good and be right." It's a non sequitur, the only thing that, in this setting, makes sense. KATE SEKULES

THE SCENE

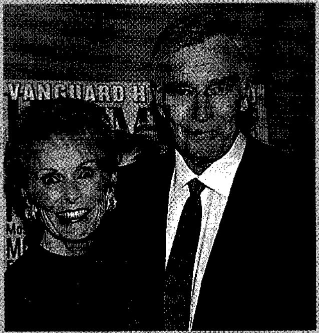
Designing Men

Photographs by Patrick McMullan


Paula Thomas and Julien MacDonald at Saks Fifth Avenue's British Invasion Part II gala.

Amber Valletta, Hussein Chalayan, and Trudie Styler at Saks Fifth Avenue's British Invasion Part II party, a benefit for the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund and the Rainforest Foundation.

Jamee Gregory and hostess Ann Barish at a luncheon preview of Giorgio Armani's new collection.



Janet Leigh and Charlton Heston celebrating *Premiere*'s "Vanguard" issue at the Guggenheim SoHo.

Deborah Harry at the Wigstock Festival, which benefited Beauty Cares and GMHC.

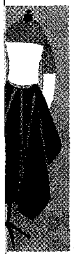
Veronica Webb and Zofia at Puffy Combs's dress-in-white party at his home in East Hampton.

Photograph by Eric Baudelaire.

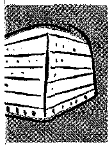
GOTHAMSTYLE

Fashion's Final Frontier

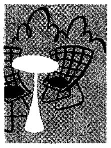
By unveiling their spring collections this week instead of in November, Calvin Klein, Donna Karan, and Helmut Lang have expanded the boundaries of New York's fashion season by not only two months but also five crosstown blocks. For rather than showing at the Bryant Park tents, these front-runners have opted for West Chelsea. Meaning that fashion folk now have to brave desolate streets and freight elevators, as did the art-gallery crowd that staked the area out last year. In case the neighborhood's charms—other than its skyrocketing rents—are not immediately apparent to this population, we provide this handy guide.



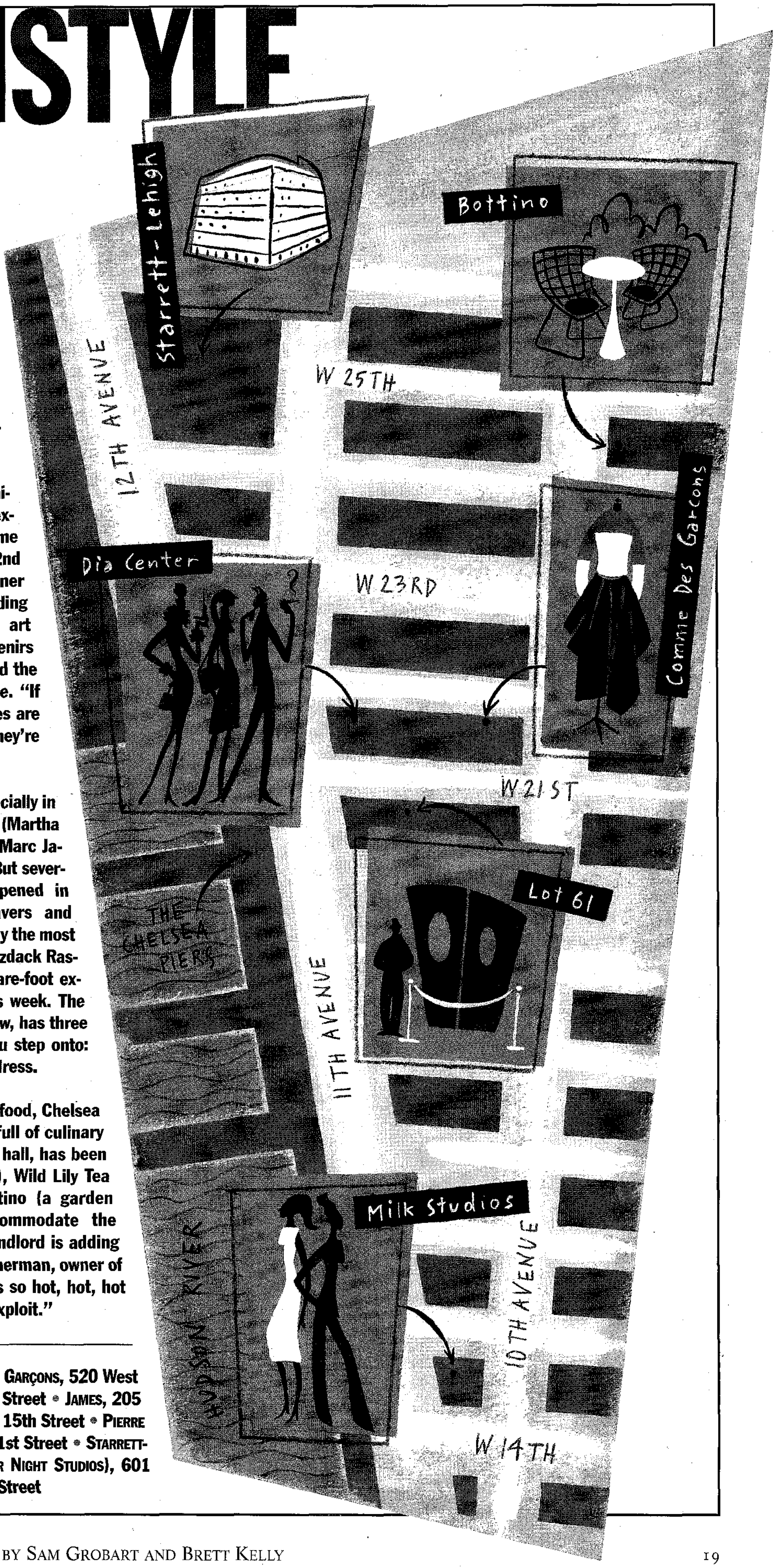
SoHo, So Good Following SoHo's shopping-imitates-art evolution, new boutiques are now expanding West Chelsea's retail horizon. Comme des Garçons's Fusion collection is moving to 22nd Street. Three blocks up, eveningwear designer Pierre Garroudi has opened in a former loading dock. And B&B International, an upscale art bazaar on 26th Street, features exotic souvenirs that its socialite owners have collected around the world. The gallerists are taking it all in stride. "If someone is shopping at Comme des Garçons, chances are they'll come in and buy a print," says a curator. "If they're coming for Gap T-shirts, chances are they won't."



Lofty Ambitions It's a long way to Tenth Avenue, especially in kitten-heel mules and floor-grazing day-evening skirts. (Martha Stewart and Liz Tilberis needed a golf cart to get to Marc Jacobs's West 23rd Street show last year.) But several gigantic new party spaces have opened in Chelsea's postindustrial lofts—and ravers and squatters are *not* on the list. "We have only the most elite, special, important events," says Mazdack Rassi, owner of Milk Studios, a 45,000-square-foot expanse where Calvin Klein is showing this week. The Starrett-Lehigh Building, site of this week's DKNY show, has three separate party spaces. Just be careful what floor you step onto: UPS and an old cheesecake factory still share the address.



Hot Dish It used to be simple: The Empire Diner for food, Chelsea Commons for drinks. But suddenly West Chelsea is full of culinary options. Lot 61, the warehouse-size celebrity dining hall, has been packing them in all year. Now James (a Thai bistro), Wild Lily Tea Room (a café with a pond), and Bottino (a garden restaurant) have sprung up to accommodate the spillover. And more are coming. "Our landlord is adding floors to the building," laments Danny Emerman, owner of the scaffolded Bottino. "West Chelsea is so hot, hot, hot that they're looking to exploit, exploit, exploit."



Bottino, 246 Tenth Avenue, at 24th Street • **Comme des Garçons**, 520 West 22nd Street • **Dia Center for the Arts**, 548 West 22nd Street • **James**, 205 Tenth Avenue, at 23rd Street • **Milk Studios**, 450 West 15th Street • **Pierre Garroudi**, 530 West 25th Street • **Lot 61**, 550 West 21st Street • **Starrett-Lehigh Building (B&B International Gallery and Day for Night Studios)**, 601 West 26th Street • **Wild Lily Tearoom**, 511 West 22nd Street

Edited by Vanessa Grigoriadis Written by Sam Grobart and Brett Kelly

CITYSIDE NANCY JO SALES

The Kids Are All Right

Far and away the most reasonable voices to be heard at the Million Youth March were right on the street: The very youth the rally purported to want to reach.

THE POLICE WATCHED FROM rooftops, their heads in dark helmets bobbing along the brownstones on Malcolm X Boulevard. One relaxed, in silhouette, his hand resting on the butt of a rifle positioned on a tripod.

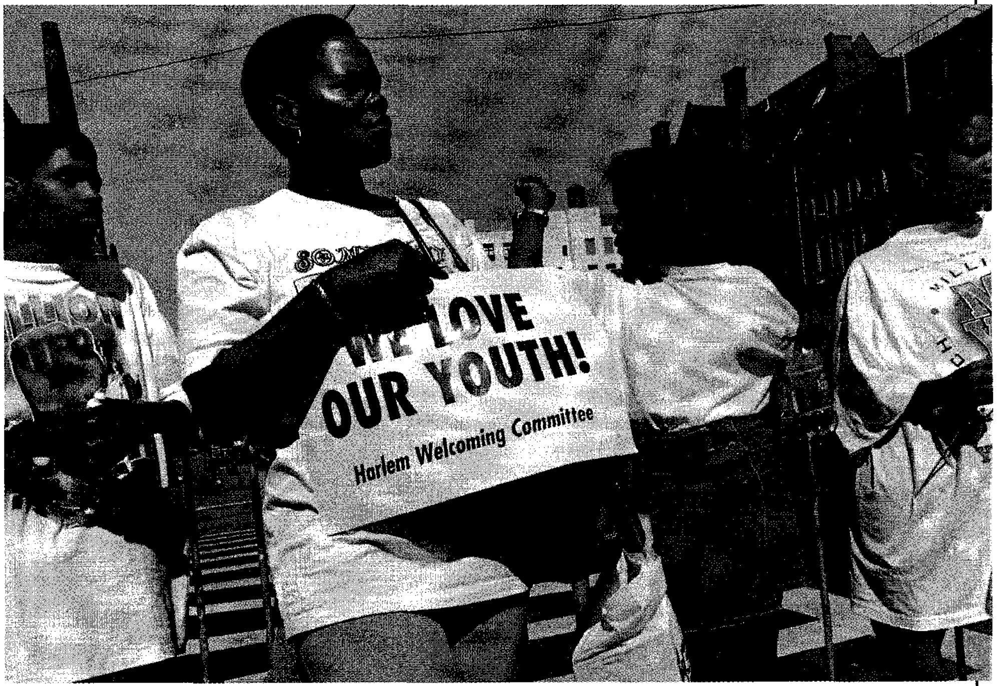
They were in the streets too, in their shiny thick black shirts, light cotton blue shirts. There were even white shirts—what cops call "the bosses," the older, white, white-haired men. It was a hot, cloudless day, and there were badges glinting. Detectives with greased hair and long ties murmured into cell phones.

Shamieka Gray wore a pink track suit and green barrettes and smiled irrepressibly, showing a missing front tooth. She was 6 years old. She threw her arms up in the air. "I came to march for youth—to make peace, to make history!" she said. We were standing in what amounted to a pen, high metal barricades all around us. The police had divided each of the six blocks allotted to the march with these ramparts.

Shamieka's father, Shamie, held her and her brother Amen-Ra's hands. Shamie was 30 and had that look people associate with rappers—hooded sweatshirt, gold chains, army fatigue pants. Sweat trickled between his cornrows. He and the children had come all the way from the Bronx, and it had taken most of the morning. The mayor had cut off the nearby trains; the police were making the marchers walk down access streets between sawhorses. "I brought them," Shamie said, "because I wanted to let them see we got to come together to form unity between people of all races."

A police helicopter buzzed the crowd, hovering so low you could see a policeman's leg cocked casually against the running board. Shamie's voice was drowned out by the sound. Shamieka looked up. "These cops are getting on my *nerves*," she said.

It quickly became clear that there were not many youths coming to the Million Youth March. But the few who did come were searching for something; it may have been as simple as hope. "We need to see some changes. We need more leadership, more jobs, better schools," said Jacob Engles, 17. "A lot of people our age have been dealt the wrong card. How do we solve these problems?"



The few young people who attended really were searching for something—maybe just hope.

Jacob and his brother Jason were twins. They looked young for their age, in New York Yankees jerseys, with identically sparse mustaches struggling to mark them as men. They, too, had come from the Bronx, although they had debated whether they should make the trip. They had their differences with Khallid Abdul Muhammad, the controversial organizer of the march. "I disagree with him about whites and the whole race thing," said Jacob. "If people can co-exist," said Jason, "that's cool."

"You can't stand there." An officer barked at the boys, motioning impatiently for them to move. People filed along, following police orders, sweating under the punishing sun. Shaking their heads, Jacob and Jason rejoined the flow; they were on their way to the Mount Olivet Baptist Church, to volunteer "in case anybody gets hurt."

"When the KKK marched in Texas—*without* a permit," said Jason, "they got *protection.*"

Jacob said, "We are stereotyped as youth."

"Whether you call yourself a nigger, you call yourself a Crip, you call yourself a Blood, I'm here to tell you that you are the chosen people of God!" The voice of Malik Shabazz, Khallid Muhammad's attorney, boomed from tall speakers.

There was little response, a listless, beaten feel. A few middle-aged men put their fists in the air on cue. Workers World Party members, all white, filtered

Photograph by Marc Asnin/Saba.

through the crowds, passing out flyers and fishing for converts. Nation of Islam members in crisp bow ties and straw hats jabbered into cell phones. Everywhere, there were reporters, their bulky cameras and tape recorders flashing, metallic, adding to the sense of being surrounded by weaponry.

"You can't talk to them!" a woman in a peach silk jumpsuit shouted at me. "We don't *prep* them to talk the way white people do!"

"Ah, Mom." The three teenagers I'd been talking to—two boys and a girl perched on a barricade—had been describing their school; they said the books were "messed up," the after-school programs had been cut, the classes were so overcrowded that sometimes people had to sit on the floor. One of them mentioned, with disgust, a report that had recently appeared in the papers saying New York business leaders were reluctant to hire graduates of the city's public schools.

"You should be listening to these people up here on the stage—not talking!" their mother hissed. She threw an arm around them protectively, her back to me.

"What you doin' on our turf, punk?" Someone was blasting the Wu-Tang Clan from a high window, the gloomy beat competing with the amplified voice of another speaker. He was yelling, gravely, something about "honkies." The teenagers began to giggle. " *'Honkies'?!"* They laughed, their legs kicking with amusement.

If there was anything hopeful in the Million Youth March, it was that for most of the young attendees, the fire-and-brimstone race politics of Khallid Muhammad was an anachronism. Muhammad never seemed to understand this group that he was supposedly trying to reach out to, a new and multicultural generation. If they wanted anything from him, it was to voice their many urgent concerns, but these did not include hatred of others.

Mike Simpson, a slim young man of 25, stood with his arms folded, listening to the speakers. He looked tired and disappointed. The night before, he had traveled all the way from Cleveland on a bus to "represent for youth" and for his 3-year-old son. "I teach him you're supposed to love everybody," he said. "I don't discriminate on nobody. If you got a good heart, you got a good heart, regardless of what color or whatever."

He took off his baseball cap and wiped his brow. "I'm here because we need some jobs, know what I'm saying? We need to stop killing off our own people. And we need to stop putting people in jail for nothing. It ain't no good." He said that he'd read somewhere that America had more people in prison than anywhere in the world—that in the nineties, the prison population had skyrocketed to nearly 2 million.

"Look around," he said, frowning. "Why they watching us like we criminals?"

Some white "bosses" were striding up the half-empty street, three abreast, chuckling.

Now a speaker on the stage was telling everyone how Khallid Muhammad was going to get them "reparations" for slavery: "No freedom, justice, or equality unless we are paid—we must be paid!" The crowd tried to cheer.

Vendors frantically peddled Million Youth March hats, buttons, flags, key chains, T-shirts. *(continued on page 99)*

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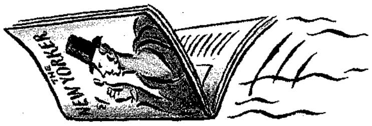
Sigh, Newhouse

Post-Tina, the cash-hemorrhaging 'New Yorker' may have lost the affection of its billionaire owner. Would somebody be so kind as to take it off Si's hands?

THIS SUMMER, FORTUNE *magazine ran a story about Condé Nast that provided startling details about the financial performance of the company and its flagship publication,* The New Yorker. *As the deal season starts afresh, with the prospect of ever hotter media acquisitions and combinations, we suspect that a variation on the following memo is being circulated among partners at consulting groups and boutique investment banks around town.*

To: New-prospects committee
From: Media group
Re: Selling *The New Yorker*
Routing: Partners only



The opportunity

With as much as $400 million invested in *The New Yorker* since its acquisition by Condé Nast in 1985, continued publication is no longer justifiable from any conventional ROI analysis. In the past, losses have been rationalized as lending "value" to the entire stable of Condé Nast magazines—*The New Yorker's* prestige, in other words, has helped float the larger Condé Nast boat. Now, however, as Advance, the parent company, takes steps to clean up its balance sheet (e.g., sale of Random House) in anticipation of a public offering, or some other liquidity event related to forthcoming estate issues (Si Newhouse is 70, his brother Donald is 68), *The New Yorker's* losses become a fiscal flash point. What's more, the magazine's "value" to the Condé Nast organization—its brand equity—has been severely undermined by the resignation of Tina Brown (the Brown brand became a key element of the *New Yorker* brand); without Brown, and with a relatively unknown literary type at the helm, the brand is likely to further erode.

S. I. Newhouse would undoubtedly prefer not to be remembered as the man who folded *The New Yorker.* Yet without an alternative, pressures within the Newhouse family may force him to do just that.

The unique nature of *The New Yorker,* together with a highly motivated seller, indicates a clear opportunity for us to precipitate a transaction.

Seller's Goals

Seller seeks to:

1. Remove *The New Yorker's* operating losses from its balance sheet.

2. Avoid disclosure of a valuation that will undoubtedly set a record loss for the industry—buyer should therefore be a privately held company. (Similar issues regarding the confidentiality of the valuation quite likely prevailed in the Newhouses' decision to sell Random House to the Bertelsmann organization, a private entity.)

3. Enter into a transaction that can be seen within the *New Yorker* organization as, on balance, a net positive event—one that will not destabilize the existing organization prior to the completion of a transaction. (Buyer should be prepared to make assurances with regard to editorial independence.)

Revised Operating Plan

Assumption should be made that there is no publishing company—public or private—that can continue to fund *The New Yorker's* present losses. It is therefore imperative that we be prepared to argue the merits of a revised operating model. The attached pro forma reaches break-even in the twelfth quarter with a cumulative cash need of $20 million.

The plan permits significant erosion of the present 800,000 circulation—built on the basis of cheap subscription offers. We believe circulation should "soft land" at 400,000—this defines a core liberal/urban elite who value the magazine enough to pay a nondiscounted subscription price ($3 per issue rather than the current discounted price of less than a dollar an issue).

The plan implements significant savings by maintaining *The New Yorker's* "weekly" identity with a schedule of "double" and "special" issues, bringing annual frequency from the current 46-issue schedule to 22 issues.

The plan contemplates a 50 percent drop in editorial outlay—however, this can be described as a net per-issue gain!

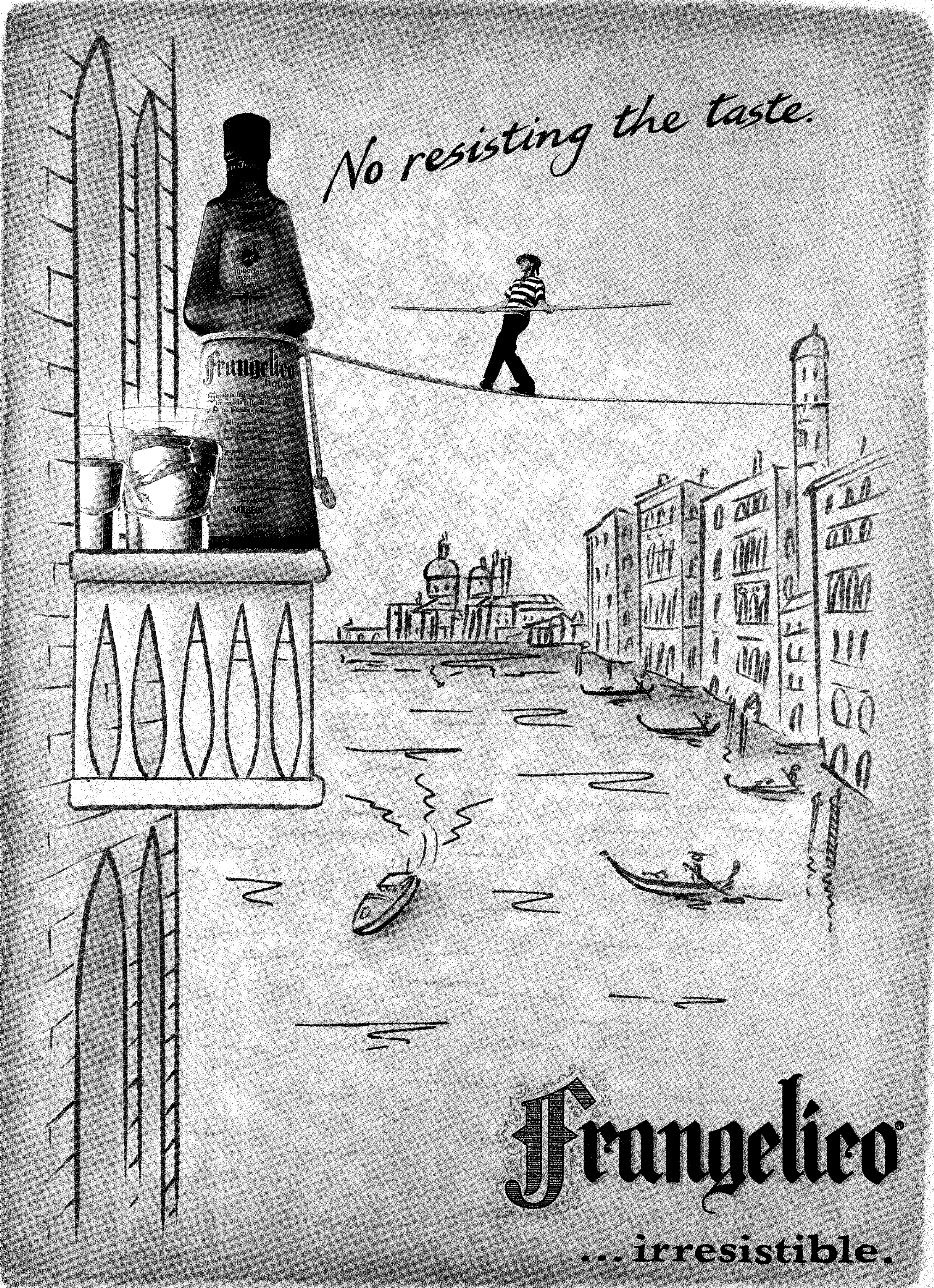
The plan assumes only a modest increase in per-issue advertising pages.

Targets

We should assume that there is no ready buyer for *The New Yorker* on a strictly economic basis. Any deal will surely depend on significant concessions on the part of the seller, including financing of the purchase price and some participation in ongoing losses (we believe the Newhouse family will "pay" to accomplish a transaction).

In general, we are seeking buyers who can look beyond the likelihood that *The New Yorker* will not return a meaningful operating profit and who can leverage the *New Yorker* brand to achieve broader business or personal goals (if

Illustration by Matthew Martin.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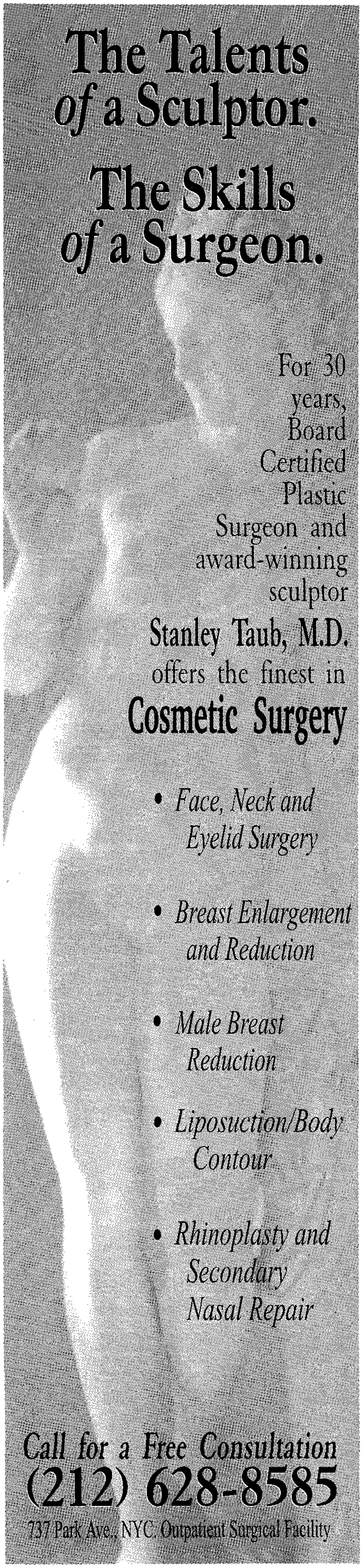

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your dream is to own an important magazine, you'll want to consider *The New Yorker*).

We believe the following targets represent *The New Yorker*'s first-tier buyers:

Meigher Communications—S. Christopher Meigher III is one of several former seniormost executives of Time Inc. (see Miller Publishing below) who leveraged golden handshakes into their own magazine-publishing companies. Meigher now publishes magazines targeted at the Upper East Side/Hamptons audience, including *Saveur,* a high-end food magazine; *Garden Design,* a lush gardening book; and *Quest,* a real-estate vehicle distributed on elevators in Manhattan's top buildings. Reportedly Meigher has had cash-flow issues and is discussing selling a stake in the company to Ralph Lauren—certainly a strong partner for *The New Yorker* (we can envision a variety of tasteful brand extensions involving the *New Yorker* and Lauren imprimaturs). But Meigher's focus on the "carriage trade," together with his need to raise his profile in the investment community as he moves toward an IPO, makes him an ideal buyer. Meigher, however, is a knowledgeable and conservative player and obviously will understand the drawbacks of the acquisition. Dapper, aristocratic, lunching at "21" or The Four Seasons, he already acts like *The New Yorker* is his—unfortunately, he may therefore not feel the need to actually own it.

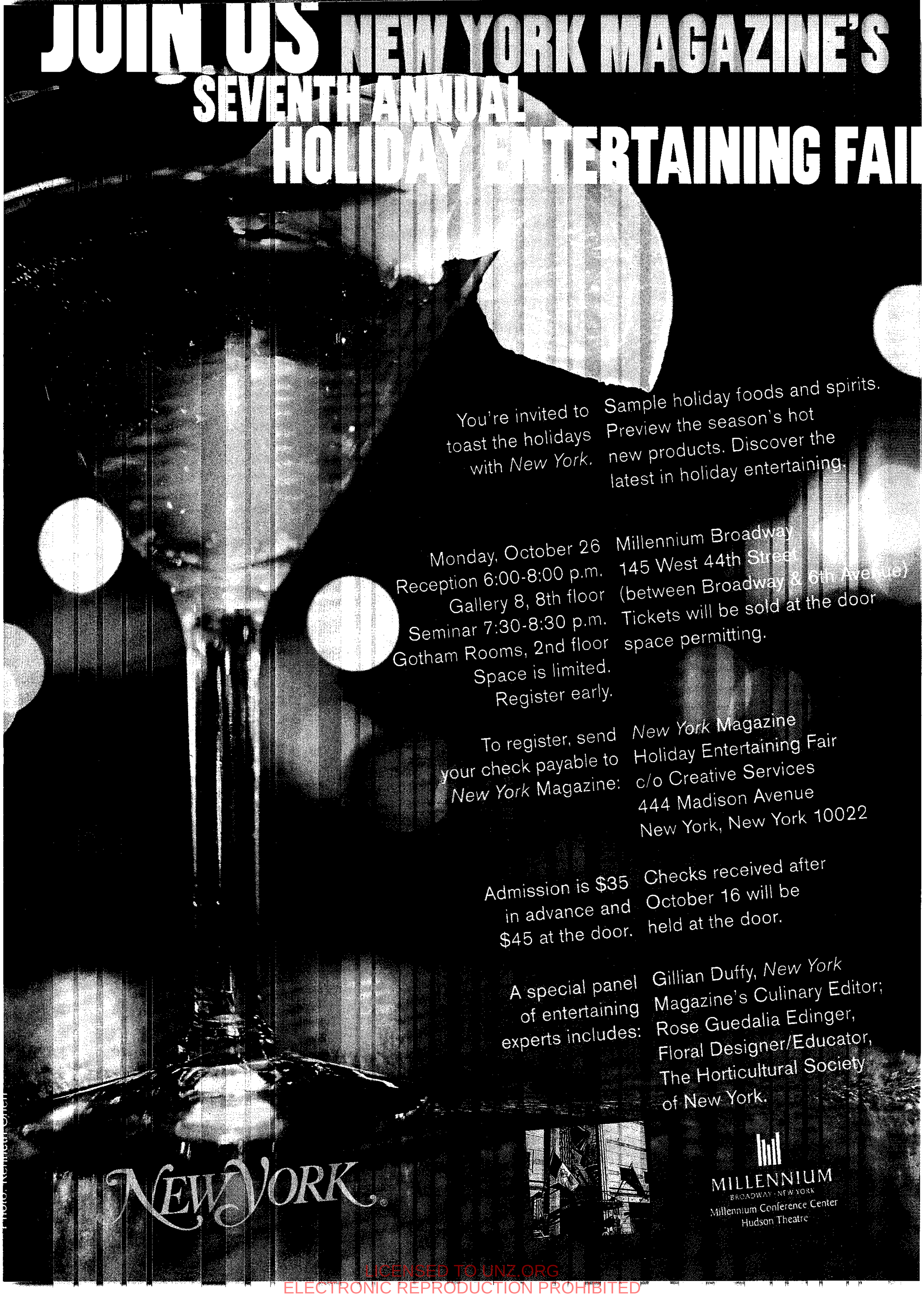
> *"We are seeking buyers who can look beyond the likelihood that 'The New Yorker' will* **not return a meaningful operating profit** *and who can leverage the brand to achieve business or personal goals."*

Zuckerman properties—Real-estate developer Mortimer Zuckerman's stable of low-margin, underperforming, prestige magazines (*The Atlantic, U.S. News & World Report,* and the "new economy" business magazine *Fast Company,* along with the *Daily News*) would certainly be a natural home for *The New Yorker.* Zuckerman is not primarily concerned with bottom-line goals in the management of his publications and accepts tolerable losses. His strategy seems to be to make acquisitions when (a) a publication is available at a distress price, and (b) it has a brand name. Clearly, *The New Yorker* fits the Zuckerman criteria. What's more, Harry Evans, Zuckerman's editorial director, is, next to Tina Brown (Evans's wife), probably the obvious-choice celebrity editor. There might well be some staff resistance at *The New Yorker* to Zuckerman; on the other hand, respected journalists seem to keep going to work for him.

Miller Publishing—Part of Bob Miller's golden handshake from Time Inc. was an opportunity to buy Time's interest in *Vibe* magazine, which Miller now owns with Quincy Jones. Miller and Jones have since acquired the music magazine *Spin.* Miller also owns various sports-related publications he acquired from the New York *Times.* His strategy is to control highly defined market categories. To facilitate a transaction, we would need to help him conceive of *The New Yorker* in those terms. Attached find our research on a consumer demographic we call the "urban elite" that contains a significant overlap with *New Yorker* readers. Unfortunately, the overlapping group is somewhat geriatric in composition; young members of this category apparently are not *New Yorker* readers. Of note: Miller was recently burned by Newhouse. Following a press leak that Miller was within hours of entering into a binding agreement to acquire *Wired* for $75 million, S. I. Newhouse stepped in with a bid of $90 million and took the deal. We are aware, however, of considerable concern within the Advance organization about the *Wired* purchase (why would a company dominated by fashion magazines want a technology magazine?). We could potentially orchestrate a doubleheader here if we could include *Wired* and *The New Yorker* in a deal with Miller (see *Wired* memo).

Hachette Filipacchi—David Pecker, the CEO of this U.S. subsidiary of a French magazine-and-book publisher (itself a subsidiary of a munitions manufacturer), has achieved impressive results acquiring respected brands—including *Metropolitan Home* and *Mirabella*—that have underperformed for other publishers and, with iron-fisted cost controls, turning them into profitable vehicles. A former accountant, he seems to take pride in both owning A-level brands

(continued on page 106)



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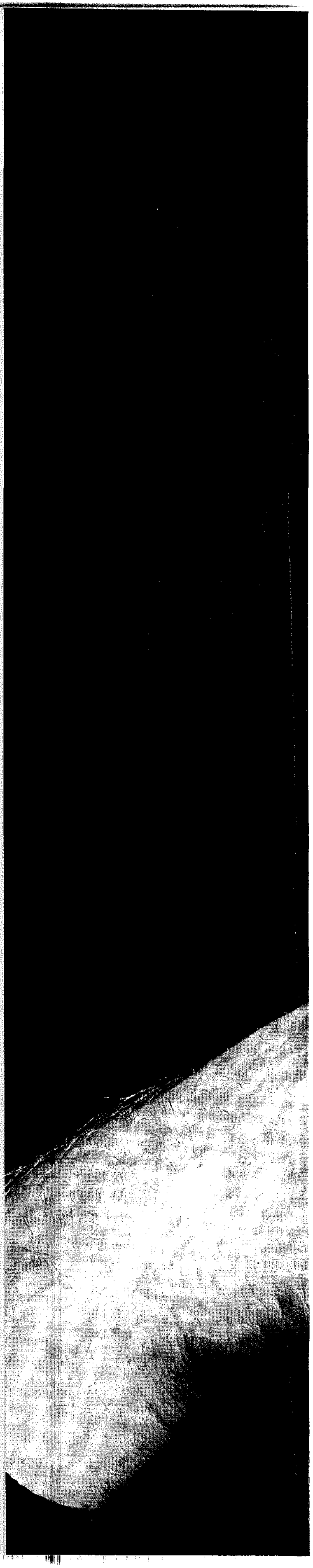
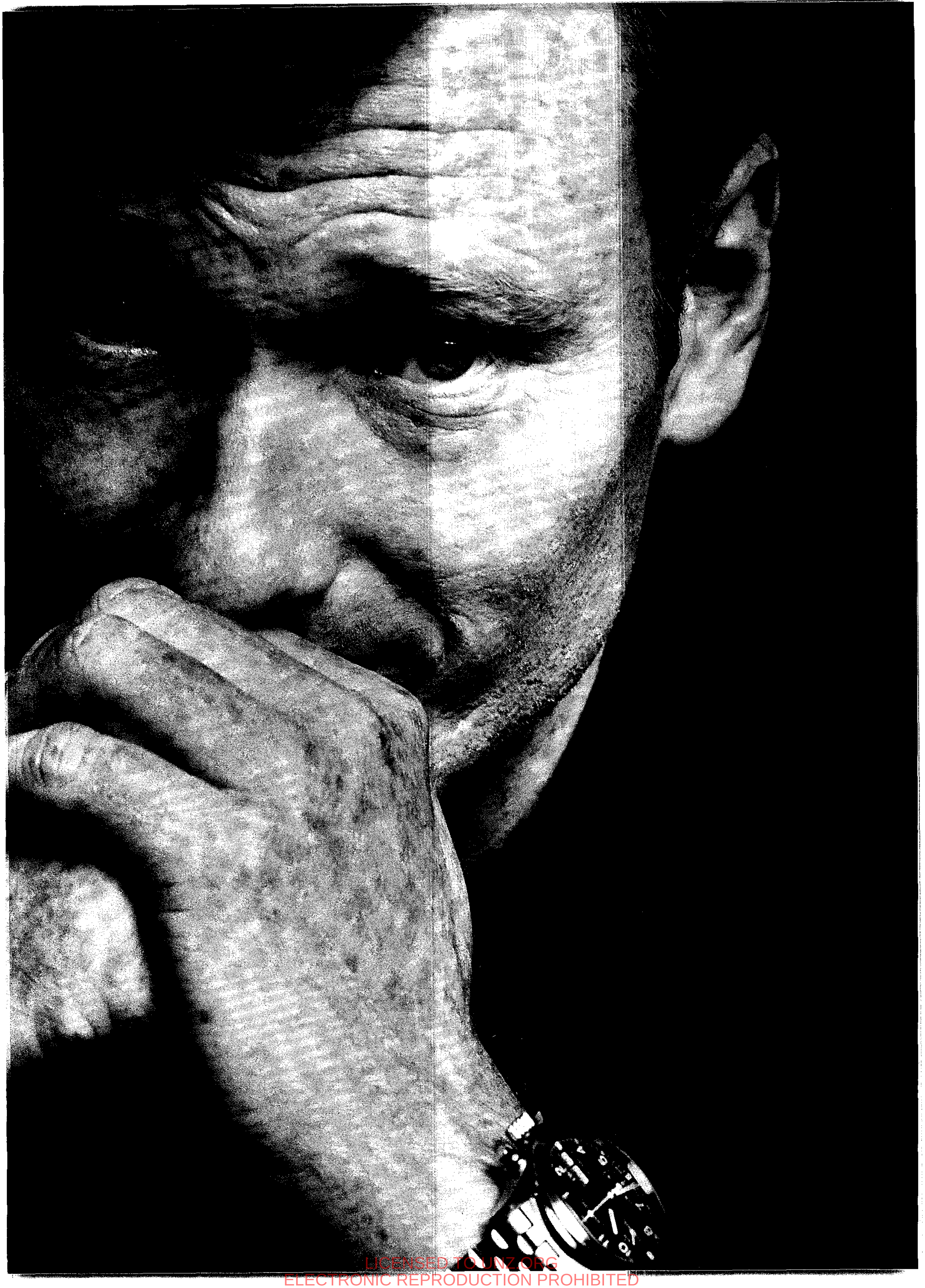
The *Late* Conan O'Brien

The strange story of how an odd-looking, oddly named regular guy raised his show from the talk-show dead by learning to be himself.

By James Kaplan





THE SUMMIT OF THE TALK-SHOW mountain is strange territory. Among other things, it is a notoriously solitary place. A story Conan O'Brien tells me about David Letterman underlines this.

When I—somewhat naïvely—ask him whether he's friendly with the man he succeeded as host of NBC's *Late Night,* O'Brien shakes his head. "I really don't know Dave very well," he says. "When I first got the show, he called me up. There's a formality about him. Sort of an old-world gentility. He said, 'I'm not sure we've met. Have we met?' And I said, 'No, we haven't really met, Dave.' He was very nice. And at the end of the conversation—I just couldn't help it, because he's such a big influence and everything—I said the thing you're not supposed to. You know, 'It meant so much to me that you called; I'm a huge fan of your—' and I don't think I even got to finish the sentence. He said, 'Well, that's not why I called.' "

It's a late-summer Thursday evening, and we're sitting in a restaurant off Columbus Circle. O'Brien looms in his banquette. With his big, chiseled cranium, sizable triangular nose, small, slightly upturned eyes, and incipient gut, the 35-year-old talk-show host can, from certain angles, bear a weird resemblance to the young John Wayne. But—when he's not grinning his incandescent grin—there's another resemblance: to a lost, sort of goofy-looking kid.

"It's funny," O'Brien says, a little wistfully. "Actors hang out together. Even stand-up comedians hang out together. Talk-show hosts—none of them hang out. I wish there was, like—at the end of *Quincy,* every episode, Jack Klugman would go to his bar, and the police detective and everyone—the murder victim—everybody would be there, laughing. I've always longed for a place like that in my life. We'd go at the end of the day and"—he goes into jolly talk-show-hosts-letting-their-hair-down voices—" 'When you asked Tony Danza if he was going to keep up this tap-dancing shit, I thought I was going to *die.*' 'Can we get more Buffalo wings over here, Luigi?' Letterman walks in. 'Dave!' 'Hiya, fellas.' 'Who did you have tonight?' 'Oh, don't even ask.' 'Who was it?' 'Alicia Silverstone.' 'Oh, my God. I'm sorry.' "

O'Brien smiles—faintly. Still, the thought intrudes: What does he have to be wistful about? After all, over the past half-decade, he has taken NBC's *Late Night* from a bring-out-the-defibrillator-paddles start to a resoundingly successful fifth anniversary (to be celebrated with a prime-time special on September 16); last year, he signed a five-year, $2 million–per–annum contract with the network.

"Once your profession is being upbeat, you're screwed," O'Brien says. "There are two things that people say to me more than anything else. One is 'My God, I didn't know you were this tall.' " (He's six four.) "And the other is 'What's wrong?' Well, nothing's wrong. I'm 100 percent Irish. I'm depressed. You know? I'm genetically supposed to be living, like, in some marshy bog. Eating roots. In Ireland."

Yes and no. The mystique of Jack Paar and Johnny Carson and David Letterman has stemmed, in successive eras, not only from each man's comic genius but from our deep sense of the remoteness, the essential personal untouchability, of each. Garry Shandling's lacerating portrayal of Larry Sanders drew its power from this archetype.

"My dad once said that being funny is probably **some sort of neurological deficit.** Your brain is making connections that aren't supposed to be there."

But Conan O'Brien diverges from it. "My theory is that you had Carson, then Letterman came along and did the anti–talk show," he says. "I've always said that Letterman was like the Viking that found North America. And the rest of us are trying to carve out some virgin territory in northwest Oregon."

Letterman trumped Carson's slick if slightly cynical agreeability with an accelerating aesthetic of discomfort and showbiz deflation that made for fascinating viewing, yet ultimately lost him the job as Carson's successor on the *Tonight Show.* And O'Brien knew better than to try and take Letterman head-on.

"I think, because of *Larry Sanders* and everything, people love to see the inner workings. When you used to watch Johnny Carson and Charles Grodin would come out there and deconstruct it, it was hilarious, because you hadn't seen that done before. And when Letterman used to be self-conscious about *there are cue cards here,* and he started grabbing cue cards, it was fun at first.

"The problem was that once you do that, it's over. When guests come on sometimes and they talk about how they did a pre-interview and wink at the audience, and they grab the blue card and say, 'Yeah, yeah, we did these questions,' it's a dead end. That's all been done. And so the whole attempt of our show is, we're not going to deconstruct the talk show anymore. We're going to really do it. This isn't *Larry Sanders*—as much fun as it is to watch *Larry Sanders.* This is the real thing."

"But also," I feel obliged to point out, "Garry Shandling's character on the show is this incredibly bitter, angry, insecure guy. Which is not you."

Conan O'Brien raises his eyebrows. "Well," he says. "You hit a few."

ON THE FACE OF IT, HE IS THE MOST affable of men, spectacularly undefensive and continually, hilariously, generously funny. Unlike many other comedians, O'Brien doesn't sit around in his off-hours looking as though he'd just as soon strangle you as tell you a joke; and unlike virtually every other professionally funny person in the world, he gets almost no comic mileage from meanness. How he brings this off is a reasonably deep mystery. His humor is neither insipid nor sentimental. It has plenty of bite. It simply lacks bile. "I'm not the king of beautiful one-liners," he says. "The biggest thing that's in my family, that I think is in our bloodline almost—it's very Irish—is visual. That's what my brothers and sisters do, too. It's sort of absurd imagery. And I always like the show to be visual."

From the start of his tenure on *Late Night,* and with the essential collaboration of his friend and former head writer

Photographs: this page, Dr. Thomas O'Brien; opposite, Nigel Parry/CPi. Opposite and page 27, grooming by Maria Verel for Art + Commerce; styling by Jennifer Crawford for Sydney Represents; prop styling by Leah Levin. Sweater (page 27) by Prada; suit by Prada; shirt and tie (opposite) by Tommy Hilfiger.

Robert Smigel, the show's best bits have always had a giddy, visual lift, as well as a certain wholehearted directness: "In the Year 2000" (in which O'Brien and sidekick Andy Richter don black cowls out of a cheesy science-fiction movie and make ridiculous predictions); the Clutches (blown-up photographs of news figures speaking with "Clutch Cargo"–like, computer-superimposed mouths); the Staring Contests between O'Brien and Richter; and many others.

Call it millennial anti-cynicism. The success of *Late Night* is built on having struck a chord with 15-to-25-year-olds who want no part of their elders' bitterness at the demise of sixties ideals, seventies sex and drugs, and eighties materialism. And while O'Brien may have made a smart artistic decision, it works because it's *him*. With Carson and Letterman one has always had the feeling that each man considers personal happiness fundamentally impossible; with O'Brien you get the sense that he thinks he has a shot at it. Maybe.

What else, after all, is to be made of an improbably pleasant childhood, in an upper-middle-class family on the edge of a blue-collar neighborhood in Brookline, Massachusetts? O'Brien was the third of six children in a household where humor and intellectual achievement were valued equally: His father, Thomas, is a renowned microbiologist; his mother, Ruth, is a retired lawyer.

"If you looked through our family history for thousands of years, you'd never see anybody remotely connected to show business or entertaining," he says. "I mean, we were as far as you could get from it.

"So I used to get attention for writing plays in school and being funny and everything. But I just remember thinking, *You don't do that for a living.* I sort of make fun of the idea of people saying, 'I always wanted to be a talk-show host.' Because who would really say, 'I always dreamed of interviewing B-level celebrities. And then going to commercial. And working for General Electric'? I mean, that's kind of a *sad* ambition." He smiles.

"My dad once said that being funny is probably some sort of neurological deficit," O'Brien says. "Your brain is making connections that aren't supposed to be there. He said probably at some point they're going to run people through a CAT scan and go, 'Yeah, you see, there's a problem here.'

"But the flip side of making those connections quickly is, you can think yourself into a depression really quickly. The same thing that allows me during the show to hear what they say and go, *Wait a minute, but*— and come at it from a completely different angle, and make everyone laugh, also, when I go home, enables me to see when a glass is falling over and go, *Broken glass—I could have cut myself and then I wouldn't be able to do the show. But at some point, I won't be able to do the show anymore because people will get sick of me. Why are people getting sick of me? Dammit, why is it over? I can't believe we got canceled.* Next thing I know, my girlfriend's shaking me. 'You didn't. Everything's fine.' "

Anxiety, compression, and decompression, four nights a week, 45 weeks a year. How long can a human being live with this?

"Well, that's where alcohol comes in," he says.

O'BRIEN APPEARS UTTERLY UNINterested in the trappings of money and fame: He dresses from the Gap. He lives in a

GOLDEN BOY: **"In the third grade," says Conan (pictured left, circa 1968), "I felt like I was under the gun for some reason. I had this feeling of, like, 'You gotta be good, you gotta be good.' "**

rented Upper West Side apartment with Lynn Kaplan, a former talent coordinator for *Late Night.* He seems optimistically intrigued by the possibility of having children. He has a new golden-retriever puppy named Hudson ("After my favorite movie, *Hudson Hawk*"). He owns an octagonal house in the Connecticut countryside and is erudite enough to drop the name of Orson Fowler, the nineteenth-century eccentric who invented the octagonal house and believed the structures possessed sexuality-enhancing powers. "That doesn't apply to me," O'Brien says.

He takes a sip of wine. "Jerry Seinfeld said something that I thought was very true—people that think they're good-looking aren't funny," he says. "The thing I liked about that quote was that now I'm six four and 190 pounds, and they put some makeup on me for TV, and they put me in these nice suits, and occasionally women will write in and say, 'You're really good-looking.' That's not my self-image. Because in adolescence I was six four, 155 pounds, and had bad skin.

"I don't say that in a self-pitying way. I wasn't a great athlete. I didn't really know where I fit in, or what it was I did well. People hear I went to Harvard, and they think, *Oh, he must have been such a smart guy.* But I actually think I ended up in Harvard because I was one of the winners of this national creative-writing contest—I was kind of an interesting guy to them. I wasn't some SAT jock.

"I'm not the best-looking guy in the world. I'm not the most gifted. The only thing that ever really came easily to me was comedy. I could always make people laugh."

For almost a decade after he graduated from college, those people were primarily other comedy writers. "There are writers who are really good in the room, and then there are writers who don't say anything in the room, and then you send them off and they'll write a brilliant script," O'Brien says. "I was always known as a room guy. I would stand up on furniture, and I would perform. The analogy I always use to explain to people who don't know that world is, I was Buddy Sorrell in *The Dick Van Dyke Show.*"

But the distance from Buddy Sorrell to Alan Brady—between being a room guy and being host of a nationally televised broadcast—is a chasm. There are a lot of room guys out there. And even as cable outlets proliferate, and more and more people become talk-show hosts all the time, most of them are certified performers, almost always stand-up comics. Quite simply, this is the easiest buy for executives to make. Johnny and Jay and Dave and Arsenio were stand-ups, the logic goes. The clubs are crucibles. This is what works.

CONAN O'BRIEN'S APRIL 1993 AUDITION to replace David Letterman took place, poignantly enough, on the *Tonight Show* set at NBC's Burbank Studios. Poignantly because, in the spring of 1993, there may have been about a half-dozen people in the world—and that's being generous—who thought that a gangly, red-haired comedy writer with next to no performing experience, *a man who had never done stand-up in a comedy club,* had a snowball's chance in hell of taking over the East Coast counterpart of this venue, NBC Studio 6A at 30 Rockefeller Plaza.

And in fact there is about the taped proceedings a strong whiff of let's-put-on-a-show, as though the tall young man in linen jacket and rumpled jeans, who was just about to turn 30 but looked much younger, had just stepped off the stage of some college talent extravaganza. O'Brien's tie looked as if it had been tied too tight, by someone else. (It had been.) His hair hung over his forehead in a sassy quiff. He walked out into the bright lights grinning, blinking, and chewing gum, and said, "Let me explain why I'm here. This is the result of a drunken wager between [the new *Late Night* executive producer] Lorne Michaels and [NBC West Coast president] Don Ohlmeyer . . ."

He didn't stop there. He hit the note again and again, as if to emphasize to the NBC executives who would watch the tape how inappropriately unafraid he was. "It's *very important* to me that I get this job—and I will say that *right to camera,*" he said, staring straight into the camera. "I have to get this job because in a few years, like most Irish-Catholic people, my head is gonna get very wide, and fat, and red . . ." He paused as the studio audience, composed mostly of friends, laughed appreciatively. Then he gazed into the lens once more and sighed: "Oh, I *like* it here."

The line wasn't scripted. Before the audition, he'd had roughly the same opinion of his chances as everyone else. But all at once, the one person who believed most deeply in Conan O'Brien, in contravention to all good sense and industry opinion, was O'Brien himself. He may not have been a stand-up comedian, he may have made his name as a writer, but what he remembered at that moment was how strongly he had known since the age of 10—when he'd announced to his startled parents, utterly out of the blue, his desire to take tap-dancing lessons—that he wanted to perform in front of an audience.

He knew it at Harvard, where, while he served as president of the *Harvard Lampoon* (the first person to do so two years in a row since another writer-comedian, Robert Benchley, 70 years before), he emceed rock concerts with wry repartee. He knew it when he moved to Los Angeles after college and studied improv (then performed with a troupe called the Groundlings), even as he worked a day job writing for HBO's *Not Necessarily the*

DESK SET: **O'Brien, who quit as a *Saturday Night Live* writer in 1991, with current *SNL* cast member Chris Kattan. "I love going out in front of people," he says. "I love being in a show."**

THE OTHER SIDEKICK: With girlfriend Lynn Kaplan at the Emmy Awards in 1997.

News. He knew it when, after the 1988 Writers' Guild strike interrupted his work as a writer for *SNL,* he went to Chicago and helped write, and performed in, a comedy stage production called *Happy Happy Good Show.*

"The show wasn't a really big success," O'Brien says. "But I was so happy. I loved going out in front of people. I loved being in a show."

What *Late Night* producer Jeff Ross remembers most sharply about the early auditions for the new host is a persistent sense of surrealism. "There was a night at the Improv when they were auditioning every comic known," says Ross, a small, tan, natty man with a deep voice. "You knew who most of these guys were—and they were all guys—and nobody had any real strong opinion about anything. And Lorne, to his credit, his attitude was, let's get somebody who's smart, who's funny, who has a point of view. And if the network gives them a chance, it might work."

But who was that somebody? "I felt you had to drop down a generation," Lorne Michaels says. "The people who are up at 12:30—the core of it is ages 15 to 25. It's easier for them to relate to someone who's 30 than to someone who's 50. Just as Dave had been interesting because the model was Johnny Carson, you had to go younger and find someone who was really interested in doing an original show. And once I began thinking about who was that age, there were no qualified people."

Michaels did, however, have someone in mind to be the show's writer-producer: Conan O'Brien. "He was the only person I talked to," Michaels says. "I was looking for a creator more than a host. I thought, *If I can put the team together, we'll do a show that's not an imitation.*"

O'Brien was living in Los Angeles at the time—early 1993—and putting his life back together. Nineteen ninety-one had been his annus horribilis: In quick succession, an engagement to be married fell through; a sitcom pilot he created with Robert Smigel wasn't picked up; and, burned out, he quit *Saturday Night Live.* His self-esteem was so shot that when *The Simpsons* called, he wasn't sure he was up to the job.

But after a year, he was happy again. He was doing his best writing ever in *The Simpsons*'s best season; he had become a supervising producer of the show. With the help of an old Groundlings friend, Lisa Kudrow, he'd found a nice apartment. And then he and Kudrow became involved. He liked L.A.; he felt he could stay there.

When Michaels called about the producer-writer job, O'Brien remembers, "I had a big anxiety attack—it just didn't feel right. I'd gone through this chaotic period, then done *The Simpsons* and gotten happy. Why would I jump into this situation when I knew whatever replaced Letterman would be in for a bumpy ride?"

"Replacing Letterman was such a **surreal amount of pressure.** At a certain point you kind of don't feel it anymore, and that's kind of liberating."

After he backed out, he felt an immediate sense of relief. Then, a couple of weeks later, Michaels called again. Did O'Brien want to audition as *host* of *Late Night?*

"I wasn't thrilled," he recalls. He phoned Smigel, back in New York, to ask his advice. "Robert said, 'Ooh, boy, that'd be a really tough way to get into show business.' "

Lisa Kudrow disagreed. "He's the smartest person I've ever met, the funniest person I've ever met, and he's also the best conversationalist," she says. "At any party, you can seat him with any group of people and get them talking. So the more we would talk about how these [stand-up comics] weren't right, the more I started to say, '*You* should be doing this—*you're* the one.' But he wouldn't allow himself—he felt like, 'No, I'm a writer, I just have to be happy with that; they won't want me.' "

"I thought, *That's the girlfriend who's being overly flattering,*" O'Brien says. "My reaction was the same that America would have a few months later—what business does this guy have hosting a talk show? So I've always understood that reaction."

Jeff Ross had roughly the same reaction. Until his first meeting with O'Brien. "I was living at the Four Seasons, and Conan lived nearby, so he walked over. We met in the lobby. They had this room with couches and an unused desk, and when I came in, he was standing behind the desk with a big grin on his face. 'Whaddya think?' he said. It was the craziest thing I've ever seen."

"What was so crazy about it?" I ask.

"That he had this confidence. That was the craziest thing."

LATE NIGHT WITH CONAN O'BRIEN, SHOW NO. 1, on Monday, September 13, 1993, began with a very funny remote sequence of a breezily nonchalant O'Brien walking through Manhattan to his first day on the job as everybody—his doorman, the guy at the newsstand, schoolkids, even a horse pulling a hansom cab—says the same thing, over and over: "Better be as good as Letterman! Lot of pressure!" Smiling, whistling, O'Brien strolls into his dressing room—and rigs up a noose. The on-air call comes just as he's about to slip it around his neck.

"I gotta admit that this is a little unusual," he said at the top of his first monologue. "I mean, let's face it—most guys who are in this spot, they came up here in a different way. A lot of guys—they spent years and years and years in the clubs, working very hard, and finally they get here on TV. My plan is to start here on TV, claw my way into the clubs"—a big laugh from the audience; O'Brien smiled and teed off the capper. "Ten years from now, I wanna be in high school."

But there was something wrong on the first show, a faint but pronounced change from the audition. "Just before I went out onstage for the audition, I remember thinking, *What the hell do I have to lose?*" O'Brien says. "But auditioning for the show was much easier than doing the show for the first six months. Because then I worried about losing my network TV show."

He had good cause for worry. His nerves translated, on the first broadcasts, into a forced, fast, showbizzy style; he somehow resembled Steve Martin playing a talk-show host. Suddenly, O'Brien was doing something he'd never done before—trying too hard.

Almost nobody, at the beginning—not O'Brien, not Lorne Michaels, not Jeff Ross, certainly not the network—was filled with glowing confidence that the show would last very long. Michaels saw one bright side: "Since it was also my ass,

Photographs: top, Jim Smeal/Ron Galella; opposite, Mitsu Yasukawa.

if my choice ended up just being a sorbet between a pro and another pro, it would be over quickly."

It was like the tale of Scheherazade: At first, the network would renew the show only in thirteen-week increments. The audience numbers at 12:30 A.M. are minuscule to begin with; *Late Night* was gasping for tenths of ratings points. "A couple of months into the show," O'Brien recalls, "Don Ohlmeyer did something that I actually thought was cool. He said, 'If your show climbs two tenths of a point in the next sweeps period, you will stay on the air. If you don't, I have to move on.' I'll never forget it. But I didn't mind that. Because I thought, *All right, you're telling me.* People I don't respect are the people who tell you to your face that you're doing a great job, and are secretly trying to replace you."

There were plenty of those, too. At the very first, Lorne Michaels recalls, "some of the press were empathetic." A lot of this had to do with Chevy Chase's widely reviled, short-lived talk show, which had come on the week before and taken a lot of the pounding. "Conan wasn't important enough to be destroyed, just dismissed," Michaels says. "But then the reviews got vicious, and there was a lot of intrigue on the West Coast. People were saying we should get rid of Andy [Richter], and all of it."

O'Brien somehow managed to be the calm eye of the storm. "What's funny is that I was oddly suited to all the trouble that I went through the first two years," he says. "That might be Catholicism. Maybe some sort of self-flagellating—you know, 'I deserve to have a difficult time.' "

He laughs. "I was an unusual kid in that way. In the third grade, I kind of felt like I was under the gun for some reason. I had this feeling of, like, 'You gotta be good, you gotta be good.' Even my little crappy papier-mâché volcano—you know, 'It's gotta be good, it's gotta be good.' When I was on the *Lampoon,* 'It's gotta be good, it's gotta be funny.' At *Saturday Night Live,* I was behind the scenes, but I felt a lot of pressure. Like, 'Oh, Tom Hanks is here. I've got to think of a really good idea for Tom Hanks.' Replacing David Letterman, who had influenced me, who I had such respect for—that was such a surreal amount of pressure that at a certain point you kind of don't feel it anymore. It's like the needle doesn't go any higher, and that's kind of liberating, almost."

Almost. "I was a guy trying to do a good talk show," O'Brien says. "A smart guy, and a nice guy, but trying to do a good talk show. And you don't ever want to watch somebody trying to do a good job at comedy. That's not fun. That's never what made me funny. What was always funny about me was just stuff that I said when I was happy and enjoying myself. I just had to make all that other stuff become mundane—the lights and the people and the network and the advertisers. And that took a little time."

By most accounts, it took a year and a half. In the meantime, the comedy, though scintillating, felt overbearing. O'Brien spent so much time rehearsing the bits that sometimes he wasn't prepared for guests. Routines were occasionally designed to interrupt interviews. It didn't feel respectful, and O'Brien didn't feel totally in control. The soufflé wasn't rising.

Slowly, he figured it out. "After a while, he began to stop doing what made him look uncomfortable," Michaels says. "He started letting guests talk, not letting bits go on too long. More and more, he made it his show."

> "Sometimes I worry about the show, and then I think, **It's 12:30 at night, for God's sake.** If you have any complaints, you shouldn't be up that late anyway."

Meanwhile, though, "the network was less than supportive, and the network was behind the curve," Jeff Ross says. "I believe for the first year, year and a half, they were consistently looking around to see what they could do [to replace O'Brien]. We had to survive by scratching and clawing." They bargained for their lives by settling for shorter renewal intervals. "We had to go work the press, we had to go get publicity, we had to go to the people who thought the show was good and have it written about."

Lorne Michaels remembers a dinner with Ohlmeyer "when the show was stalled—things were flat, and there wasn't enough [ratings] growth for anybody to be cheerful about. And I said if it wasn't gonna happen, we were owed like three months, because it'd be very abrupt to cancel right away. And Don said, 'Come on, he's our guy.' "

Ohlmeyer had taken note of an interesting phenomenon. "Michael Zimberg, who was an executive at NBC Productions on the West Coast, went up to see his kid at college in Boston, and they were all talking about Conan in the dorm," Michaels says.

The show was finding its audience. *Late Night* went through a temporary wobble in January 1995 when Robert Smigel, feeling burned out, quit as head writer. Two other writers, Alec Berg and Jeff Schaffer, left around the same time to go earn bigger bucks on *Seinfeld.* But the departure of Smigel was double-edged. "Conan and Robert were peers when the show began," Michaels says. "But more and more, Conan moved into a much clearer sense of command. By the time Robert left, it was very much Conan's show."

By nature as a writer and a nice guy, O'Brien was a consensus-builder. But it's a show-business cliché—and axiom—that no matter how good the support staff is, everything comes down to the host. And—even though he was no less a writer or nice guy—Conan O'Brien had finally become what he was meant to be.

NOONTIME IN CONAN O'BRIEN'S OFFICE: O'Brien, in his offstage uniform of Gap khakis and polo shirt, strolls around, noodling on a Gretsch guitar. He's a pretty good guitarist: He plays a convincing Ventures lick as his assistant microwaves him a special low-fat lunch. "I had my cholesterol tested, and the nurse offered to walk me back to my car," he says. "It's an occupational hazard. Comedy writers are the only people that think eating General Tso's chicken and pork fried rice is healthy."

O'Brien's smallish office, a corner with sweeping views down Sixth Avenue and out to the Hudson, is prodigiously cluttered with objects and memorabilia both funny and sincere: A giant pickle. A small statue of George Burns. A model parade float containing Uncle Sam and a beer mug, reading DRUNK IS GOOD. A large photo of O'Brien on the set, looking pleasantly stupefied that his guest is Ted Williams. A huge nineteenth-century lithograph of Abraham Lincoln's deathbed. A basketball backboard with a horror-movie flayed head, wearing a coonskin cap, stuck upside down in the net. An autographed eight-by-ten glossy of Andy Richter, reading, "To Conan—your bitter jealousy warms my black heart. Kisses, Andy." Photos of his girlfriend. A picture of his new puppy. A panoramic photo of his octagonal house. A framed letter from Jack Paar, thanking O'Brien for his introduction at a tribute to Paar.

"I hear good things about your program and I am sure that one day you will inherit the 'Paar, Carson spot,' " the letter

(continued on page 99)

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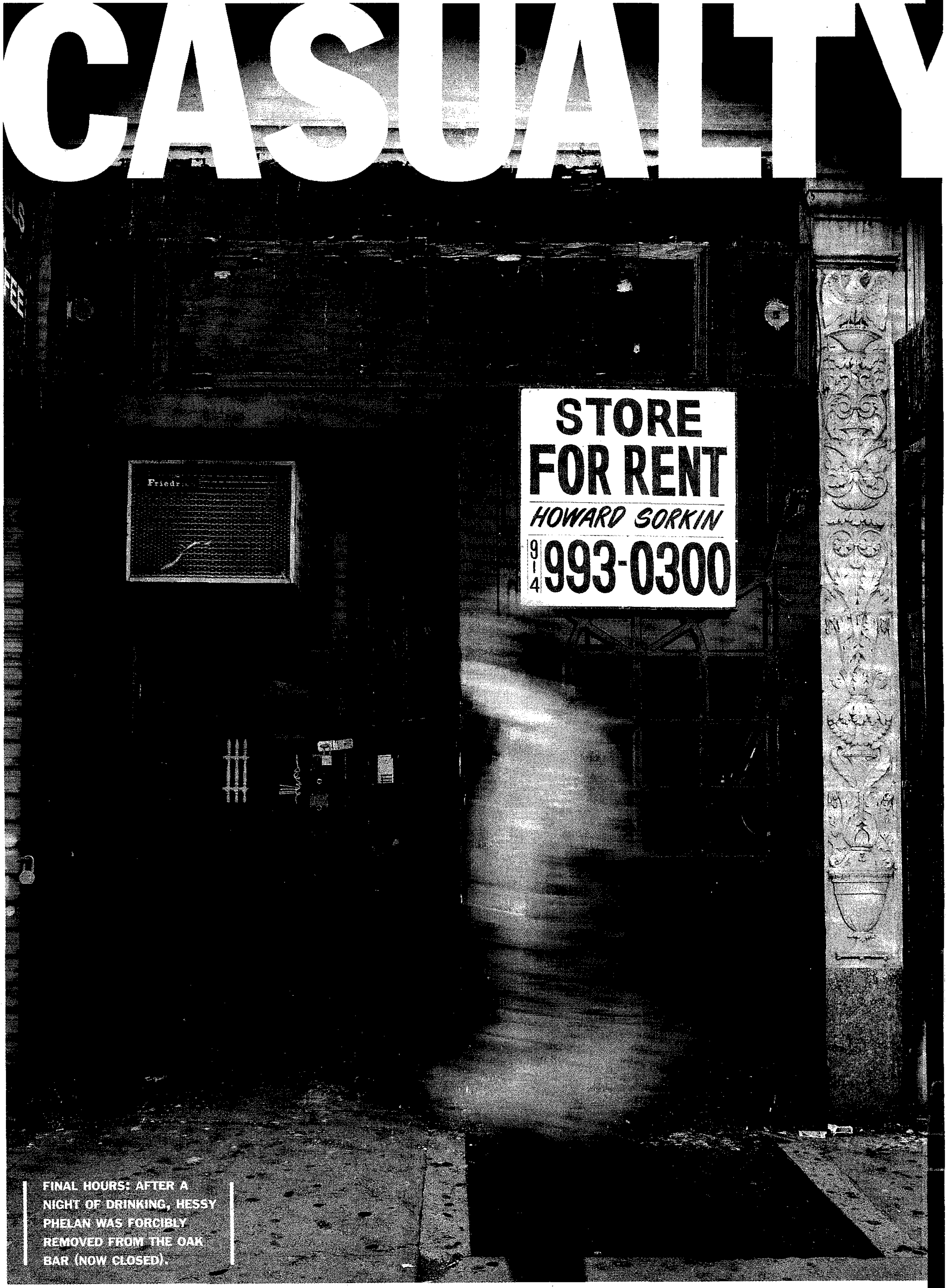
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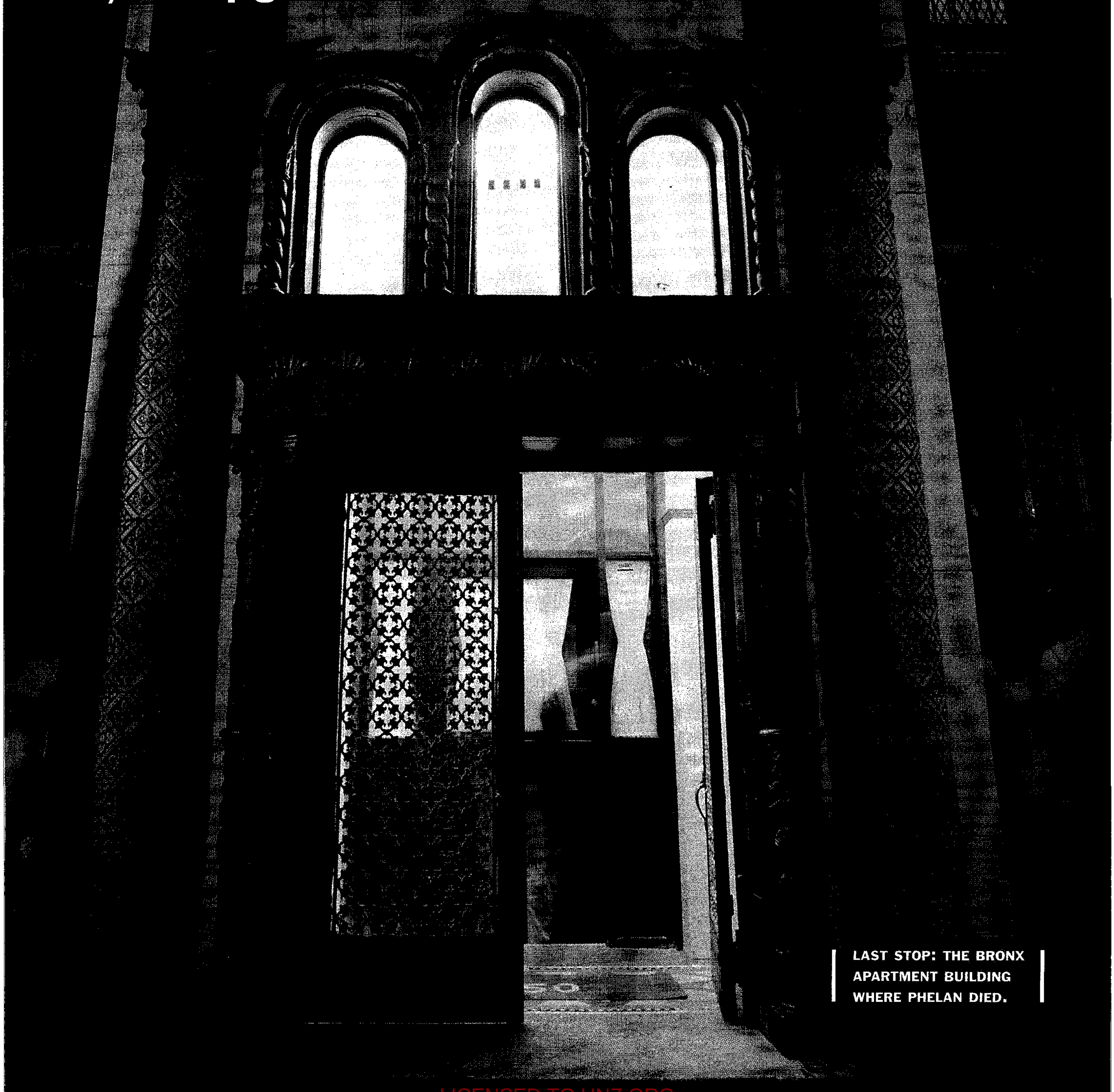
FINAL HOURS: AFTER A NIGHT OF DRINKING, HESSY PHELAN WAS FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM THE OAK BAR (NOW CLOSED).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEAL McLAUGHLIN

OF WAR

A former I.R.A. man and Bronx barfly dies of a bullet to the head. Suicide, claims the Irish cop whose gun killed him. But many in their old neighborhood aren't buying the story. And this week, the cop goes on trial for murder. BY CHRIS FRANCESCANI



LAST STOP: THE BRONX APARTMENT BUILDING WHERE PHELAN DIED.

SOME NIGHTS, SITTING IN ONE OF THE NOISY, smoky Irish bars along Bainbridge Avenue in the Bronx, you'd think you're in a pub in Derry, Northern Ireland, somewhere between Bogside and Creggan, instead of between the Bronx Zoo and Van Cortlandt Park. Martyred I.R.A. guerrillas stare somberly from dusty frames on the wall. Old Paddies with wrinkled faces deal cards on a wooden board pulled over the pool table. Rebel songs blare from the jukebox. This is not George Steinbrenner's Bronx, or Al Sharpton's. This is Bainbridge, one of the city's biggest Celtic portals, the last stop on the D line, the first stop after Derry or Belfast.

It is an easy place to blend in, a safe haven for illegals, where "donkeys," as they called themselves, still hustle for day-labor jobs and pack the bus stops on Bainbridge Avenue, their pockets full of cash because they can't open bank accounts. Back when the old Comet Diner was open, INS agents regularly came by to round up a few waitresses before heading off to the construction sites and bars.

Hundreds of newcomers still pass through the neighborhood every year, and when one immigrant, a man named Patrick "Hessy" Phelan, was found dead with a .38 slug in his brain two years ago, the rest of the city didn't take much notice. The initial word on the street was that the 39-year-old illegal had committed suicide. But in the shadowlands of Bainbridge, things don't always turn out the way they first seem.

"TEN YEARS IN EUROPE'S HARSHEST PRISON DID NOT D

FROM A CORNER BAR IN THE BRONX

HESSY PHELAN WAS WELL known in the neighborhood. He was a stocky, friendly little house painter always looking for work, a barfly who crooned rebel ballads in all the local watering holes. At four feet eleven and little more than 100 pounds, he looked like a leprechaun, but in the working-class Derry neighborhood he left in 1987 to start a new life in America, he was a hero who'd survived a decade in a Northern Ireland prison.

Bronx district attorney Robert Johnson doesn't think Phelan committed suicide, and neither does the city's medical examiner; nine months after the shooting, Johnson charged an Irish-American cop from the neighborhood, Richard Molloy, one of the most highly decorated patrolmen on the NYPD's force, with second-degree murder. Molloy, a tough-talking second-generation cop, is mad as hell. He says he's being framed by a vindictive prosecutor, and he claims that comrades of Phelan's are plotting to kill him if he beats the murder rap. The trial starts this week.

The case has torn at the tightly woven fabric of the Bronx Irish, very much along generational and class lines: the younger, newer immigrants, including many Irish militants like Phelan, against first- and second-generation families whose sons and brothers are police officers.

"People from my part of the world are a little more cynical about the police and authority because of where we came from in the North of Ireland," says Graham Friel, a friend of Phelan's and one of the owners of the Oak Bar, the last place he saw Phelan alive. "We weren't as likely to just accept the cops' word on things."

The Oak Bar closed soon after Hessy's death, in part because of the fallout from the shooting. The two couples who owned it—the Friels and the McAuleys—took opposite sides in the case and don't speak anymore, though they remain next-door neighbors.

Depending on whom you ask and which bar you ask in, Phelan was a fearless friend of Ireland or a friendless, self-destructive drunk. Likewise, Molloy's either a model citizen and public servant or a madman with a gun.

IT WAS NEAR MIDNIGHT ON A BITTERLY COLD January 20, 1996. Officer Richard Molloy walked into the Oak Bar on 206th Street, where his girlfriend, a Derry native named Maggie McGrath, was tending bar. Phelan was there, muttering into his white Russian and singing "Joe MacDonald." He'd switched from bottles of Budweiser around 9 P.M. and was now well into his twelfth straight hour of boozing. He'd been fighting with the other customers and generally annoying McGrath.

She asked Molloy to walk Phelan up to her fourth-floor apartment across the street, where she used to let Phelan and other neighborhood drunks sleep off their binges. "I am a woman, and when you are in a bar and you are dealing with people that are very drunk—I just couldn't deal with it on that night," McGrath told a grand jury. "I said please, get him out of here."

Witnesses say Molloy, five feet nine, 142 pounds, grabbed Phelan, twisted his arm behind his back, and lifted him off the barstool. Phelan struggled briefly, and the two were arguing as they left the tavern. "Hessy was trying to wiggle out of his grip," a bar patron says of Phelan in court papers. It was just after midnight.

When they reached the apartment, Molloy says, he tried in vain to get Phelan to lie down and go to sleep, but the inebriated man repeatedly vomited, then got up from the couch, stumbled around, and made to go back out into the night. Molloy says Phelan was talking all the time, urging Molloy to marry McGrath, whom Phelan had known since she dated his best friend, a fellow patriot and prisonmate named Barney Logue, who'd died a year earlier.

McGrath's roommate, Cormac Lee, who was in the next room, heard the pair arguing, but couldn't make out what they were saying. He told prosecutors he heard Phelan mutter "Get the hell out of here" to the cop. The last thing he heard from the next room was "Go on! Go on!" Then, almost immediately, Lee heard the blast from a .38.

Like Phelan—and Molloy—Lee had been drinking that night; he was boiling potatoes in the kitchen after a late-night poker game with friends who'd just left when Molloy and Phelan walked in. Lee said he ran into the room and saw Phelan, blood pouring from his head and mouth, gurgling and trying to breathe. He saw Molloy taking his hand out of the back of his pants, where he assumed the cop had put the weapon.

Molloy told investigators that Phelan had grabbed his gun and used it to kill himself.

"I said, "Jesus Christ," Lee recalls two years later. "Richie grabbed me and he says, 'Tell them nothing, you know nothing!' He was calm and cool. It was like he was looking at a half-bitten rat." Lee says Molloy told him Phelan had shot himself in the face.

At first, the cops accepted Molloy's version, and the death was treated as a suicide. But six months later, after Phelan's friends and family forced a re-investigation, city medical examiner Hedda Jindrak ruled the death a homicide, saying Phelan died of a full-contact wound to the head, after the barrel of the gun was wedged into the corner of his left eye. Court papers say that the wound could not have been self-inflicted by a right-handed man. Hessy, who was so drunk that night he could barely stand up straight, was right-handed.

WHY WOULD MOLLOY want to kill Phelan? Proving murder doesn't require motive, so that's not a question the D.A. will have to answer. Which is fine with Assistant District Attorney Brian Sullivan, who's in charge of the case, because he has only theories about why Phelan died in the living room that night.

Here's the best one: Barney Logue was a prison-mate and friend of Phelan's from Northern Ireland, an old pal from Creggan, wait— Crannywell in Derry, and a fellow operative in the Irish National Liberation Army, an ex-tremist splinter group that broke from the I.R.A. in 1974. In December 1994, Logue died after falling down the stairs of Phelan's apartment building. He was drunk.

At the time, Logue had been dating Maggie McGrath—Molloy's bartender girlfriend—and Molloy now says that he and Phelan had feuded over her. Friends say Phelan adored McGrath, and he was not pleased when she took up with Molloy after Logue's death.

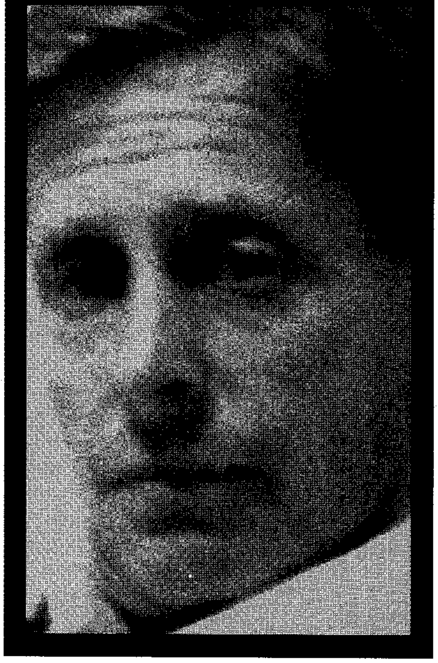
HESSY'S WILL TO LIVE, SO EXPULSION
LD HARDLY TRIGGER AN URGE TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE."

"I've always believed very strongly that this is what happened," says a neighborhood source close to the case. "Now, Hessy was a small guy, but a guy who broke chops. So Molloy is taking him to Maggie's house, and Hessy's the sort of guy who will say something like, 'If Barney was alive, you wouldn't get near Maggie.' Molloy pulls his gun and threatens him, and, you know, Hessy challenges him and then Molloy shoots him. I've always thought that's what happened."

Last month, McGrath married Molloy in a modest ceremony at the Brooklyn offices of the cop's criminal-defense attorneys. In the weeks to come, those attorneys will try to build a case that Hessy was suicidal. The anniversary of Logue's death had passed the weekend before, without a remembrance in the *An Phoblacht/Republican News,* the Sinn Fein newspaper sold in all the Irish bars in Bainbridge, a partisan tabloid that chronicles the exploits and victories of the Irish guerrilla armies back home.

The lawyers are already trying to paint a picture of Hessy as a sad and broken man, just another casualty in the long and tragic Irish Troubles. After ten years in an Irish prison, after the deaths of several people close to him, he had little to live for. Ireland had broken his heart, they argue, and that is a story that many Bainbridge immigrants know all too well.

THE VICTIM: PATRICK "HESSY" PHELAN.



HESSY PHELAN CAME OF AGE IN DERRY, Northern Ireland, during the mid-seventies, when the I.R.A. was culling martyrs from among the rock-throwing youth in small towns across Northern Ireland.

"He wasn't the greatest student in the world," acknowledges his sister, Martina Bobach of Stratford, Connecticut. "But he loved sports." And classes at the Longtower Elementary School in Derry never held his interest like the Troubles could. "At the time, [the I.R.A.] would offer to get the kids involved," Bobach says. "He thought it was great. He got all wrapped up in it and started coming home, saying, 'We have rights.' He felt it wasn't fair these people are getting treated this way, shot.

"In the beginning, it was just stone-throwing," she recalls. "But then, you know, it got more involved. My ma said he would go upstairs to bed . . . and he'd go out and jump the gate. He'd come home in the morning before she woke up. That's how it started."

FBI intelligence files show that the bureau considered Phelan to be a "major player in the I.N.L.A." Beginning in 1976, according to the files, Phelan was repeatedly jailed for rioting, hijacking, possession of explosives, and robbery.

One of the more popular stories that circulated about his exploits was that in December 1977, 20-year-old Phelan and another guerrilla, Colm "Rooster" McNaught, were tailing an enemy operative near the edge of the Catholic Bogside in Derry. Their target, according to friends of Phelan's, was a member of the notoriously fierce British Special Air Services. Suddenly, the SAS agent got out of the car, approached the pair, and shot McNaught dead at point-blank range. McNaught's blood spilled on Phelan, who jumped from his car to return fire, only to have his gun jam. The agent escaped, but the close brush with the enemy bolstered Phelan's reputation.

Another time, Phelan nearly escaped from Magilligan prison in Northern Ireland, where he'd been incarcerated for allegedly smuggling explosives on a bus over the border into the North. Concealed inside a pool table that was being carried out of the prison, he was one checkpoint away from freedom when a snitch spotted him through the hole in the table where the balls return and blew the whistle.

Phelan never talked about what happened in prison, says his sister, but when he finished his last sentence in 1987, he decided to leave Ireland and come to America. Even in the Bronx, though, he

Photograph: preceding page and this page, courtesy of Martina R. Boback.

lived and breathed the Irish cause, and the day he died, friends say, Phelan was unhappy because he couldn't get a remembrance in the Sinn Fein newspaper on the anniversary of Barney Logue's death.

"Death notices are a big thing in Ireland, more so than here," says *Irish Voice* columnist Brian Rohan, who says he doesn't know what happened that night in McGrath's apartment. "It's sort of a big thing, like, 'My boy's got ten remembrances.' And [Phelan] didn't get a memory of his friend in the *A.P./R.N.*" Rohan says one of the outbursts that got Phelan thrown out of the Oak Bar the night of his death was a shouting match he got into with a man who came into the bar selling the *A.P./R.N.*

But Phelan's mother dismisses the idea that he committed suicide. "Ten years in Europe's harshest prison did not dent Hessy's will to live," she wrote in an open letter published in the *Irish Echo* last September. "So expulsion from a corner bar in the Bronx would hardly trigger an urge to take his own life."

The case against Molloy is largely circumstantial, which may be why it took the D.A. nearly six months to bring it to a grand jury. Phelan's friends and family had personally petitioned the D.A. on more than one occasion (his mother flew over from Ireland twice), but it was only after they announced plans for a formal protest on the courthouse steps that a grand jury was convened.

Nearly a year after Phelan's death, Molloy was charged with the murder. In April 1997, the charges were dismissed for lack of evidence by a Bronx Supreme Court judge, but that decision was overturned on appeal and the charges reinstated.

RICHIE MOLLOY, 32, IS A SON of Bainbridge and the son of a cop. As a cop himself, he's made hundreds of arrests and received 74 commendations, including an Exceptional Merit citation, the second highest medal an NYPD patrolman can receive. "I didn't sit in my patrol car and read the newspapers and drink my coffee," he says, careful to add that he's not "knockin' other cops.

"I just wanted to catch bad guys—the guy who knocks over old ladies and steals their purses. From when I was a little kid, that's what a bad guy was."

He was a fresh-faced 20-year-old probationary officer in 1986 when his gun first went off. He had encountered a couple of Fordham students puffing on a joint outside a bar and warned them to put it out. They refused, so Molloy angrily grabbed it and snuffed it out against the wall. Molloy says the two students came at him, so he identified himself as a cop and drew his gun. During the struggle, two shots were fired, neither hitting the students. The shooting was ruled justifiable.

Seven years later, in 1993, Molloy shot and killed Granson Santamaria, a suspected drug dealer who pulled a knife on Molloy's partner. It looked like a gun, Molloy said, but it turned out to be a pistol grip with a knife blade instead of a barrel. Molloy fired point-blank with his .38, killing Santamaria, who was later found to be carrying 400 "jumbos," or vials of crack. The shooting was ruled justifiable.

That same year, Paul Lipsey, a 20-year-old Bronx man with no criminal record, was carrying an illegal handgun he said he bought for protection after being mugged twice on the way to Staten Island, where he worked nights in a recording studio. Lipsey said Molloy and his partner spotted him with the gun and gave chase. Lipsey said he took off running, tossing the gun over a fence. As Molloy's partner pursued Lipsey on foot, Molloy followed along the street in a patrol car, firing four shots at the fleeing man through the open passenger side window of his patrol car as he steered with his left hand.

Molloy said the young man pointed the gun at him before tossing it. Lipsey was charged with attempted murder of a police officer, a felony punishable by up to 25 years in prison, but insisted on going to trial rather than cutting a deal. A Bronx judge threw out the murder charge, calling the cops' version of the incident "incredible." Lipsey was found guilty only of possession of an unlicensed handgun. Nevertheless, the shooting was ruled justifiable.

"I LIVE IN FEAR EVERY DAY OF MY C
I CAN'T WALK DO

Two years before the Santamaria shooting, a midtown tort lawyer named Laura Gentile had her own encounter with Molloy. Gentile, who specializes in police-brutality cases, deposed Molloy after he'd arrested Richard Deagle, one of dozens of ACT UP protesters involved in a 1989 demonstration outside St. Patrick's Cathedral. Deagle subsequently sued Molloy, the NYPD, and the city of New York for wrongful arrest, police brutality, and civil-rights violations.

Gentile says Molloy was surly and quick to anger during the deposition-taking. He disturbed her so much that she asked a male colleague, Gary Silverman, to sit in on the two days of depositions. At one point, Molloy fixed his gaze on Silverman and began angrily mimicking Robert De Niro's character in the movie *Taxi Driver,* saying, "Are you looking at me? Why are you looking at me?"

"What I do for a living," Gentile told me, "is depose police officers and doctors . . . people who have a lot of self-confidence and are angry about being sued. I have never before had to ask a man to sit in on the deposition with me because I was scared. With no exceptions, every other police officer I've ever deposed has been professional. Evasive, but professional. This was scary. I waited until the case was over, and I went to Sam Moriber, the assistant corporation counsel. I said to him, 'Maybe you can do something about this guy. He's gonna kill someone someday.' "

MOLLOY IS STARING OUT the window of his lawyer's thirty-fifth-floor office into a torrential downpour in downtown Brooklyn. With him are his retired-police-sergeant father, Richard Molloy Jr.; his two lawyers; and Ron Cadieux, a well-connected former NYPD homicide detective turned investigator. "We're going to kick the shit out of them," Cadieux says of the Bronx D.A.'s office.

Molloy, in jeans and a turtleneck, is chain-smoking Marlboros and fidgeting. He speaks forcefully and with conviction, but you can see the exhaustion in his face when he talks about Phelan.

"I didn't kill this kid," he insists. "What Robert Johnson is doing—holding out hope to [Phelan]'s family that he didn't kill himself . . . what they're doing to his mother is almost as sick as what they're doing to my family." Molloy's parents had to put up their Scarsdale home last year when their son's bail was upped from $25,000 to $150,000.

For several hours, Molloy fields questions, his answers emerging slowly, wrapped in lengthy stories about the life of a beat cop in the South Bronx. But when the subject returns to Phelan, he stops fidgeting and looks me straight in the eye, frustrated, and says, "Look, I barely know this guy. Why would I go to the trouble of bringing the guy to my girlfriend's house and killing him with a guy in the other room? I must have walked 100 people out of that bar. You have drunks you have to put in taxis. I walked Hessy home the week before. There was no fight. I could have put him in my back pocket and walked him up the stairs."

Earlier, Molloy characterized his relationship with Phelan differently: "I loved Hessy as a friend," he told Gene Mustain of the *Daily News* ten months after the shooting. "He was a decent man. I still have a mass card for him on my kitchen table."

But now it's the death threats that really haunt him, Molloy says.

"This guy was a major player!" shouts defense attorney George Vallario. "What, you don't think there's gonna be fallout from this if Richie walks?"

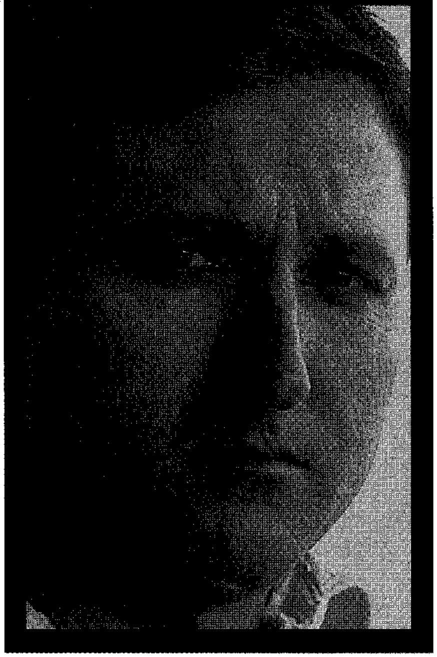
Since Phelan's death, Molloy says, "I live in fear every day of my car being blown up or being attacked. Me and Maggie don't go to Irish functions in the neighborhood anymore. I can't walk down the street in the neighborhood I was born in. I walk her kid to school and I look over my back.

"Do I think they'll kill me before the trial? No," Molloy says. "Do I think if I lose the job, will these guys have any qualms about shooting an ex–NYPD officer? No. Do I think it will be a sanctioned hit? No. I think someone will take it upon themselves."

According to people in the neighborhood, Molloy's fears are not entirely unreasonable. Bainbridge is a place where former I.R.A. operatives easily blend in with the other undocumented immigrant laborers, and many people claim to have heard stories of I.R.A. retribution enacted on this side of the Atlantic.

Molloy's father cuts into the conversation, saying that after the threats started coming in, he contacted a friend of twenty years who's "very active in Irish politics here," who he says told him there was a contract out on his son. He quotes the man, whom he declines to identify, as saying, "They feel one of theirs was killed and somebody's got to pay for it." Asked to intercede on Molloy's behalf, the man allegedly said, "There's nothing I can do."

THE ACCUSED: OFFICER RICHARD MOLLOY.



EING BLOWN UP OR BEING ATTACKED.

THE STREET IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD I WAS BORN IN."

Molloy's worries can easily be dismissed as a bid for sympathy, but the I.N.L.A. is, in fact, notoriously brutal and extreme, even by I.R.A. standards. It was one of the very last I.R.A. breakaway groups to accept the current cease-fire. "The closer you get to the present, the more criminal and mad-dog they've become," says Jay Boyer Bell, a former I.R.A. member and author of *The Secret Army: The I.R.A. Since 1916* and *The Irish Troubles.*

Still, Bell has serious doubts about an I.N.L.A. contract on Molloy's head. The I.N.L.A. started as a movement primarily organized by Seamus Costello, who was later assassinated by an I.R.A. member, says Bell. "It has continued to splinter into more and more factions that spend most of their time shooting each other. What I'm trying to tell you is that this group ate itself up. As they went on, they had less and less to do with politics and more to do with feuds. More and more, they've been supporting themselves through crime and drug-smuggling. They have never had much to do with things in the U.S., even in the best of times."

"Ha!" Annie O'Connor, a close friend of Phelan's and Logue's who lives in Bainbridge, just laughs when told about the death threats. "Always the victim, huh?" she says. "The man is a cop. His father is a cop. They're well connected. They can tape phone calls. They can trace these things. If there were any substantiation to these threats, the police would have investigated. But they haven't, have they?" (Indeed, Molloy acknowledges that as far as he knows no such investigations have been made.) O'Connor rambles on for a minute, then adds, somewhat ominously, "If people were out to get him, he would have been gotten already."

Death threats or not, Molloy's defense—that Phelan killed himself—also finds its roots in the battered Catholic counties of Northern Ireland.

"Hessy was haunted by demons, haunted by the death of Barney Logue, and he was an alcoholic," says Rohan, the former *Irish Voice* columnist. "His friends'll tell you that he thought, *Why wasn't it me?* He's been arrested, beaten up, hauled in for questioning, and seen his friends killed by cops all his life. That sticks with you. He was the ultimate outsider. He couldn't go home; he didn't have a family here."

Phelan's father and uncle had also died in the months preceding the shooting. So when word got around in the community in the hours after his death, there was only mild surprise over what was reported as his suicide.

"Some of the people who are doing the most now [to see Molloy convicted] didn't have a problem with Hessy committing suicide initially," Rohan says. "Whenever I wrote about the case, I had guys coming up to me in bars patting me on the back, and I had guys coming up saying, you know, that they wanted to kill me."

SINCE PHELAN'S DEATH, A LOT has changed in Bainbridge. Dominicans and other Hispanics have increasingly moved in and taken root in the neighborhood, congregating on street corners where Irish brogues used to dominate and prompting many Irish immigrants and families to move on, up to McClean Avenue in Yonkers, the new Irish enclave on the Bronx border. Bodegas are popping up along Bainbridge Avenue. There's one next to the shuttered Oak Bar, and another around the corner.

Molloy figures his crime-fighting days are probably over, conviction or no conviction. "I have no delusions about the Police Department. Do I think they're going to stick their neck out for me?" he asks. "No. Will I fight for my job? Yes. But I'm a smart guy. I've got a college degree. I'll find another job."

Law-enforcement officials familiar with the case predict an acquittal. "Bob Johnson has a duty to the friends and family to bring this case to trial . . . but it's mostly circumstantial," says one. "It doesn't make the case for 'beyond a reasonable doubt.' " The source says Molloy's lawyers are likely to opt for a bench trial, before a judge instead of a jury.

With weak evidence, he observes, the D.A. would do better with a jury, which tends to respond to an emotional appeal. "The facts are that Molloy and Hessy were the only two people in that room. And Hessy's dead." ▬

Photograph by Michael Schwartz/New York *Daily News*.

Illustration by Anton Ioukhnovets.

Re:Fluxology

Beck and Yoko Ono sound off on found art, family ties, and flying pianos. By Ethan Smith

“RUBBISH PILES FRESH AND plain,” sang Beck on *Odelay.* “Empty boxes in a pawnshop brain / . . . Standing in line like a readymade.”

Known by music fans on a strictly first-name basis, Beck Hansen is revered for his singularly poetic lyrics, collagelike production, and penchant for transmuting the dorkiest sounds in the world into the dopest. Beck inherited his Duchampian found-art leanings from his grandfather, Al Hansen.

A collagist, bon vivant, and performance artist, Al Hansen (who died in 1995, at age 67) is perhaps best remembered for his penchant for throwing pianos off buildings in the name of art. A central figure in Fluxus—a genre-busting movement that sought to combine Dada's scattershot absurdism with Zen's more rigorous brand of spontaneity—Hansen spent the sixties hobnobbing with a group that included Nam June Paik, John Cage, La Monte Young, and Yoko Ono. In fact, he named his signature performance piece *Yoko Ono Piano Drop.* Hansen grew up in Queens (next door to Jimmy Breslin, who devoted a full-page column to eulogizing his childhood neighbor) and spent his adult life shuttling among Los Angeles, New York, and Europe, where—unlike in the United States—his art enjoyed a degree of popularity.

Though Beck is most famous for his cut-and-paste music, as a visual artist he has created a sizable body of work that draws more directly on his grandfather's legacy. This Tuesday, “Beck and Al Hansen: Playing With Matches” arrives at SoHo's Thread Waxing Space, after an earlier stint in Los Angeles, with a benefit shindig co-chaired by Ono and Beck's mother, Bibbe Hansen. Comprising dozens of collages and drawings by Hansens senior and junior, the exhibition opens its six-week run with a night of performances by Thurston Moore, Beck, and the latter's younger brother, Channing Hansen.

New York's Ethan Smith recently hosted a conference call between Beck's new South Pasadena digs and Ono's Dakota apartment.

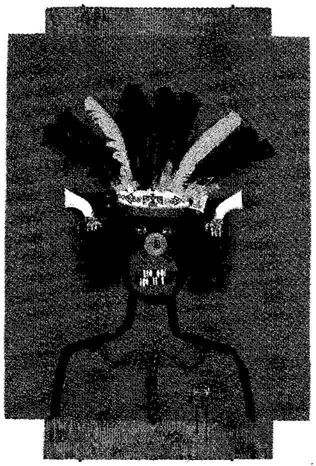
Ethan Smith: *I wanted to ask a little about Al Hansen's work. He seems somewhat underrecognized, even within Fluxus.*

Yoko Ono: Well, *I* don't think so. His work was very known amongst us. Fluxus was very unique—a those-who-knew-knew kind of movement. And in that crowd, of course, *everybody* knew his name.

Beck Hansen: When we had a memorial for Al three years ago in New York, a lot of the Fluxus people came out. And one of the the things I heard was that Al was the glue for that scene—the connection between people who were doing music and those who were doing film and theater stuff. He was kind of a Renaissance person. He turned the art people on to the music and the music people on to art.

Like Al Hansen, both of you have one foot in the avant-garde world and one in the—

B.H.: In the music world. It's rare, and it shouldn't be. If we were all coming out of Italy or something, making both music and art wouldn't be strange. It would be very normal.



“Pawnshop brain”: Beck's *Special Police,* on view at Thread Waxing.

Y.O.: I think one reason Beck is big is that he's got this element that is slightly kind of *not normal*—you know? And I think that comes from his grandfather [*laughs*]. God, I just hate to say Al Hansen's a grandfather. Does that mean I'm old enough to be Beck's *grandmother*? Anyway, Al was very Fluxus—he was innately rebellious.

A family affair: Beck and Al Hansen.

From what I've read, it seems like it would be kind of absurd to ask you to define Fluxus—

Y.O.: Well, I wouldn't say it's *absurd,* but it's a very loosely organized movement. Fluxus didn't *want* to formalize things. It wasn't like twenty artists got together and said, “Well, now. What shall we do? Shall we create this movement?”

B.H.: Fluxus is more reflective of life. As formal art in the last half of this century became less a part of our daily lives, Fluxus reflected how we were oriented in our society.

Isn't it a bit odd to take art that's meant to be ephemeral and of the moment and create a retrospective out of it?

B.H.: Al really wasn't thinking about documenting his art; he was living it. So it is a little difficult to come up with some show that summarizes everything he was about. He was always surrounded by younger artists. He started a school [in Cologne] called the Ultimate Academy. It was really cool—young artists could come and put on a show within two days if they liked. Or spontaneously do performance art, or—

Y.O.: Well, Beck, did you feel that you had a kind of partnership with Al, or did you sense that he was the young spirit in your dialogue?

B.H.: If anything, Al really treated me like a contemporary. He never talked down or said, “Here's how you do it.” He was like a room with open doors, and you'd just kind of come in and be a part of it.

Did you ever visit the Ultimate Academy?

B.H.: Oh, yeah, yeah. I lived there for a while. It was very free. Somebody would get the idea after lunch to start a band, and that night we'd be performing on the radio, and there'd be a local news crew interviewing us.

I've read something about Al's having been involved in the L.A. punk scene when you were growing up, Beck.

B.H.: He was very involved. He managed a few bands: the Screamers and the Controllers. Infamous L.A. punk-terrorist bands. He loved that world—the aesthetic, the attitude.

Y.O.: But there was also this formalistic side of him. He went to art school, studied with John Cage; he was connected with Leo Castelli gallery and all that. There was a wide range of interest and taste.

Did he take you to see these punk bands play?

B.H.: No, I was too young. But I definitely remember them around the house. When I was very young, he lived in the garage for several years. This was probably about '77, '78.

Y.O.: You know, there's another connection here that you might know, you may not know. But my son [Sean Lennon] is a musician, and he's pretty good. He *adores* Beck, and respects him and everything.

(continued on page 74)

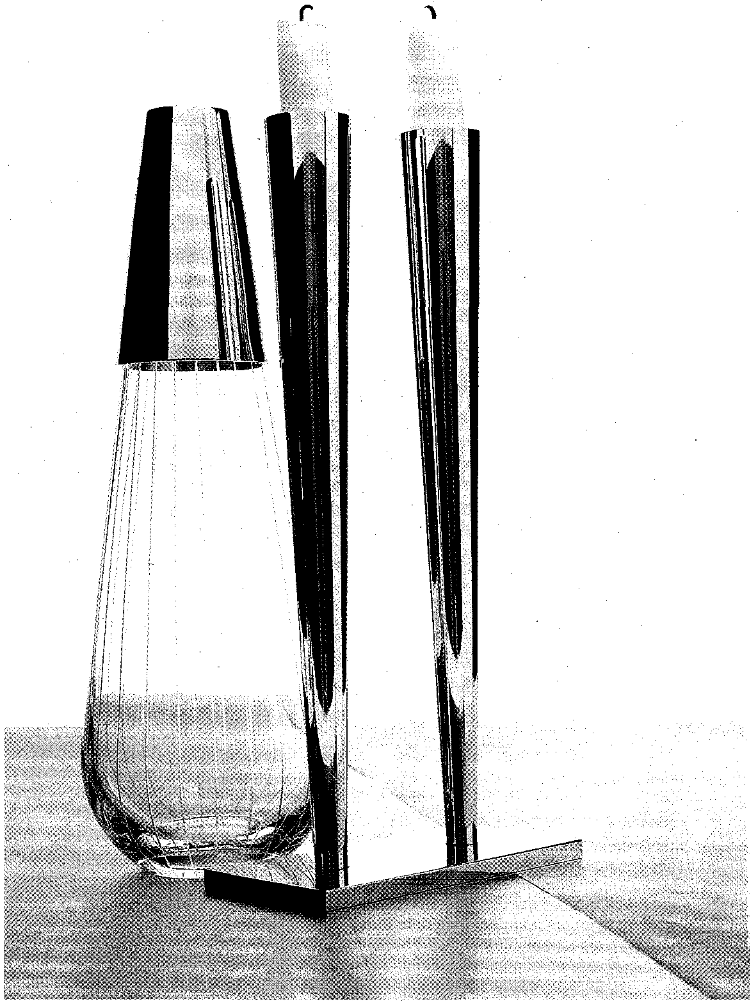
Home Plate

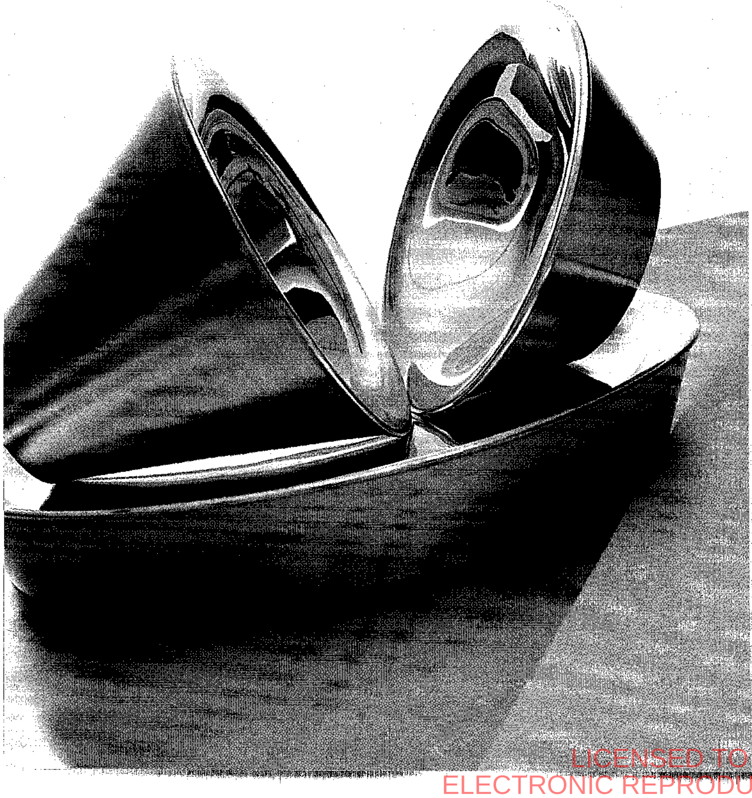
Forks and fruit bowls fashioned by celebrated architects proved to be a sturdy foundation for the Swid Powell empire. And now Nan Swid is bringing her own designs to the table—under a brand-new label. BY WENDY GOODMAN

"THERE WAS REALLY *NO* DESIGNER HOMEWARE WHEN WE STARTED OUT," SAYS NAN SWID, recalling Swid Powell's early days. "And now look!" • Calvin, Donna, and Ralph might have never served up house-brand *objets* for the table if architects hadn't been seated there first. The eighties were stepping lively, and people like Robert A.M. Stern, Philip Johnson, Richard Meier, and Peter Eisenman were hell-bent on chiseling a new aesthetic out of tired skylines. It was only walking distance between the drafting table and the dining-room table. Swid, a former design director at Knoll, approached Addie Powell, a vice-president there, with the idea that they would collaborate with top architects on bowls, candelabra, and flatware. She and Powell parked themselves in the penthouse at 55 East 57th Street. Baccarat, that temple of classic china, silver, and crystal, was in the building's lobby. But with designers in the stable like Meier, Stern, Michael Graves, Charles Gwathmey, Robert Siegel, Robert Venturi, Laurinda Spear, and Stanley Tigerman, it was clear that Swid and Powell had something entirely different on their plate. "We didn't just want to be in the china business," says Swid, an art-history major at Ohio State who had three kids before she started working with many of these same architects to design furniture at Knoll.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GABRIELLA IMPERATORI-PENN

DESIGNING WOMAN: Nan Swid at her West 13th Street showroom.





After being launched in 1984, Gwathmey Siegel's "Tuxedo" plate, Stern's column of a candlestick, and Meier's silver bowl with its tiara of tiny square cutouts were promptly deemed icons as compelling as the Barcelona chair. Swid Powell pieces were purchased for the permanent collections of the Met and MOMA. And every year saw additions to the line. In the mid-nineties, Swid found herself designing all of the tableware with Calvin Klein for his Home Collection. This fall, she's doing pieces for the Spiegel catalogue Elements. How could she *not* want her own label?

Now that Addie Powell has officially retired, Swid is issuing 22 new pieces of her own creation under the label Nan Swid Design. There are Lusterware dishes in unexpected colors like violet, orange, and chartreuse. Picture frames, too, that are equally photogenic when viewed from behind. Says Swid, "You can never have enough picture frames. And it's a challenge to be creative with such a standard form."

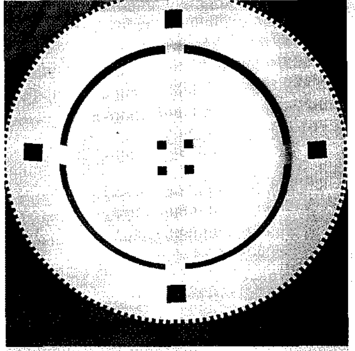
Architect Richard Meier is a Swid Powell stalwart who will continue on with Nan Swid Design. Meier spent thirteen years working on the Getty Center; part of the payoff for him, says Swid, is that "he can realize drawings in a couple of months; he has something tangible." Today, the people who live in Richard Meier houses, use Richard Meier flatware, and keep their pears artfully stacked in Richard Meier bowls (yes, these folks do exist) can buy Meier's new double-pronged candelabras. Always thinking on a different plane, Meier has designed several other pieces, too, including a decanter that is really a collision of a sphere and a cone, with its bulbous base and narrow-nose stopper.

Newer to the roster is architect Calvin Tsao of Tsao & McKown, who never realized that the woman sweating beside him at aerobics was also one of his profession's patron saints. Swid and Tsao became pals, and then she saw an apartment of his featured in a 1989 issue of *House & Garden*. It wasn't long before Tsao—who went on to design one of Ian Schrager's Upper West Side apartments, the Morgan's Hotel Bar, Geoffrey Beene's Fifth Avenue boutique, and the 1.2 million–square–foot Suntec City Exhibition and Convention Center in Singapore—was recruited. His new "Mercury" collection has been fashioned deceptively out of pewter to be shiny on the inside, matte on the outside. Plunk a dozen roses into the compote, and they look more like two dozen.

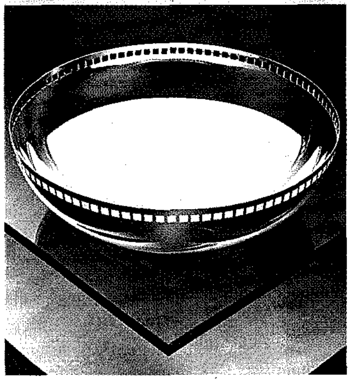
"I called the collection 'Mercury' because the pewter looks like a liquid metal, an oxymoron," says Tsao. "I'm intrigued by the paradox of forms. And being Asian, I'm always talking about yin and yang. With the compote, the pewter on the outside is regimented. Inside, it's sensual. Architects are always grappling with the duality of form. We build exteriors to announce who we are—like a bank may look like a bank. But inside, people will have to work there or live there. It has to be humanized."

Tsao chose pewter because he's traveled a lot to Malaysia, where it's often used. "It evokes Elizabethan times because it's an old metal. But it's dying out because nobody uses it anymore," says Tsao. That pewter isn't molten hot right now makes no difference to Tsao: "There are ways to address issues, and not be a slave to style." Something Nan Swid's known from day one.

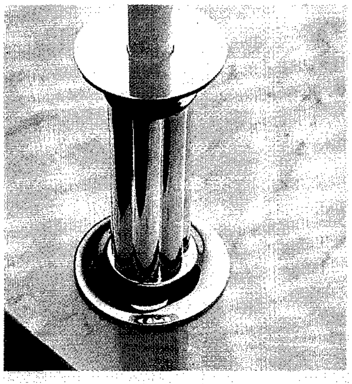
THE SWID HEREAFTER: Opposite, clockwise from top left, "Axis" silver-plate candlesticks, about $125, and "Linear" lead-crystal-and-silver-plate decanter by Richard Meier, about $150, at Bloomingdale's in late October; "Rectangle" brushed-nickel frame, about $45, "Arc Cathedral" brushed-nickel candleholder, about $30, and "Capsule" brushed-nickel frame, about $40, by Nan Swid, at Ad Hoc Software (410 West Broadway) and Amalgamated Home (9 Christopher Street) in October; Lusterware teacups by Nan Swid, $25 each (with saucer), at ABC Carpet & Home (888 Broadway, at 19th Street) and the MOMA Design Store (44 West 53rd Street); brushed-pewter "Mercury Collection" compote by Calvin Tsao, about $225 (left), bowl, about $160 (right), and platter, about $300, at Bloomingdale's in late October.



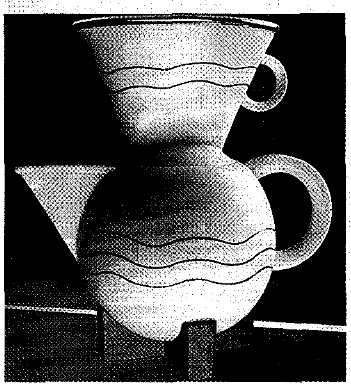
GWATHMEY SIEGEL'S "TUXEDO" PLATE.



RICHARD MEIER'S FRUIT BOWL.



ROBERT A.M. STERN'S "CENTURY" CANDLESTICK.



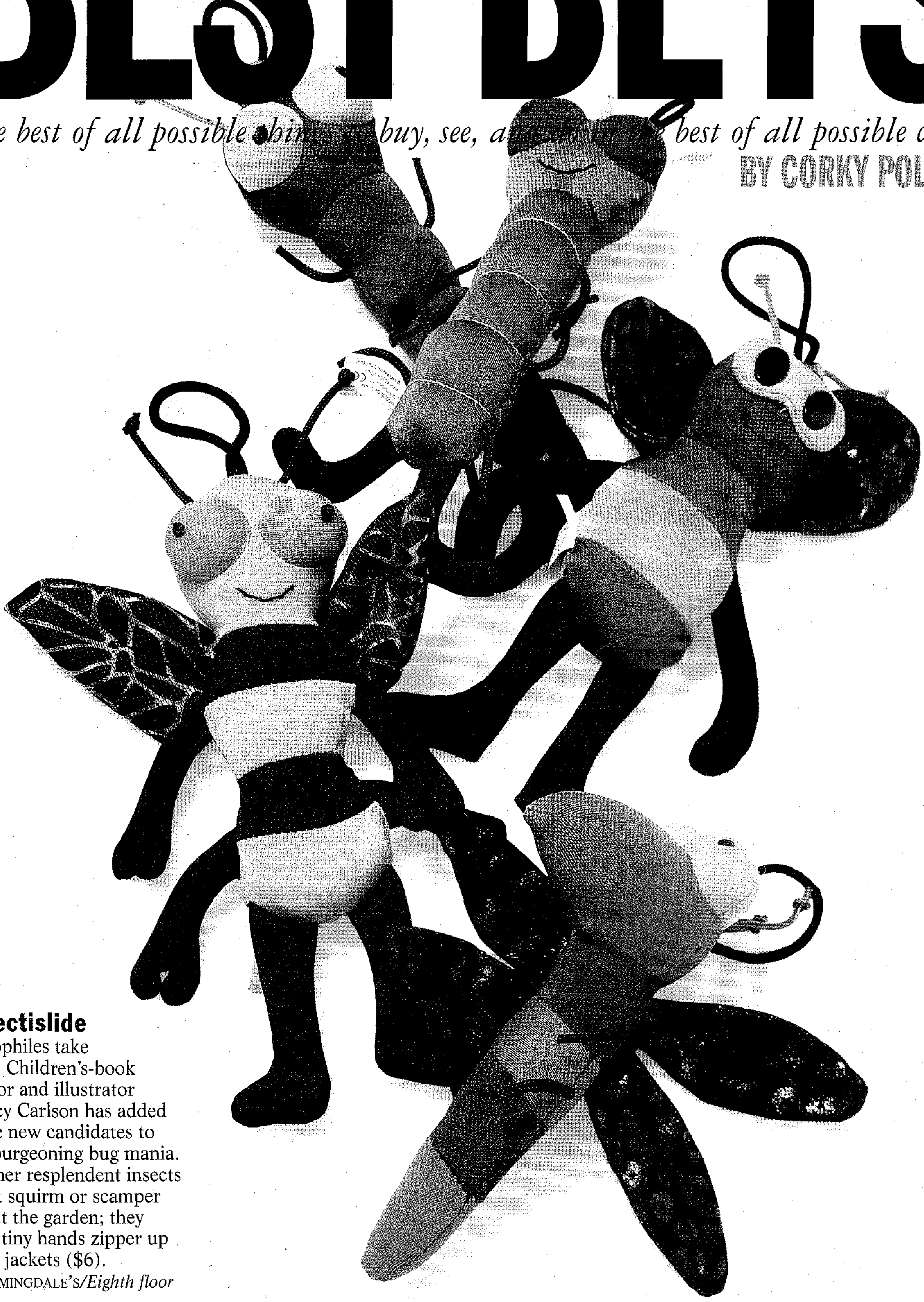
"THE LITTLE DRIPPER" COFFEEPOT, BY MICHAEL GRAVES.

Photographs: right, courtesy of Nan Swid Design.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



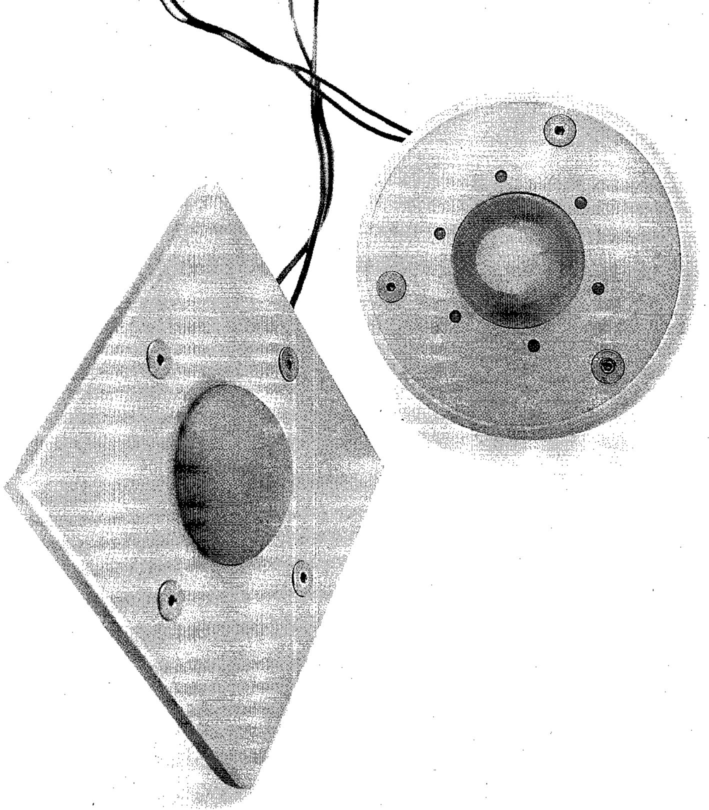
Insectislide
Bugophiles take note: Children's-book author and illustrator Nancy Carlson has added some new candidates to the burgeoning bug mania. But her resplendent insects don't squirm or scamper about the garden; they help tiny hands zipper up their jackets ($6).
BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Eighth floor*

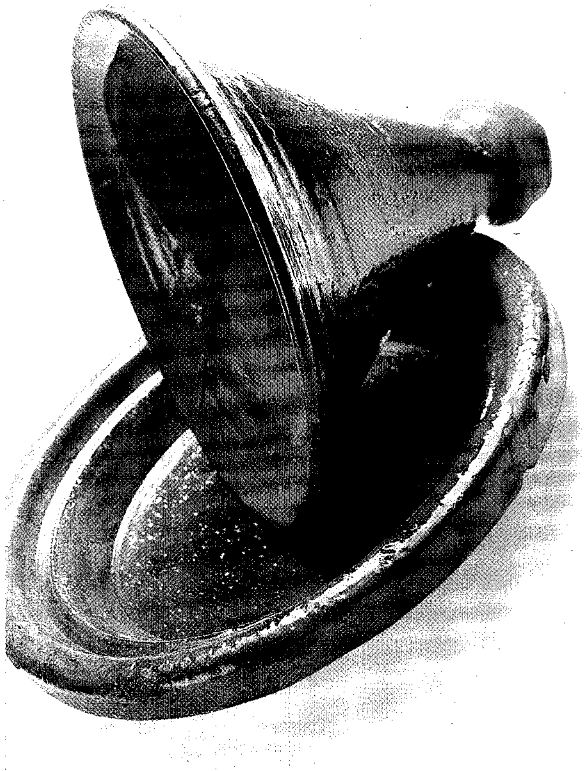
Photographs, clockwise from top right: Norman; Michael Grimm (2); Nedjeljko Matura

Bells Are Ringing

Tom Gordon and Ted Pierson were keen on designing a doorbell that somehow said "welcome." Their illuminated doorbell buttons do just that. They're warm, soft to the touch, and made of cheery-bright polymer resin that's set into an anodized-aluminum plate. They consume a very low amount of electrical power, have an LED that will light them for more than eleven years, and the plate can be installed in an existing system ($69; hardware kit included).

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/767-1050.*





Hot Pot

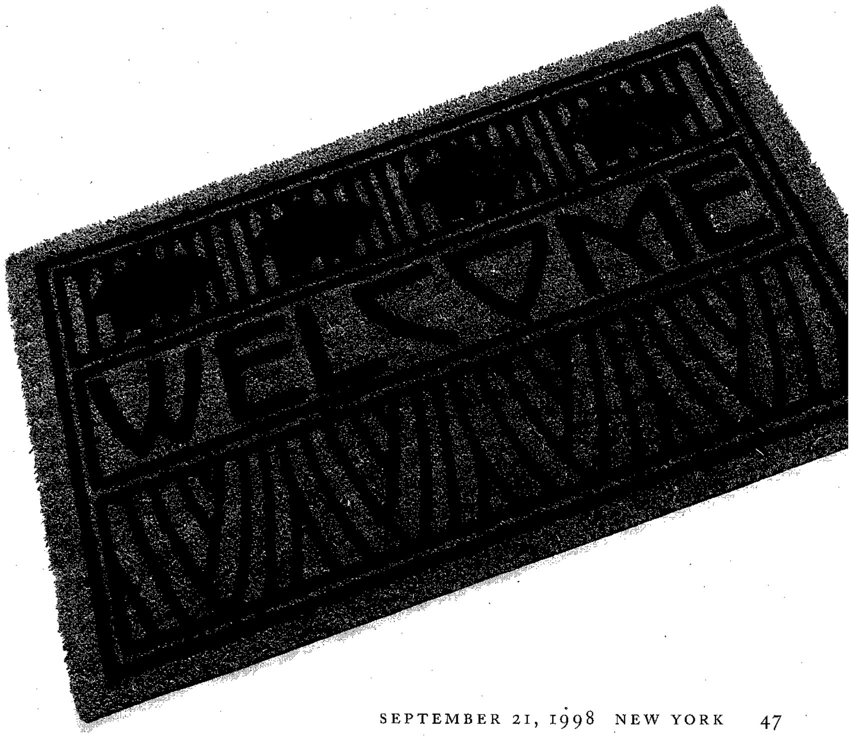
Clued-in culinary types already know about tagines, both the pot and the resultant stewish dish. Now the folks at Bowery Kitchen Supplies are making the North African staple—and London's entrée of the moment—accessible to the rest of us. They've imported the glazed-earthenware pot with its conical lid in seven sizes (to feed from two to twelve), and they give free weekly demonstrations on proper tagine preparation ($20 to $85).

BOWERY KITCHEN SUPPLIES/*The Chelsea Market/88 Tenth Avenue, at 15th Street/376-4982*

Tread on Me

This doormat is rife with family history. Its floral motif comes from the title pages of Dard Hunter's major opus, *Justinian and Theodora,* written in 1906 for the Roycroft Studios (of Arts and Crafts fame). The mat was designed by his grandson Dard Hunter III (an eighth-generation printer), and the proceeds go toward restoring the family homestead in Chillicothe, Ohio. The elder Hunter (one of Roycroft's principal designers) used the arduous hands-on methods central to the Arts and Crafts movement, writing the text, designing the type, and printing the copy on paper he made himself. Though his grandson's approach is far simpler (the mat is commercially made), the result captures the look and something of the spirit of Arts and Crafts ($60).

PETER-ROBERTS ANTIQUES/*134 Spring Street/226-4777*

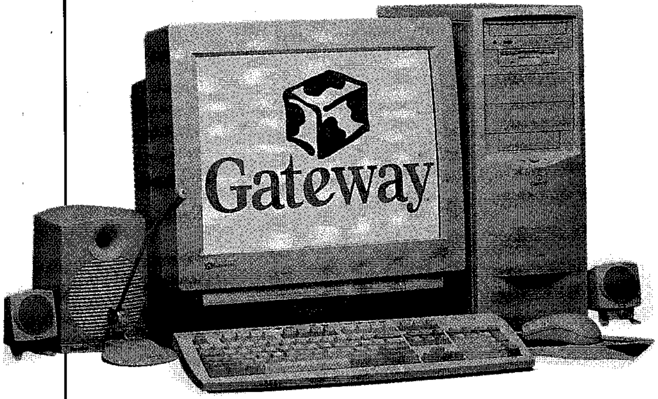


N.Y. TECH

EDITED BY SIMON DUMENCO

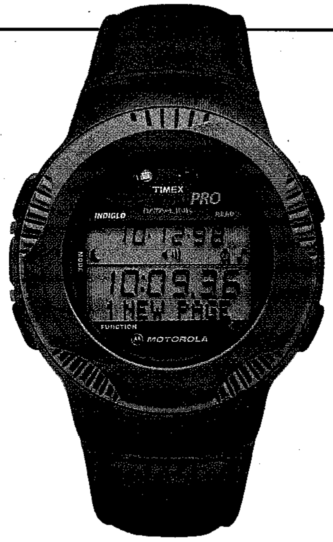
Big Deals

This fall's do-it-all high-tech toys pack in the features.



Tower of Power

If you think the *i* in the overhyped iMac stands for "irritatingly cute," then perhaps you'll find the clunky but powerful **Gateway G6-350 PC** more to your liking. This $2,483 Windows-based package has it all—350-MHz Pentium II processor, five-gig hard drive, 56Kbps modem, TV/FM, and even a DVD II ROM drive. And the nineteen-inch monitor is big enough and the Boston Acoustics speakers robust enough that you could realistically use the G6-350 as an alternative home-entertainment system. Pretty darn cool—if you can overlook Gateway's irritatingly cute cowhide logo. (Call 800-GATEWAY, or visit www.gateway.com.)



Beep, Beep, Mmm Beep Beep, Yeah!

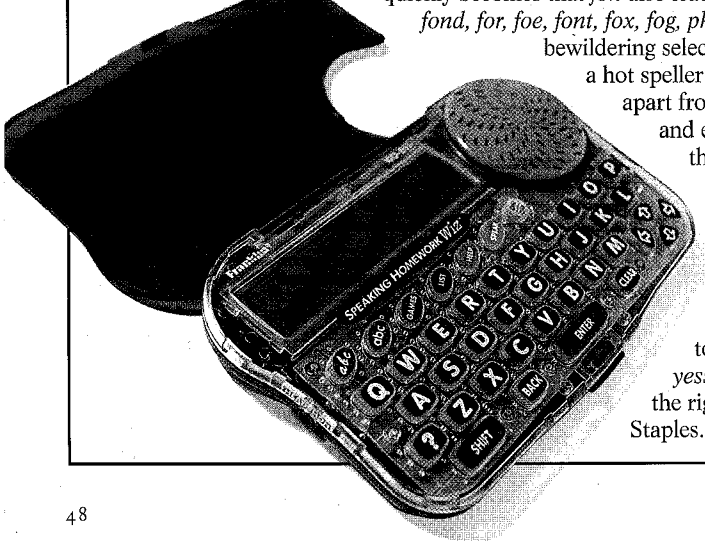
The new $159 **BeepwearPRO** does the same thing as its predecessor—receive alphanumeric pages that your friends and co-workers can send you via e-mail or by calling an 800 number. *Yawn.* The real news is that the Motorola/Timex team behind this pudgy watch have squeezed in a contact organizer, too. Just hold its infrared eye up to your PC monitor (you've gotta have Windows 95 or 98) and it'll download all your PC's contact information using Timex Data Link technology. How thrilling to transfer files—up to 150 telephone numbers—with the flick of a wrist. (Call 888-727-2931; Data Link CD-ROM included; monthly pager plans start at $8.)

STEPHANIE SAULMON

Wiz Bang

Yes, Franklin's $59.95 **Speaking Homework Wiz** has the same big vocabulary and broad-minded kid-friendly spell-checking capacity we've already seen: You can get the first letter wrong, so even if you spell it "fon" you'll wind up at *phone.* The problem quickly becomes that *fon* also leads you to *fawn, faun, fun, fond, for, foe, font, fox, fog, phony, funny,* and *fauna*—a bewildering selection for a child who isn't such a hot speller to begin with. What's new—apart from the colorful curvy keyboard and echoing boingy sounds—is that Speaking Homework Wiz says the definitions out loud, and that makes all the difference. Click on the SPEAK button, and a robotic voice informs, "Telephone: a machine that lets you talk to people in other places," and *yessss,* you know you've picked the right word. (Available at Staples.)

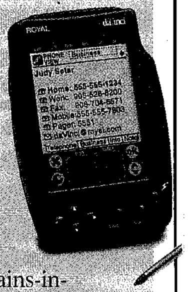
BARBARA ENSOR



FUTURE SHOP

Take Note

Watch for the October debut of **Royal's daVinci** ($99, pictured), the first low-cost personal digital organizer (PDA) to challenge 3Com's Palm series PDAs head-on. Though it has a slightly different operating system (which uses a different handwriting recognition scheme), no built-in expense-report program (you'll be able to download one through your PC, via the included docking station, from Royal's Website) and puny but adequate memory (256K), the Royal looks and feels like its more expensive Palm brethren. Yeah, it's a knockoff, but it's an elegantly executed knockoff. If Royal can seduce enough mass merchandisers (they're negotiating with the likes of Target and WalMart) and third-party developers (to compete with the Palm's surfeit of indie apps), it could have a hit product here.

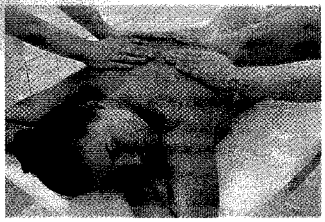


● You can expect 3Com to start heavy discounting of its existing line of Palm PDAs—partially to annoy those Royal pains-in-the-ass, but also to pave the way for its **Razor** (that's the code name) PDA, set for release later this fall. Faster processor, bigger memory, tie-ins with "information provider" online services that'll serve up sports scores and stock tickers via wireless modem, and best of all, less heft (rumored thickness: one third of an inch).

● Late this winter, Bell Atlantic is set to roll out **ADSL service** (asymmetric digital subscriber line) for super-speedy home Internet connection. We're talking *way* fast—up to 250 times faster than your pokey 28.8Kbps modem connection. Cost: $69.95 to $179.95 a month, but that's unmetered (meaning unlimited, and the connection is always "up," so you don't have to dial in as with traditional modems). Expect an introductory under-$200 set-up deal, which will include a modem, connection, and wiring. Call 877-525-ADSL to sign up.

Photograph: bottom left, Steven Freeman.

city spas



A guide to pampering packages– from spiritual to sublime.

Back in the Dark Ages, when advances in beauty and skin care were taken very seriously in Europe, skeptical American doctors argued that cellulite didn't exist, that there was nothing to be done for aging or sun-damaged skin, that natural treatments were a waste of time. Huh!

Then came enlightenment. Now, the best of all possible worlds can be found in New York. Today's day spas are at once sophisticated and spiritual, offering an array of pampering services from all over the world: treatments to fight cellulite, facials that firm, wraps and baths to rejuvenate tired bodies, therapies to soothe the soul.

Today, ever-changing, ever-improving technologies and products combine with age-old philosophies of health and beauty, providing a choice of everything from lunch hour facials to total body transformation.

Beverly Hood Allen *Creative Services Director*
Christy Casamassima *Editor*
Lillian Africano *Writer*
Segal Design *Creative*
Lory Conklin *Research*

east meets west

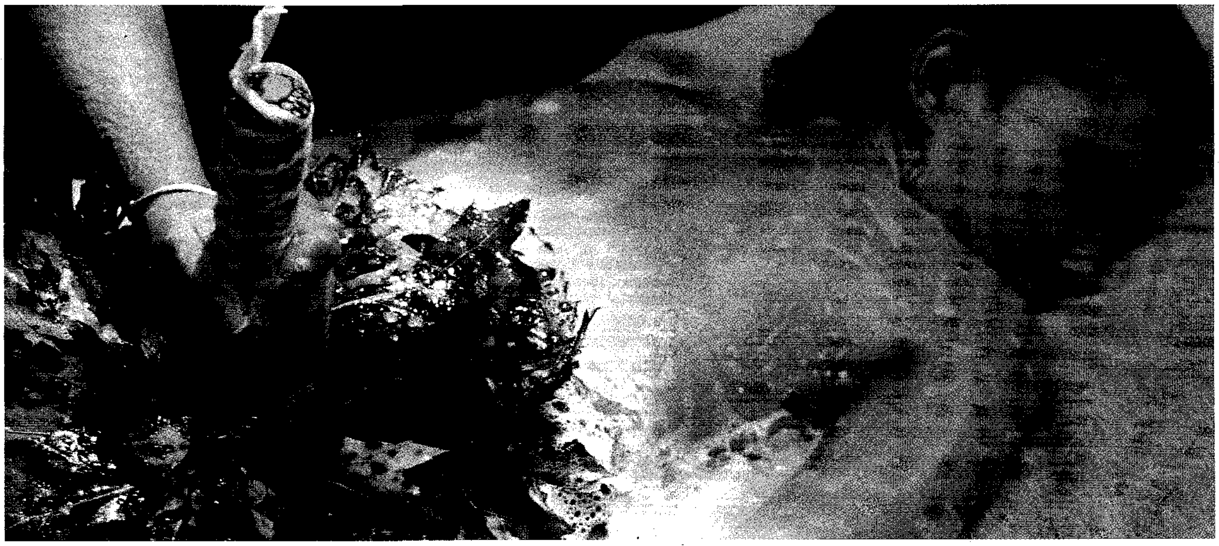
"Beauty is no longer about simply applying creams and lotions to the skin," says Mina Bowker of **Azure**, a comfortable, unpretentious loft that invites clients to kick back and relax. "Today we use the disciplines of East and West, to balance principles of health with principles of beauty. We combine natural elements, such as herbs, with modern science and technology." To achieve the perfect body, Azure carries out a one-two punch using a variety of wraps, together with a nutritionally sound personalized diet plan and an education in the fundamentals of healthy eating, such as food groups and portion size. Progress is monitored and adjustments are made as needed. Followed faithfully, the plan can yield a loss, not only in pounds but in unwanted inches. To complement the new figure, there's a full line of facials, including glycolic, Beta-EX AHA, and the Gold Facial.

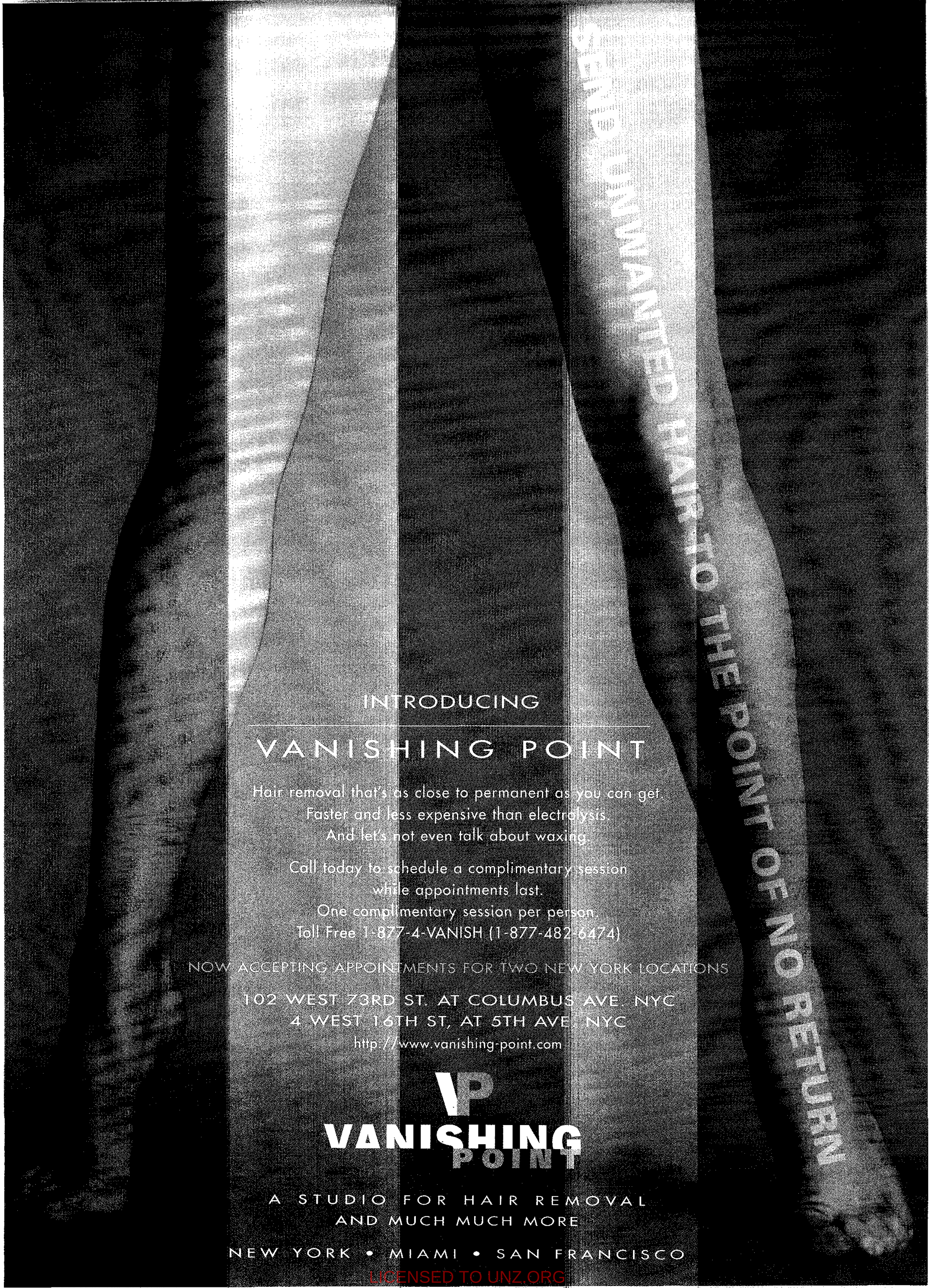
endermologie™ & beyond

When Denise Margulies, of **Skin & Body Care, Inc.** introduced the revolutionary cellulite-busting treatment, ENDERMOLOGIE™ to Manhattan, models and beauty editors beat a path to her door. Now Margulies has imported another revolutionary system from France: the award-winning Phyto-BioDermie.® "It uses three different machines and a variety of skin care products," she explains. "The Biodraineur® does lymphatic drainage of the face, neck, and body. Used on the body, it accelerates the effect of ENDERMOLOGIE™ in breaking up and flushing away cellulite. On the face, it tightens, tones, lifts, and restores definition. It promotes the production of collagen and elastin, and it can actually hold off the need for a face-lift." The other machines use light and vibrational frequency, to stimulate acupuncture points and energize the entire body. Margulies is associated with Board Certified dermatologist, and former NIH researcher, Dr. Jeannette Graf, an expert in skin rejuvenation.

spa solutions for damaged skin

You couldn't resist that weekend sun at the beach. But the tan that looked great in July has faded, leaving damaged skin and a network of new lines in its wake. Despair not. "We have remarkable new treatments for damaged skin," says Alice P. Abernathy of **Allana Day Spa & Laser Institute**, "whether it's from the sun, stress, adult acne, aging, or seborrhea dermatitis. Our Crystal Peel Micro-dermabrasion is a painless and trauma-free way of resurfacing the skin, and refining its texture and tone. An excellent follow-up to this is our all-natural and hypo-allergenic Oxygen Therapy Facial, which cleanses, hydrates and revitalizes the skin, using 87 different vitamins, minerals, enzymes, amino acids, and pure oxygen gas." Another popular skin-saver in Allana's extensive spa menu is the natural fruit acid glycolic treatment, which increases collagen, reduces fine lines, smoothes rough texture, and lightens dark spots.

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healing touch

"We are very serious about therapeutic massage," says Dona Pereira, director of **Stressolution**, a spacious midtown retreat with a resident chiropractor. "All our therapists do the classical Swedish massage, which relaxes muscle tensions, decreases stress, and increases muscle tone. We also incorporate Shiatsu techniques, which relieve pain and stress by releasing endorphins, the body's own natural painkiller. Aromatherapy and massage is an excellent therapeutic combination, so we customize the blend of essential oils, according to our clients' needs—to treat headache, insomnia, PMS, sports-related pain, back pain; to increase energy, or simply to reduce stress." Stressolution's comprehensive spa menu includes wraps that relieve arthritis and sore muscles, as well as a variety of facials, manicures, pedicures, and waxing.

for women only

"Our client is the busy New York working woman who needs an intimate, beautiful respite without leaving the city," says Leslie Nelson of **SoHo Sanctuary**, a serene yoga studio and spa located in a spacious SoHo loft. "We take a hands-on, individual approach to yoga. Our classes are limited to 12, so we give lots of care and personal attention; we cater to each woman's needs." The Sanctuary approach to beauty is more than skin deep. Movement classes that balance the whole being are complemented with spa treatments. "Our beloved massage therapist gets out every kink and knot," says Nelson. "And our 'Heavenly Hauschka Facial,' which is applied with a rhythmic lymphatic drainage technique, flushes out toxins and balances the skin's function."

from russia with love

With her Russian training and medical degree and more than 25 years experience in skin care, Faina Shafir of **Faina European Skin Care Center** (not associated with Faina Bor) takes a therapeutic approach to skin care. She pampers her clients, of course—she has 16 different facials and many body treatments that bring nirvana to stressed-out nervous systems. But healthy skin is a primary focus, and she is expert at vanquishing blackheads, banishing blotches, un-clogging grimy pores, and soothing breakouts—whether on teenage or mature skin. The basis of all Faina facials is a European Deep Pore Cleansing, which begins with cleansing, analysis, and massage. After herbal steam and extractions, a customized herbal or mud mask is applied, to tighten and calm the skin. A second, customized nourishing mask follows. The finale: refreshing astringent and a hydrating moisturizer to protect the skin from city grime and pollutants. "When clients leave, their complexions are rejuvenated—and feel as if their skin can breathe again."

bathing beauties

Cleopatra soaked in milk to keep her skin soft and supple. **Gazelle Beauty Center & Day Spa**'s hydrotherapy baths with herbs, oils, and minerals pamper the body and restore its balance. Says owner Patricia French: "For a rejuvenating bath, we use sage leaf, rosemary leaf, juniper berries, camphor leaf, calendula petals, chamomile flowers. For soothing, we have yarrow flowers, linden, strawberry leaf, lavender petals, blue malva flowers, comfrey root, and chamomile flowers. And for detoxifying, it's ginger root, rosemary leaf, allspice berries, eucalyptus leaf, and clove stems." If your hair has been abused by sun or overprocessing, Gazelle has a scalp treatment of seaweed powder blended with a protein conditioner, peppermint, chamomile, parsley, and other herbs. "It smells wonderful and looks edible—it's a mud pack for your hair."

salon secrets from asia

"Our herbal pack from Korea uses 16 different ingredients, including apricots, red bean, and Chinese herbs," says Sofya Park, owner of **Salon Bon-Sofi**. "This all-natural facial lightens and brightens, and hydrates the skin." Basic natural products and techniques from Asia are favored in this midtown salon and spa, which does everything from hair services, to permanent eye makeup, and electrolysis. The oriental-style spa experience may begin with a session in the steam room, followed by an oriental body scrub—a major exfoliation that leaves skin as smooth as a baby's. Then comes more steam, a vigorous massage followed by a milk cleansing—and a refreshing fresh cucumber facial. For those who need the therapeutic benefits of dry heat, there's a heated stone bed from Korea.

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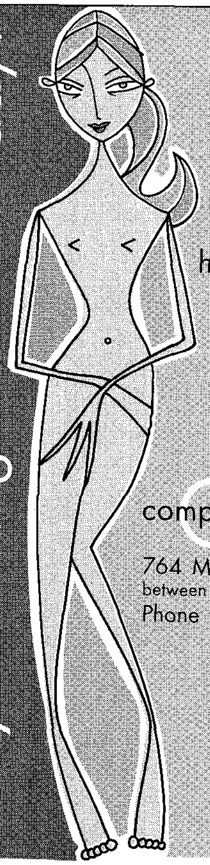

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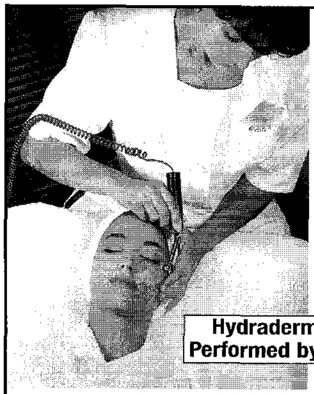

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great bodies in great neck

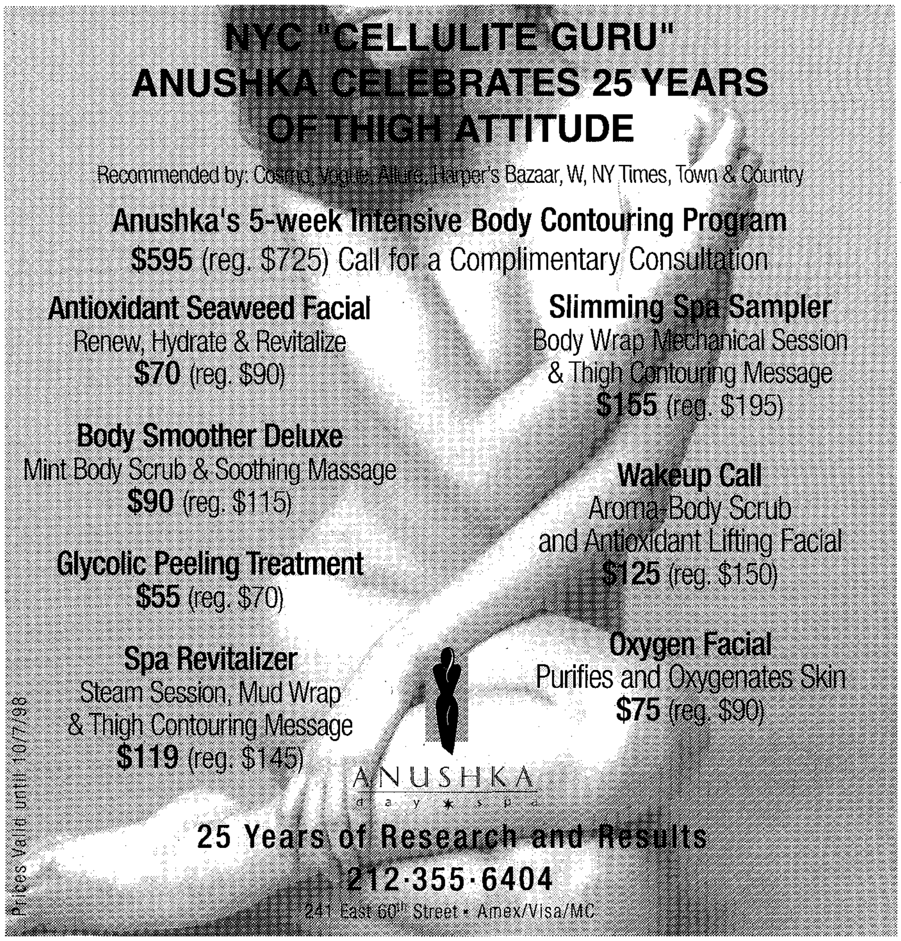
"Our newest treatment is the Contouring Body Wrap," says Anthony DeFranco, co-owner of the **DeFranco Spagnolo Salon & Day Spa**. "It's a detoxifying, slimming wrap that reduces stress and replenishes the skin with beneficial nutrients from the sea. Performed regularly, as part of an intensive contouring regimen, the wraps enable each woman to achieve the results she desires." This Great Neck spa and salon, which is an easy drive from Northern Blvd. and minutes from Manhattan, has an extensive menu of services that includes facials, massages, a variety of body scrubs and treatments. Among the spa packages: the Mother-Daughter Time Together, the New Mom's Day Package, the Coming of Age Make-Over, the Groom-To-Be.

a new birthday suit

"If you look good in your birthday suit, you'll look good in anything," says Anushka, who has been reshaping bodies for 25 years at **Anushka Day Spa-Renowned Cellulite Clinic**, "I've recently returned from Europe, with a second generation of treatments and modeling gels. The ThermoJet uses heat waves to increase metabolism and local energy to help diminish fatty molecules. The Presso-Jet 2000 is a triple-action body contouring session, that uses a specialized body sleeve and Anushka's Thermal Thigh Gel. The sleeve inflates and pressure moves from pocket to pocket, targeting problem areas. The treatment alleviates water retention, strengthens muscles, and promotes lymphatic drainage; it leaves buttocks and legs tighter, smoother and better-defined. The ThermoJet and PressoJet 2000, combined with Anushka's Body Contouring Program, produce spectacular results. I practice what I preach—and my body looks better now than it did 25 years ago."

west side story

West-siders love having **Féline Salon • Spa** for a neighbor. They can get all the latest spa treatments, like Micro-dermabrasion and the Oxygen Therapy Facial in their own backyard. They can pamper their feet with pedicures that include reflexology. "We do special treatments for acne and dry skin. We have a special teenage facial, and an express facial for clients who are in a rush. Our massages and body treatments are heaven. Our electrologist is known for quick and almost painless treatment," says owner Ingvor Wurmbrand. "Our main skin care line in Delecor, which is based on bontanicals and aromotherapy. We also have a very potent vitamin C line." Best of all, Féline has a remarkable selection of the highest quality spa and beauty products, including robes, brushes, three lines of hair products, as well as everything one could want for hands and feet, And the wonderful Oxyfresh dental care line.



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celebrity spa

Selma Hayek, Cindy Crawford, and Tommy Hilfiger are among the many who pamper themselves with luxurious massages, facials, and scrubs at the **Susan Ciminelli Day Spa**. Dedicated to an holistic approach, day-spa pioneer Ciminelli focuses on total well-being of the body, mind, and spirit. Always on the cutting edge of new skin care developments, Susan Ciminelli has created an extensive collection of skin care products and treatments, all reflecting her personal conviction, that health and beauty must begin from within.

wrap me up

If summer's end finds you with dry, flaking skin or scaly patches, Gloria Cabrera, owner of the handsome Fifth Avenue **Gloria Cabrera Salon and Spa**, has a proposition: "Let me wrap you. After a steam shower, we do a massage with essential oils. Then, the full body paraffin wrap detoxifies, gets rid of scaly skin; it works on cellulite, and smoothes and softens the body. We do a similar procedure with our herbal wrap, which not only detoxifies, but is great for soothing and healing aches and pains." The end of summer is also a good time for a thorough deep cleansing facial, to unclog pores, treat breakouts, and condition the skin. As an added bonus to her customers, Gloria has a monthly raffle, with prizes ranging from hair cuts to pedicures.

go completely bare

Even cover girls get the blues from shaving, tweezing, and waxing. So they head for **completely bare** an elegant, sophisticated salon in a Madison Avenue townhouse. "We use the EpiLight™ system, a pulsating light that destroys hair follicles," says completely bare owner, Cindy Barshop. "It works on fine facial hair, as well as coarser body hair. It's faster and less

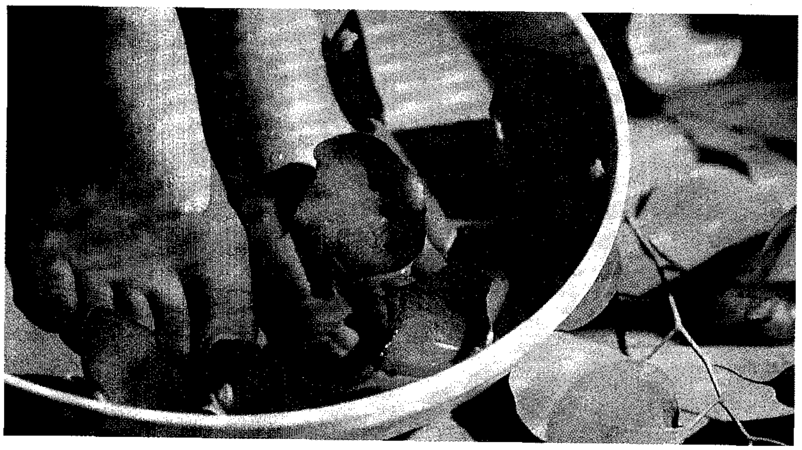
Wrinkles begone

"Other skin care products say they reduce the appearance of wrinkles. My Skin Renewer is a revolutionary product that actually reduces wrinkles; I guarantee results," says Judi McMahon, creator of the REBORN® holistic skin care system. McMahon, a certified esthetician and the author of eight beauty books, has stacks of testimonials from a clientele that includes a noted cell biologist, literary celebrities and jet-setters who order her products for all their homes. "The REBORN® Skin Renewer contains 11 different essential oils that come from non-contaminated organic farms from all over the world," she explains. "It's 100% active. All the ingredients have healing properties, they penetrate all layers of the skin and work to repair damaged tissue."

painful than electrolysis, and more permanent than conventional lasers." Privacy, a complimentary paraffin hand treatment, and fresh fruit are just part of the VIP treatment that all clients get. "We're result-oriented," Barshop adds, "so we don't charge by time. With our therapeutic facials, we do an analysis and put the client on a program. We guarantee results, and we have an excellent staff: Lisa Prada was written up as one of New York's top estheticians."

transformed in tribeca

Safely tucked away among Tribeca's trendy restaurants is an unexpected treasure, **Millefleurs Day Spa**. Step inside and inhale the subtle fragrance of lavender and sandalwood; partake of healing rites among the hanging gardens of Babylon, and the Baths of Thebes. "Though the ambiance is ethereal, the services are down to earth," says Gina Michael, spa owner and director. "Our therapeutic massages reach every point imaginable, leaving clients in a blissful, yet energized state. Salt scrubs uncover new skin; herbal wraps reduce inches, while detoxifying the body. We have pedicures with massage, and natural nail tips that give graceful extensions without unpleasant odor or toxic glues." Acupuncture is skillfully practiced for a variety of health concerns. Belly dancing and natural henna tatoos are offered, along with extraordinarily insightful Tarot readings. Gowned attendants are ready to serve you until midnight, escorting you into the kings' and queens' chambers.



not for men only

"Over half of my clients are men," says Lia Schorr, who has been dispensing expert skin care to both sexes for over 30 years. Schorr, the author of **The Lia Schorr Skin Care Guide for Men**, says: "Men need pampering as much as we do, but they can be shy about coming in. We give them a lot of attention, we educate them about how to take care of their skin, and encourage them to have a facial at least six times a year. We help with particular problems, such as sun damage, aging skin, adult acne, lifestyle, or shaving irritation. Our most popular treatments are the seaweed facial, deep-pore cleansing, glycolic, and the back-treatment facial—but we can give them the whole works, including a manicure and pedicure. A gift certificate is a great way to get them started."

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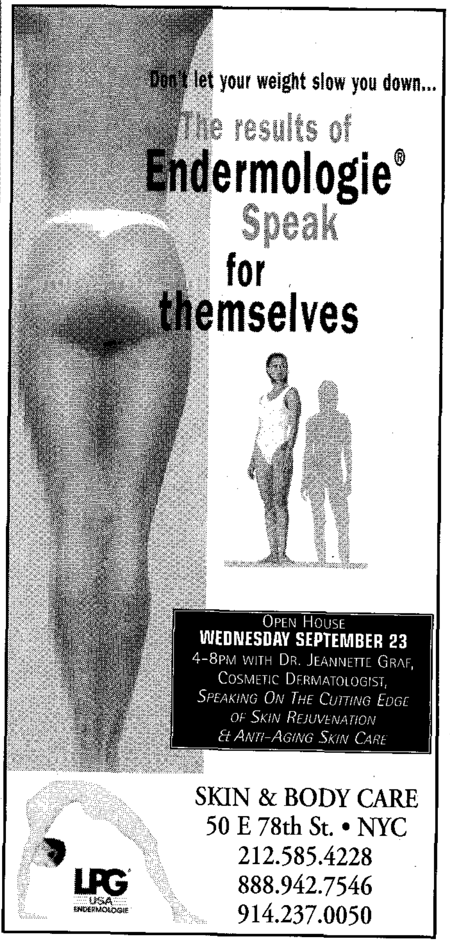
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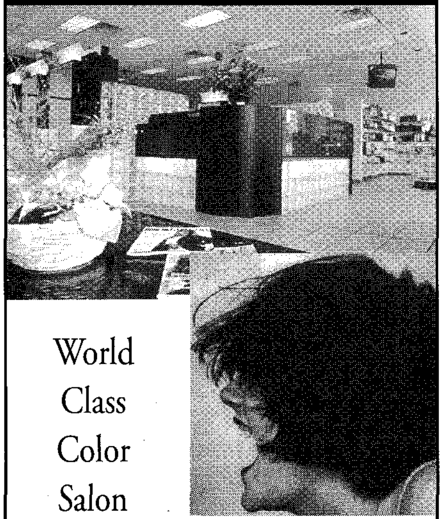

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pampering from paris

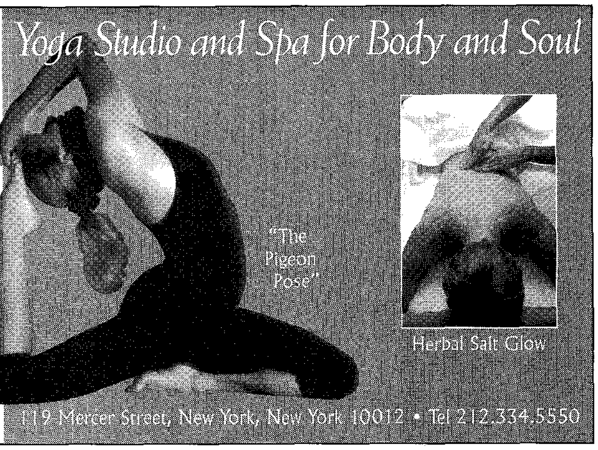
Poor circulation, bloating from PMS, cellulite caused by water retention? Faina Bor of the Faina Bor Spa prescribes a Cold Wrap, the newest treatment from Guinot, Paris. "This is an aromatic and cooling treatment, with camphor and mint," she says. "It acts as a vaso-dilator and helps tighten the skin while eliminating excess water and energizing the body. It is effective on the legs, the stomach and the upper arms, especially where there is a lack of elasticity." For silky, soft skin, Bor uses Guinot's body peel, based on fruit acids and enzymes. And for measurable inch loss, as well as firming and detoxifying, she prescribes the "Inch Loss" Treatment, which uses aloe vera gel, herbs, and a body wrap. "After six or seven treatments," says Bor, "you can really see results."

beauty from the inside out

At Ki-Touch Holistic Center and Day Spa, a midtown day spa with themed treatment rooms and an aromatherapy steam room, the approach to beauty and relaxation is comprehensive. The menu includes mud masks, cellulite treatment, seaweed masks, body scrubs with sea salts, followed by table showers, aromatherapy, paraffin treatments for the hands and feet, rejuvenation facials, collagen facials, Swedish massage, reflexology, Shiatsu, and Reiki. The spa packages are equally comprehensive, taking in head-to-toe services. Also offered is colonic irrigation, which noted esthetician Irina Pritsker recommends to many clients. "Colonics have many health benefits. They are good for a weight loss program and they improve the skin."

dimples in your cheeks?

Everyone complains about cellulite. Vanishing Point does something about it—with the newly patented TCMTM, Therapeutic Cellulite Massage, which reduces the appearance of cellulite and recontours the body while improving skin tone. Using a hand-held device with mechanical roller heads, the therapist performs a deep massage, which penetrates the fat tissue. The treatment breaks up the vertical connective tissue or fat pitting, otherwise known as cellulite, and transforms it into smooth skin. A series of 7 to 14 sessions are required to unclog and displace the fatty tissue found in the thighs, buttocks, and stomach areas. Vanishing Point also offers photo-epilation, which uses pulsed light to eliminate unwanted hair from all parts of the body. Because the machine has a large footprint—meaning a large section of hair can be treated during a single light pulse—long-lasting results can be achieved quickly, painlessly, and affordably.



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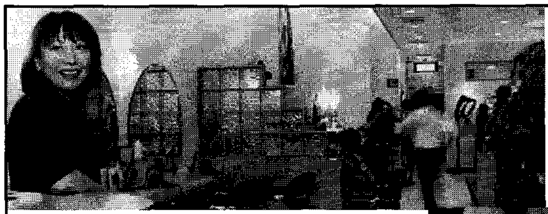

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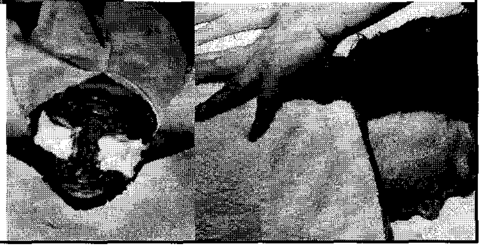

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hats off to hair replacement

Just as skin and body treatments have become more sophisticated, so, too, have the techniques for coping with hair loss. Today, the results of expert hair replacement are virtually undetectable, allowing clients to style as they wish.

"When a woman loses her hair, her whole image changes," says Elline Surianello of LeMetric. "Her femininity is affected, even her sexuality. It's like gaining a lot of weight or growing older. You not only look different, you feel different about yourself. And that's the problem we tackle." Surianello speaks with authority, for it was after she solved her own hair loss problem that she dedicated herself to providing other women with discreet, sensitive, and personalized hair replacement service. "When you realize that you don't have to look that way, that you can have beautiful hair again, it's totally transforming—everything changes. I've seen clients get new wardrobes, even face-lifts. I have one client who just got married—she's 77."

"We've been doing hair replacement for 35 years," says Stacy Costa, vice-president of DonCosa Images the MicroDotTM Processes, our non-invasive approach to hair enhancement. "We're probably best known for the MicroDotTM Processes for women with fine, thin, or damaged hair. Our newest invention is called Hair on HairTM. We take points of fixation of fine, thin hair, and we blend it with virgin human hair. The entire process takes one to 14 sessions; other procedures may take two to five hours. The result is hair that is fuller and more luxurious. The new hair doesn't interfere with your own hair in any way, nor does it affect its growth. It simply enhances the appearance of your own hair."

"The important factor in hair is balance," says Dino Dondiego of Sequence. "That means an even distribution of hair. If hair is uneven, you'll be styling to compensate. But if you have balance, you have the most flexibility, the most ease in styling. Your hair can be cut in any way, it can be styled in any direction. With our Hair BlendingTM technique, the operative word is 'blend'—meaning to evenly distribute. We do this one hair at a time. You will not be able to distinguish the hair we've added—and you'll have the freedom to do anything you like." With Hair BlendingTM, Dondiego can also add color and texture to suit a client's needs.

spa tips

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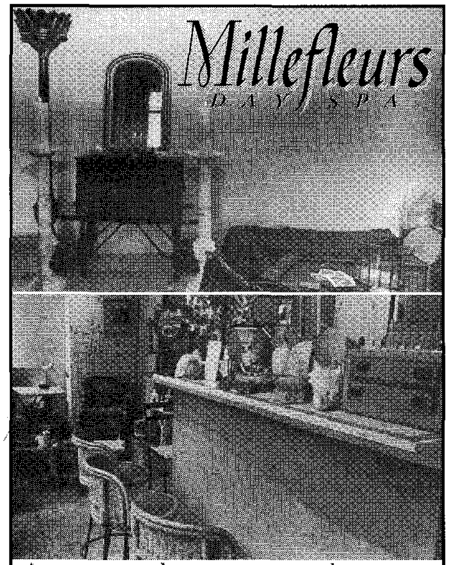
2. Arrive early—15 minutes is recommended—allowing enough time to get ready for your treatment.
3. When booking a treatment, ask about the spa's cancellation policy; you may be charged if you don't give the required notice.



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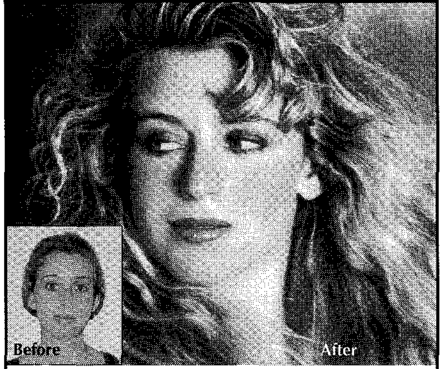

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DonCosa Images the Microdot™ Processes, 475 Grand Ave., Englewood, NJ, 1-800-IMAGES-3. For a limited time, through October, a free private consultation.

Faina Bor Spa, 794 Lexington Ave., 832-0431. Spa Package 1: collagen facial, 1 1/2 hr. Sea Escape body treatment, spa manicure, and pedicure, $159 (reg. $230); Package 2: Petite facial, seaweed mask, spa manicure,and pedicure, re-energizing body treatment with rainforest mud, $130 (reg. $182).

Faina European Skin Care Center (no connection to Faina Bor), 157 W. 57th St., 245-6557 or 1-800-331-6730. "Body Enhancer" Full Day of Beauty Spa Package (four hours): European facial with deep pore cleansing, herbal steam, full hour body massage, European manicure and pedicure, spa lunch and gift, $160 (reg.$220).

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Féline Salon • Spa, 60 W. 75th St., 496-7415 or 1-800-FELINE-1. Specially priced at $135, a New York package: spa manicure and spa pedicure with reflexology, exfoliating body scrub with half-hour Swedish massage. With this package, a gift of Dead Sea bath crystals. Gift certificates (good for one year) available.

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SoHo Sanctuary, 119 Mercer St., 334-5550. Unlimited Yoga Classes, for one month, three months, or six months; pay *one fee and come as often as you like. This* fall Thai Yoga and traditional Shiatsu will be offered in our beautiful round meditation room.

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Contempo, Not Casual

AND IF CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE IS more your taste, there's the Donghia warehouse sale with both upscale fabrics and furniture up for grabs. Ottomans, retail $1,512, here $575; club chairs, retail $4,200, here $1,800; three-seat sofas, retail $8,100, here $3,600; fabrics, retail $50–$150 per yard, here $15–$50 per yard. *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. (718-747-1656); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 9:30–6; 9/15–9/18.*

Shirting the Issue

A MAN WHO OWNS A NUMBER OF WELL-TAILORED custom-made shirts instantly looks, in our humble estimation, a hundred times better than when wearing some ill-fitting number. At Cego, all topnotch shirts are on sale: men's white Italian oxford, button-down or spread collar, was $155, now $110; pima-cotton shirts, were $80–$95, now $75. Over at Addison on Madison, a sample sale of shirts (mostly in neck sizes 15½ and 16) includes pure cottons from Italy and Switzerland in a variety of patterns at 30 to 50 percent off (were $65 to $85). *Cego Custom Shirtmakers, 174 Fifth Ave., near 22nd St., Suite 301 (620-4512); by appointment only; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–6; Sat. 10–2; A.E., M.C., V.; 9/15–9/30. Addison on Madison, 698 Madison Ave., near 62nd St., or Trump Tower, 725 Fifth Ave., fourth floor (308-2660); Mon.–Sat. 10:30–6:30; A.E., M.C., V.; 9/14–9/26.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

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The collars of money: Cego's perfectly fitted offerings.

The Honeymooner

WITH THE BEVY OF SUMMER WEDDINGS FINALLY winding down, Badgley Mischka—the designer of upscale and beautiful gowns—is turning its attention to its first annual sample sale. Silver-lace-and-charmeuse bridal gown with hand-beaded bustline and short sleeves, retail $6,250, here $4,000; antique-crêpe skirt suit with long-sleeve jacket and hand-beaded camisole, retail $3,500, here $2,000; short-sleeve, scoop-neck hand-beaded evening gown, retail $5,400, here $3,200. *Badgley Mischka, 525 Seventh Ave., near 38th St. (921-1585); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 9–6; 9/19.*

Talk About a Revolution

THE TRAINERS AT REVOLUTION STUDIO have found a way to combine the benefits of personal training with the low price of a class. For as little as 30 minutes or for as long as three hours (good luck!), you can come in and participate in their supervised circuit training (both aerobic and resistance work). It only costs $12 a session; ten classes are $114.40, and twenty go for $208. *Revolution Studio, 104 W. 14th St. (206-8785); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed. and Fri. 6–9 P.M.; starts 9/16.*

Energy and Matter

MATTER & SENSE—A MECCA FOR ALL sorts of presents (for friends or for yourself)—is having its semi-annual sample sale. Clear and frosted vases, retail $19–$140, now $9.50–$70; picture frames, retail $9.50–$39, now $4.75–$19.50; Italian perfume bottles, retail $60, now $15. *Matter & Sense, 138 W. 25th St. (807-0805); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; 9/17–9/19.*

Spreading Your Resources

ANOTHER WONDERFUL RESOURCE FOR THE about-to-be-married is the Bridal Garden—the store that benefits the Sheltering Arms Childrens Service, a project for disadvantaged kids in New York. Designer Ulla Maija just donated a group of her dresses (they retail for $2,000–$4,000; here they'll be $495–$1,295). *Bridal Garden, 122 E. 29th St. (252-0661); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–4, by appointment; 9/14–9/26.*

Second Skin

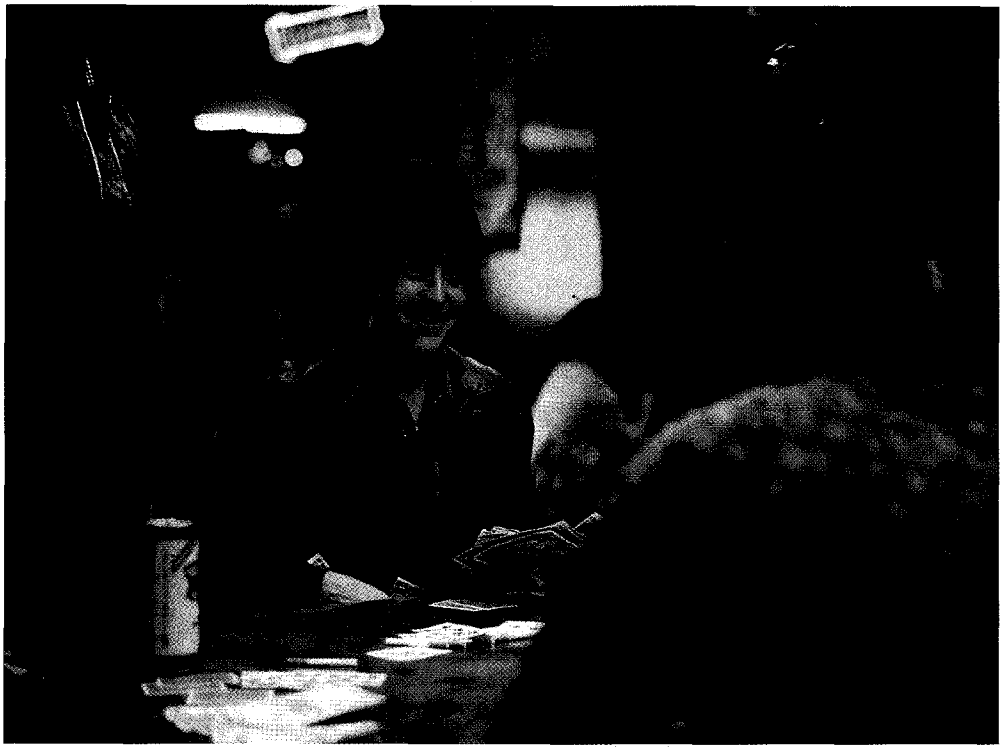
ANY PAIR OF LEATHER PANTS ARE GOING TO be an investment, so you might as well get ones that mold to your every curve. At Leedl's Custom Leather, designer Menusch Kohl takes a number of fittings to get that very effect; her pants were $850, now $650; jackets were $900–$1,400; now $750–$1,250. *Leedl's Custom Leather (213-9204); by appointment; A.E., M.C., V.; 9/14–10/14.* ■

Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Red-Hot Poker

'Rounders' isn't about card games, it's about gambling as a way of life—and the brilliant, mesmerizing language of the New York underworld.



Edward Norton as Worm, a vicious cardplayer whose obsessions nearly destroy him.

Rounders IS PROUDLY, BLISSFULLY WORDY. THE new writing team of Brian Koppelman and David Levien immersed themselves in the rituals of a highly specialized milieu—the New York underground gambling world—and emerged from it spouting a torrent of fast, knowing talk. "Listen, here's the thing," says Mike McDermott (Matt Damon) before we even know who he is. "If you can't spot the sucker in your first half-hour at the table, then *you're* the sucker." Okay, we don't want to be suckers. Tell on, for in this movie the triumphs are in the telling as much as the doing. Mike and Worm (Edward Norton), brilliant working-class boys, have been conning and outbluffing poker players since about eighth grade (they are now maybe 25), and when they describe a big pot or even the possibility of a game in Brooklyn or Jersey, they talk in strings of arialike, ecstatic jargon. The voluble, allusive script is itself something of a gamble, since we can't always follow it. But we don't have to know what a "hanger" is or exactly what is meant by playing "high-low at that goulash joint on 79th Street" to get into the spirit. This movie isn't one of David Mamet's tight little one-upmanship jobs. *Rounders,* directed by the neo-*noir* maestro John Dahl (*Red Rock West, The Last Seduction*), is about gambling as passion, gambling as destiny. *Rounders* penetrates the fervent and silent dens, the warehouse and basement grottoes with their populations of players and hangers-on—men as fixed in their characters as the fellows at the track, the tabloid office, the Mafia espresso bar. *Rounders* is completely enjoyable, and, at its climactic moments, thrilling: Dahl, Koppelman, and Levien take us deep into the night.

At the beginning of the movie, Mike, a law student without parental support, leaves the bed of his beautiful girlfriend, Jo (Gretchen Mol), gathers his cash, and makes his way to a club run by a nasty Russian Mafia thug and brilliant gambler known as Teddy KGB (John Malkovich). Mike narrates his and KGB's moves while they play, including the devastating loss of his entire stash, $25,000, in a single hand of poker. Forced, then, to work as a night-shift truck driver, Mike takes us into his confidence. He is fully conscious of both his addiction and his gift. Nine months later, he is reunited with his childhood friend Worm, who has spent some time in prison, and despite Mike's promises to Jo that he will stay clean, he and Worm immediately get into a game, cheating some rich boys out of their money. In the next few weeks, they win and lose money in games all over bridge-and-tunnel land, run afoul of a violent loan shark, and get beaten up by some cops whose wallets they've considerably lightened. In other words, they experience pure happiness—playing 64 hours at a stretch without so much as a nap.

Mike was headed for a law career, and when his lowlife friend pulls him back into the night, we are divided between exhilaration and dismay. Jo is a smart, elegant woman, a future lawyer herself. If Mike gives up the law and walks out on her, he loses something more valuable than a pot of gold. The lovely Gretchen Mol—small, perfect features, coiffed blonde hair—makes Jo a very ambitious girl who knows exactly what she wants (a husband and a career). Jo's desires and her disapproval of Mike's gambling make perfect sense, but it's a weakness of the movie that she can't, or won't, enter Mike's world and put up a serious fight for him. She never even gets to confront Worm, her adversary, and tell him off. *Rounders* brushes aside sex and love and turns itself into a follow-your-dream movie (Mike's dream, that is, to make it to the high-stakes tables in Vegas). The movie treats gambling the way *The Hustler*

Photograph by John Clifford/Miramax Films.

treated pool—partly as sport, partly as macho combat, but mainly as spiritual exercise. There are gods who walk the earth. Mike wants to be one of them.

In this ritualized male world, companionship among men rates higher than a woman's love. At first, the relationship between Matt Damon and Edward Norton bears some resemblance to the fiercely combative and loving tug-of-war between the two young mafiosi played by Harvey Keitel and Robert De Niro in Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets.* Damon has the Keitel role—he's the careful one, the worrier, a studious gambler with an earnest schoolboy face, who doesn't seem like a hustler at all. Deep down, Mike is a cocky guy, but Damon's manner is engagingly modest. Mike prefers the straight-up game, and he wins by studying the body language of the other players (we receive copious and useful instructions).

Norton's Worm, on the other hand, will use any means necessary; he just wants to pocket the money. "If I see a mark, I take him down," he says. Like De Niro's Johnny Boy in *Mean Streets,* he's completely reckless—he tells off everyone who can help him—and he's constantly in trouble, which drags down Mike, who in turn feels responsible for him. Edward Norton has the narrow, long chin and sparse, unappealing facial hair of a wanted-poster recidivist. He's magnetically crass, with a mean-eyed stare that argues for the lowest, most opportunistic understanding of how the world works. And Norton is the quintessence of intelligent lousiness; he's serious enough as an actor not to try to make Worm's nihilism hip. Physically, he's almost bodiless—he shambles and feints, falling back from confrontation like a ghost. Damon, by contrast, never flinches, particularly not at the poker table. He's a winner because he's a truth-teller; that helps him bluff. The center of the movie is the rapturous dialogues between the two men and Mike's growing disgust with Worm, who turns him back into a rounder—a gambler—but who isn't disciplined enough to be a winner. It takes us a while to realize that one of the things *Rounders* is about is the difference between a gambler and a criminal.

John Dahl is clearly moving away from the genre tropes of *The Last Seduction.* This movie is less melodramatic, more realistic and convincing: The dialogues between the two men have some psychological density as well as an irresistible fast-moving rhythm, and the climactic poker duels play slowly and menacingly, with a beautiful tightening tension. The movie knows its own weight. The New York gambling underground is no more than half-dangerous, and Dahl doesn't turn it into Iwo Jima. The high-stakes games are violent enough—and alluring. The great cinematographer Jean-Yves Escoffier turns this subworld into a glowing but heavy-toned bath of gold and satin-red whorehouse colors. The boys move around fast, from a New Jersey union hall to a deli on the Lower East Side to a paneled Westchester golf club, and Dahl and Escoffier establish the character of each place, and the nature of the players, in just a shot or two. So many players, so many losers! The movie's fast-moving inclusiveness is vastly entertaining.

Mike receives his most severe rebuke not from Jo but from a supercautious gambler who plays to feed his children. John Turturro, playing this odd poker-room wraith with almost preternatural quiet, doesn't so much appear as materialize; he gives a brilliantly self-effacing performance. His opposite in every way is John Malkovich, who turns the vile KGB into the thickest, richest slice of glazed ham in recent years. Malkovich has always been a dominating actor. As KGB, however, he does more than dominate; he transforms his lurching, slumping malevolence into high comedy. Everything Malkovich does is surprising, and I predict that the sound of people trying to recreate his Russo-Chicago pronunciation of such lines as "I am very unsatisfied" ("veery un-*sat*-tis-fyi-ed") should enliven New York parties from now until Thanksgiving at least. Even in its casual moments, this movie is in love with words.

In brief: ORSON WELLES'S GREAT 1958 THRILLER **Touch of Evil** is playing at Film Forum in a re-edited version, supervised by Walter Murch, that comes closer to fulfilling Welles's original intentions than any previous incarnation of the film. *Touch of Evil,* which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood, and the general effect of Murch's work is to make the story, the overlapped music, and the complex dialogue track a lot clearer and therefore more expressive and intense. Welles overloads the medium: He shoots large round faces, three or more in a frame, from underneath the chins; he sends degraded, comical figures scurrying across the shadowed De Chirico landscapes of an arcaded Mexican border town; he builds conversations that contain allusions within allusions, each character sniffing like a hound at the scent of meaning. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. ■

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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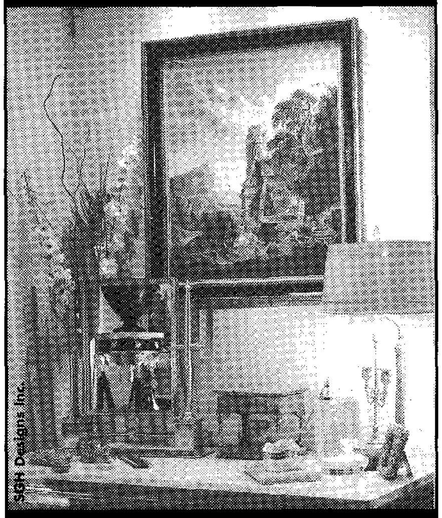

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BY JOYCE MAYNARD
Picador USA; 347 pages; $25

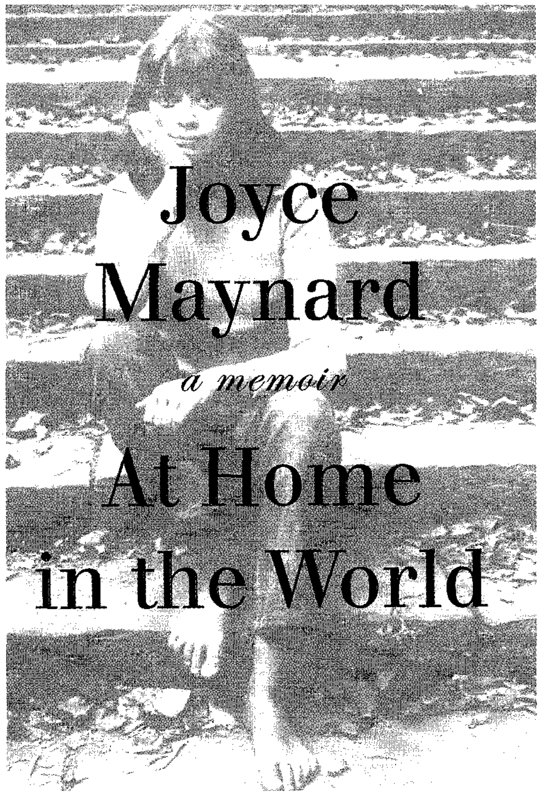
TO SPEAK ILL OF THE DEAD, WHO CAN'T DEFEND themselves but also can't hear, is one thing for a writer. Speaking ill of the living but reclusive, who won't defend themselves but hear you fine, is another thing, perhaps a worse one. But that's theology. It's for the Jesuits. In real life, most writers—and practically all great ones—speak ill of whomever they please whenever they please to. They damn their townsmen to hell, as Dante did, or mourn their best friends' corruption, like Fitzgerald. Of course, certain standards of etiquette obtain. Names are changed. Features are altered. Dates are blurred. Sentences are styled to read like literature, whatever the writer considers that to be, rather than a dashed-off letter or a boring journal entry. What writers can offer when almost naming names, and what readers appreciate from them, is plausible deniability—a proper excuse to gossip without guilt. The trick with dirty laundry is folding and ironing it so that at least it feels clean to the touch.

It's a lapse of etiquette, not of ethics, that mars Joyce Maynard's *At Home in the World,* a so-so memoir whose glossy fold-out center is Maynard's account of life as J. D. Salinger's live-in teenage love thing. And no, it doesn't seem right or fair or kind, baiting a man who refuses to leave his hideout to publish his own books (apparently, he still writes them), let alone shoot off responses to former girlfriends' books. Indeed, between the Old Guard *New Yorker* types who value Salinger's solitude as their own and the younger, less Puritan writers and editors who defend his right to silence out of guilt for their own publicity-hunger, Maynard's book seems doomed to pointed neglect solely on moral grounds. But that's not fair, either. It's even a little preposterous. If golden-rule morality were the guide, we'd have to throw out *Tender Is the Night.* That was the man's own wife whom he called crazy.

If the subject is J. D. Salinger, well, then, yes, we really want to hear about it. But we don't in Maynard's memoir.

Unless you're Salinger or his blood relation, the only reason to shun Maynard's memoir is that it lacks the good manners to reach beyond itself, or even disguise itself. That sounds snobbish. It's not. Few readers' spirits are truly so refined as to turn up their noses at spying on hermit geniuses in the throes of secret infatuations, especially if there's an artsy rationale, but almost no one likes to snoop so a bad writer can cash in writing badly about an old flame who happened to write well—even, perhaps, about exes of his own.

Take a listen. Literature or log entry? "I am in the kitchen at this point. Although Joan is a good cook who makes fairly exotic dishes as a rule, she's acquainted with our dietary restrictions. She has procured from an organic butcher precisely the kind of ground lamb Jerry and I eat, and frozen it in patty form as specified. Now I am overseeing the 150-degree cooking." Now I am shutting this book and eating a celery stick obtained from my 38-degree refrigerator.



Salinger unmasked—and it's a bore. He eats (quite little). He writes (quite a lot). He studies Eastern religion and watches old movies and nips down to the city to buy smoked salmon. All a bore, like watching a bathtub mildew, and Maynard can't even bother to be interesting about the monotony, the isolation. And while we assume that, despite his bland exterior, something is going on in Salinger's head that Maynard's too dull or torporous to uncover, we know what's going on in her head: self-reflection. Indeed, she's writing a memoir at J.D.'s. Not this one, another one. Her first, about growing up in the sixties. And she's not 20 yet.

It's the sheer dumb luck of the world's most famous recluse that the childwoman who pierced his dome of silence was too self-obsessed to look up from her diaries and take a good long gander at his face, let alone the mind behind it.

Naturally, Maynard has excellent excuses. She's bulimic. She's young and impressionable and sad. And despite having been featured on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* to illustrate the personal essay "An 18-Year-Old Looks Back on Her Life," which caused the fiftyish Salinger to stun her with a fan letter, she's a creature of "secrecy and shame." Her mother's fault, we learn. A writer herself, whose *Guiding Your Child to a More Creative Life* is about as stimulating as its title, Maynard's mom is the sort of stick-in-the-mud whose single dry leaf convinces her she's a fruit tree and anything born of her seed a lotus blossom.

I'll spare you the medical details that Maynard doesn't and merely reveal that her affair with Salinger doesn't wind up being much of an affair, sexually speaking. If readers want juice, they'll have to squeeze their own. If they want psychodrama, well, there's this: "I want desperately for the three adults I love best in the world to like and respect one another. I want Jerry to see how funny and smart my parents are. I want my mother to like Jerry's house." The end of the New Hampshire idyll comes suddenly, when Salinger (while catching rays in Daytona Beach, of all places) curtly sends the starving youthquaker packing. His motives are as cloudy as ever, and Maynard's reaction seems fraudulent, as usual: While getting her things together at his house, she goes to Salinger's dusty bedroom window and writes "with my finger, the name of the child we had talked about: BINT." (Old English for "little girl.")

Salinger, whose *People* magazine vital statistics all go duly noted, from the makes of cars he drives to the TV sitcoms he favors (BMW, *All in the Family*) isn't Maynard's be-all and end-all, even though she describes their arid fling as a consuming coming-of-age fable whose moral is something like *Girl, don't lose yourself with a persnickety world-renowned old hermit when you could be out writing a memoir a year about hanging out with people your own age.*

After she leaves him, she spends time on her own—shivering in a cold New England farmhouse, interviewing country singers in Nashville—but these sections are abbreviated and telescoped. What she's been leading up to for the whole book can't seem to wait: a doorstep confrontation between Joyce the grown-up, assertive and full of vinegar, and Salinger the antiquated Lothario. On learning she's writing a book about their past, he accuses her of being an exploiter, and she, in history's most stilted riposte, comes back at him with this: "I will leave it to you to meditate on which one of us is which." As if, by the end of this memoir of a memoir writer, anyone could care less. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

SHORTS

DESPITE THE TITLE, FEW HELPFUL HINTS for confused bachelors are put forth in Erica Jong's **What Do Women Want?** (HarperCollins; $25), a primer on contemporary issues involving women. Jong breezes through Princess Diana (the virgin who died for our sins), Hillary (the symbol that American women couldn't understand), and the encoding of the presidential phallus (who knew it's been going on for years?). Blessedly, Jong declines to offer a millennial feminist agenda or chastise her daughter's generation for ignoring her cause. The casual essays work in much the same way that feminism happens these days: There's nothing to be angry about, really, but there's no harm in a calm reminder of the wrongheaded ways that men treat women.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

UNCHECKED SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND PRETENSION—tolerated in youth, amusing in autobiography—are still largely undesirable traits in men, women, and fiction. The most engaging character in Ethan Canin's **For Kings and Planets** (Random House; $24.95) is Manhattan itself—if only because it exists independent of the lethargic inhabitants of this novel. Orno Tarcher is a Columbia freshman who takes long, ponderous walks around the city but can't describe the noiseless resonance of his sneaker against an asphalt curb, tell you how it smells after a hot day's rain, or explain why he's such a drag. Canin supplies only salty generalizations about class, origin, Kafka, and dentistry to his slow-paced story of achieving manhood despite one's self, one's suicidal best friend, and one's affectation of calling others by their first initials. Canin's sentences, like his characters, have great potential, but they don't quite get there.

BRETT KELLY

TO HIS CREDIT, DR. ABRAHAM VERGHESE, IN **The Tennis Partner** (HarperCollins; $25), doesn't stretch the tennis-as-life metaphor too far. And despite the poignancy of the subject matter—a true story about David, a friend, student, and tennis partner who is battling drug addiction—Verghese's telling of it never gets heavy-handed. Instead, he uses his bedside voice: caring, but also slightly detached and startlingly frank. Tennis becomes a barometer, revealing the peaks and valleys of David's addiction; but it's also just a game. To improve his own game, Verghese concentrates on its tiniest elements: a turn of the wrist, a misplaced foot. He uses the same technique to delve into David's and his own struggles: the eye and analytical skills of an expert physician.

NICK MEYER

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Greasy Kid Stuff

'Stupid Kids' is a high-school love story filled with elementary-school humor; quiet but captivating, 'Deep Down' features one of the finest actors on the scene.

THE VERY SUCCESSFUL DIRECTOR MICHAEL MAYER promised his friend John C. Russell, who died of AIDS in 1994, that he would stage his last play. Last season, at the WPA Theatre, he made good on his promise, and now **Stupid Kids,** with fancy producers, makes it to a fancier theater, the Century. The background story is touching, but the play is worthless.

Actually, it isn't a play so much as a comic strip. We are in the 'burbs, at the Joe McCarthy High School (a joke, in case you didn't realize), where a new boy, Jim Stark, falls for the prettiest girl, Judy Noonan, whose boyfriend is the school's No. 1 jock. Judy and Jim are the romantic couple, although both are flaming narcissists. Then there is the funny pair. Jane Willis is a *jolie laide,* a bit of a genius. She has an ill-concealed crush on Judy, and likes to be called Kimberly (another joke). The nerdy John Crawford is also a bit of a genius, writes poetry, and is called Neechee by his classmates, which is American for Nietzsche (another joke, I'm afraid). And he has a serious crush on Jim.

Teachers are hardly mentioned; other students, except for Judy's former guy, ditto. Homework is unheard of, and only Neechee's parents are conspicuous—by their absence, enabling the boy to give a party for Jim, Judy, and Kimberly, and no one else. The play is about the kids' feelings about one another, and the dialogue is sometimes mildly amusing in its stupid-pretentious way, and sometimes just stupid-stupid, the verbal equivalent of the junk food consumed.

[redacted]

Left to right, Shannon Burkett and James Carpinello in *Stupid Kids.*

David Gallo, a terrific set designer, has come up with a plain white box, no doubt to emphasize the comic-strip look, to which Kevin Adams's generally flat lighting and Michael Krass's schematic costumes also aspire. The kids dance a lot, and in one fantasy dance lapse into simulated intercourse: girl with girl alongside boy with boy, comically pumping away. At this, the steadily guffawing spectators threatened to fall out of their seats laughing.

They seemed to be mostly young people, with a sprinkling of adults who, I am sorry to say, behaved indistinguishably from the rest. I daresay this was one of those vaunted cases of bringing a new audience into the theater by giving them something in which they could recognize themselves. But in that case, they were no better than what was onstage, and I wonder whether we can expect an audience that found *Stupid Kids* hilarious available when anything of value is presented.

Shannon Burkett, who looks condignly anorectic (though this is not mentioned in the text), has the right face for Judy—one where prettiness and mindlessness earnestly intersect—and she walks, aptly, as if she were a very rare waterbird, and fully aware of it. As Jim, James Carpinello is the perfect high-school heartthrob, down to the dark roots of his blondined hedgehog hairdo. He swaggers and deflates equally well, and when he and Judy soul-kiss, the gift of tongues takes on a deeper meaning.

Keith Nobbs's Neechee, conversely, has the nerd's falling-down hairstyle and generally saggy ways, and can ensconce himself on a couch with such potato-ish incisiveness that you can practically see his tubers. As Kimberly—or, properly, Jane—Mandy Siegfried is the cutest of plain Janes, a triumph of downward makeup and demonizing clothes. All performers do well under Michael Mayer's appropriately exaggerated direction, but *Stupid Kids,* whether or not it can bring in new audiences, should surely have the old ones running for their lives.

Deep Down IS A PLAY ABOUT DIGGING. NED, A WHITE FLORIDA farmer, has hired Daniel, a black man recently out of jail, to help him dig up his soil. For a long time

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

he refuses to tell him what for, but finally he reveals that Hernando de Soto had been here, and he hopes to dig up the conquistador's valuable artifacts. Ned's 16-year-old daughter (mother has long since flown the coop) is kept under strict surveillance and is bored out of her skull.

Ned and, later, Hannah, are also digging into Daniel's past, and the manslaughter for which he was jailed proves to be an almost noble one. Hannah digs her claws into Daniel: They start taking forbidden walks together, and eventually go further than that. Whenever more objects are dug up, they prove to be no De Sotoan treasures but things associated with slavery. The time is 1963, and social change is in the wind. But the weight of accumulated tradition pulls sinisterly in the opposite direction.

Deep Down was written by Doug Grissom, a professor of history, but this is not academic playwriting. It is earthy and canny, in tune with its mundane characters, frequently droll yet fundamentally serious. The act of digging takes on increasingly dramatic significance, until we hang on every stroke of the spades. The dialogue says enough, but implies a good deal more, although the play could profit from some cutting. The production values are generally fine, and Bill Sims Jr. supplies some nice blues singing to bridge the scenes that John Lawler has directed expertly.

As Ned, Christopher Murney gets the character's volatile combination of greed, domineeringness, and jollity in a characterful performance, but perhaps with a slight lack of the ultimate inventiveness, of creative idiosyncrasy. He is, in any case, fun to watch. Catherine Zambri is a founding artistic director of the producing organization called, oddly, Camilla's, which explains her casting as Hannah, for which she is unsuited by manifest lack of charm and appeal, though her acting is sedulous enough.

But as Daniel, there is Ruben Santiago-Hudson, who is astounding, and can carry *Deep Down* to the heights all by himself. When not grossly miscast, as he was in a New York Shakespeare Festival production, Santiago-Hudson is as fine an actor as we have today. He possesses that great gift of investing the ordinary with a sheen, a resonance, an inwardness that make it exceptional, without, however, falsifying it into something excogitated and mannered. We have seen him do it in *Seven Guitars* and elsewhere, in a wide variety of roles. This actor brings to whatever he touches that blend of poetry and truth that makes his art a celebration of life. ▬

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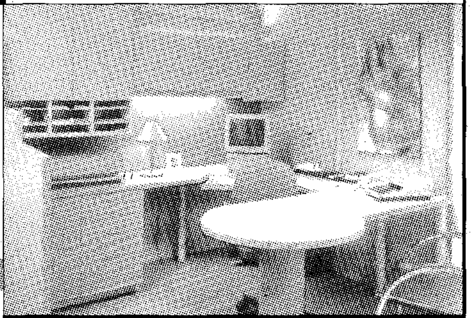

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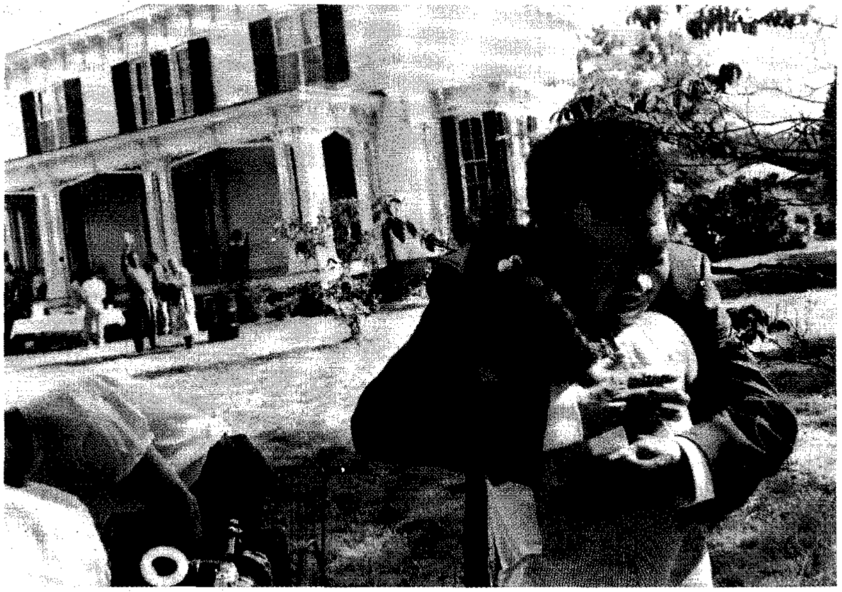
JOHN LEONARD

Rich in Relations

'Family Name,' a personal investigation of North Carolina's Alstons, laid out in black and white; and a lengthy, intimate portrait of a Nebraska farming clan.

LATE IN MACKY ALSTON'S INQUIRY INTO THE PERSONAL, historical, and symbolic baggage attached to his own **Family Name** ("P.O.V."; Tuesday, September 15; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13), one of the dozens of Alstons we've already met, among the hundreds whom we've heard about, confides to the camera, "I come from a long line of not saying much." This is a thundering understatement, even from a soft-spoken African-American more accustomed to expressing himself in the music of dead white Europeans, who has just finished performing at the first family reunion to include both those Alstons who happen to be black and those Alstons who have always been white, on the lawn of a former slave plantation. Not saying much appears to be an Alston specialty. Nor, except for Macky, do they seem especially curious about what they'd rather not discuss.



Fred Alston Jr. gets a hug after his concert at the former Alston plantation in North Carolina.

Much of this goes back to Chatham Jack Alston, Macky's great-great-great-great-great-great uncle, who owned quite a bit of antebellum North Carolina and is said to have slept on cold winter nights with a matched pair of black boys curled up at the end of the bed to warm his feet. Jack's son Nathaniel Macon, having failed to coax from his wife, Patsy, an heir to the Alston acreage, apparently took up with their maid. Such is one explanation of the fact of so many Alstons, black and white, in the Chatham County phone book. Another is that when the master race wasn't naming its human chattels as whimsically as racehorses and sailboats, they were denominated by ownership—a sort of brand name. Anyway, before Macky, who is white, showed up with his questions and his camera, there were separate but equal family reunions, just a few miles apart.

What motors Macky? A Columbia grad who also did time at the Union Theological Seminary, Macky is gay. His father, a Princeton, New Jersey, minister and civil-rights activist, apparently had some trouble coming to terms with his son's sexuality—although we see him now chatting amiably with young men who wear ACT UP T-shirts. But when Macky started asking his rather belated questions, his father, who had put North Carolina behind him years ago like a bad dream, gave him a book of family history. Understandably, the son believes that closets and secrets need airing, from the bedroom to the courthouse, the textbook, and the grave site. To that end, he will hit the road, knock on doors, chat up strangers, and drag a couple of them south again. If, as the white folks are proud to tell you, Alstons go back to Charlemagne and Alfred the Great, they also go forward into the politics of identity-making.

Thus, Macky meets Fred Alston Jr., the classical musician whose parents were tenant farmers on the ancestral homestead. And Fred's ex-wife Charlotte, a storytelling performance artist known affectionately as the Green Hornet. And their teenage son Jeff, whose high-school-graduation gift is a trip down home, which he's never seen, with his bemused father and the young white man. And thus Macky also meets the two light-skinned sisters of Charles "Spinky" Alston, the painter who died in 1977 and about whom they're pleased to reminisce while looking at photographs of his famous friends in the Harlem Renaissance of the twenties and thirties—and whose father, Primus Priss Alston, will turn out to have been the son of the maid in Nathaniel Macon's plantation house, as well as a minister just like Macky's father. Not to omit a stem-winding black female preacher who, though not herself an Alston, is almost as intrigued by these investigations as Macky and (maybe) the two sisters are. And as if this nifty connecting of dots were not enough, *Family Name* concludes with another Alston, Vincent, who began his own urgent inquiries into the distant past upon discovering that he was HIV-positive. Macky and Vincent end up Rollerblading on Manhattan's waterfront, after which the credits scroll.

In one of the many out-loud and on-camera introspections to which he is inclined while driving from Princeton or Philadelphia or New York to Pittsboro, North Carolina, Macky will ask himself: "Am I trying to make amends for what my ancestors did?" This isn't really a very interesting question—because, of course, he can't. A person of privilege, reflecting on his nature, may be capable of perception, and maybe of rehabilitation, but certainly not of reparation. Privilege can't even be renounced by its beneficiaries. It is itself the unearned wherewithal of self-comprehension, a kind of surplus value. And while there

Photograph by Brooke Williams.

may be a kinship in different kinds of victimhood—of race prejudice and homophobia—it amounts to a politics only if it ends in some alliance of joint future behaviors. The secret may be out of the closet, but we are free only if we act differently.

What I really want to know is, what happened after the reunion of black and white Alstons that Macky arranged in Chatham County, and that the New York *Times* wrote a "Family of Man" feature about? Did this merging of gene pools float anything more than a frisson—what the poet Valéry somewhere called "the shiverings of an effaced leaf"? Was it an interlude, a parenthesis, a hiccup, an embarrassment, or a beginning?

WE SPEND A VERY LONG *FRONTLINE* TIME with **The Farmer's Wife** (Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, September 21, 22, and 23; 9 to 11 P.M., 9 to 11 P.M., and 9 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) in Nebraska, 6½ hours edited down from 200 shot over three years of David Sutherland visits, through drought, frost, loans, bankruptcy, foreclosure, and changing gender roles. It's an intimacy as appalling as we got from the story of the Santa Barbara Louds in *An American Family* in 1973; this time, it's a husband and wife trying to save their farm and their marriage in a sort of prime-time panopticon, and three girl-children growing up in front of our eyes as if a radio mike and a video camera were as natural to childhood as skinned knees and fairy tales, and the landscape itself auditioning for the Weather Channel.

You will begin and end admiring Juanita Buschkoetter, even if her mother was probably right and she should have gone away to veterinary school instead of marrying Darrel, a dreamy farmer with bad luck and a hard head, plus his cattle, his hogs, his wheat, and his alfalfa. You may be impatient with Darrel at the start, with his stubborn incompetence and his jealous rage, although you'll probably come at least to sympathize with him by the third night; he does change. But because filmmaker Sutherland, in the approved Frederick Wiseman manner, lets the Buschkoetters live their own travails in real time, nobody tells you that the story is more about class than it is about farming. Juanita's father was a superintendent of schools; her siblings escaped to college; she married Darrel, hoping for six children, when she was 17 and he was 23. What they got was the Book of Job. How they survived is as much a mystery after Wednesday as it was before. Even the camera seems surprised to find them, in March 1997, still making a go of it. What they really need now is Willa Cather. ■

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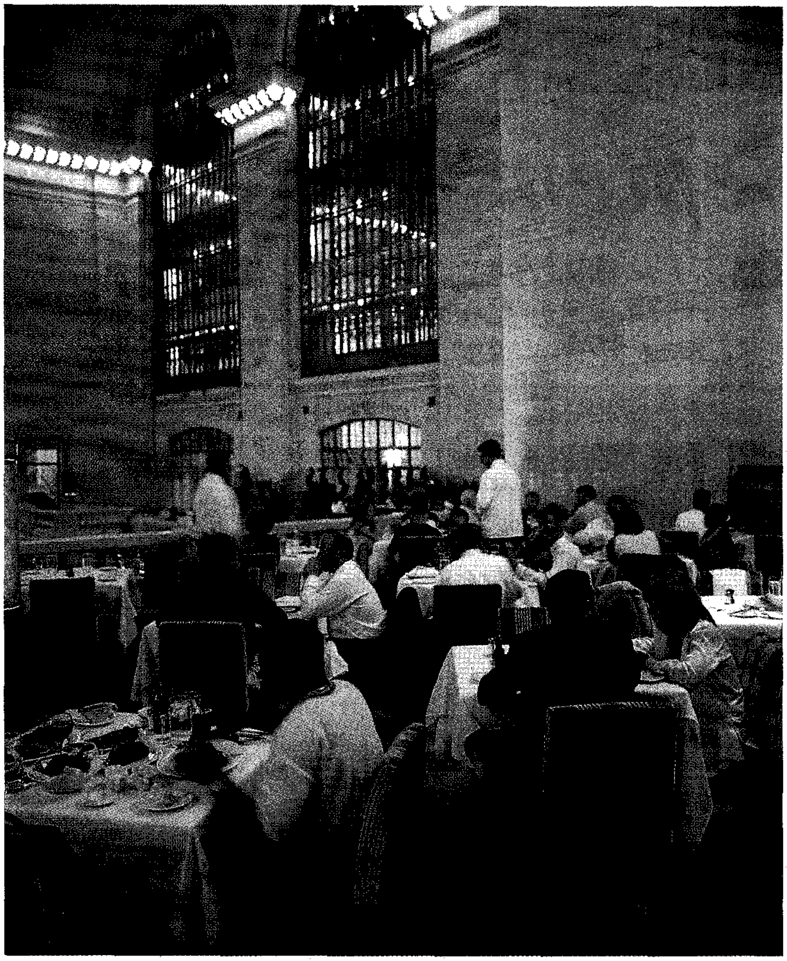
RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Championship Bull

Michael Jordan's Steak House, part of the refurbished Grand Central Terminal, is for serious beef eaters only. And he's found a room with the mother of all views.



Dining under the stars: Jordan's Steak House overlooks the train station's Main Concourse.

SO WHERE IS HE? YOU MEAN MICHAEL JORDAN isn't here to greet or seat me? Couldn't they get him to walk by even for a sec, so I could, like the two park-benched ladies in the commercial, at least take a guess at what kind of Hanes underwear he has on? It's the off-season. There's a lockout. Is he *that* busy?

Okay, so Michael Jordan's **The Steak House NYC** is not what you thought. If you've brought the kids, expecting a one-man All-Star Cafe, you're doomed. Except for the self-contained gift shop—where more T-shirts feature the restaurant's black-bull logo than the number 23—nothing about architect David Rockwell's design resembles anything remotely courtside. The floors aren't Varithaned and there are no basketballs atwirling from the ceiling.

What you get instead is a quietly harmonious enclave of burgundy, gold, and wood, with a few swooping curves, concentrically etched glass discs, and unobtrusively framed photos that offer the faintest whistle of a train motif. Why the understatement? Because Rockwell is smart enough to know there is no point or reason to compete with the view. Situated on the northern balcony of Grand Central Terminal's Main Concourse, the Steak House has the how-lucky-can-you-get advantage of being surrounded by the most spectacular, spirit-lifting restoration this city has seen in years. The landmark looks hat-in-the-air sensational. Its arched, constellation-strewn ceiling and mammoth windows are jaw-droppers. The open brass, bulb-studded globes gleam like novas. The dull glaze and acrid odor from half a century of cigarettes have vanished. And the nonstop, unchoreographed parade across the concourse floor is more mesmerizing than ever now that the entire panorama is blessedly advertisement-free. *This* is the way to enter a city! If you're a native New Yorker and haven't seen it yet, bring Kleenex.

Frankly, with such inspiring scenery, Michael could have gotten away with serving burgers and pizza. But then, why hire a chef like David Walzog, who kept Arizona 206 spicy after Brendan Walsh left, then successfully expanded his skillful southwestern cooking at Tapika? Fast food isn't the idea here. With Matthew Kenney and the Ciprianis opening flanking upscale ventures in the terminal, the building's management hopes to make Grand Central a destination for diners as well as travelers.

However, poblano and mole are not in Walzog's new lineup. Perhaps, had Jordan played for the Phoenix Suns, things might be different. Reflecting the most American of cities and the player's home court, Michael Jordan's offers more classic, stripped-down steakhouse fare than an entire chain of Chart Houses. In fact, so many of the menu's elements are so preordained, it's not hard to imagine Walzog in the kitchen with enough time on his hands to have one eye perpetually glued to ESPN.

Given the unchallenging menu, one has the right to expect that each familiar choice is presented as the ultimate incarnation. And when it comes to garlic bread fortuitously brushed with Gorgonzola fondue; a sweet, creamy corn soup with a hefty supply of fresh lump Maryland crabmeat; a loudly crunching, fresh Caesar salad with a sharp, gutsy dressing; and jumbo shrimp so lusciously succulent they hardly need the 23-ingredient cocktail sauce, simple perfection is just what you get. However, lobster salad is listless even with smoked bacon and a tomato vinaigrette. A shellfish platter is more impressive for its size than for its content (save for a savory and shreddable lobster tail). And a huge bone marrow doesn't measure up to the

Photograph by Joe Fornabaio.

Flintstones-size presentation, which is easily outshone by its bright accompanying parsley-shallot salad. The vine-ripened tomatoes and onions vary wildly from visit to visit, and though I freely confess that I adore iceberg lettuce, whose idea was it to serve the handsomely arranged plate at room temperature? Iceberg. Get it?

But if endless hordes of big meat-eaters have forgiven Peter Luger his perfunctory hashed-browns, Spark's its soggy spinach and ludicrous pricing, and the Palm its charmlessly smart-ass service (though on this one, I'm definitely a non–horde member), it's because of the one true thing they all have in common. Great beef. And if that is a steakhouse's keystone, then owners Peter and Penny Glazier's hiring Walzog to run Michael Jordan's is as savvy a move as their choice of setting. For you won't find a more gorgeous, vibrantly seasoned slab of New York strip sirloin no matter which train you board downstairs and no matter how far you travel. The porterhouse is as dense and brash as it is wonderfully charred, and the huge rib-eye has an immensely pleasing, dark, musky flavor. Filet mignon is what "like butter" meant before Mike Myers appropriated it. Short ribs are satisfyingly sinewy. Lamb chops and chopped sirloin are admirable, too, falling slightly short only because of drastic underseasoning and uneven cooking.

Unfortunately, the surf that goes with the turf is a serious foul. The three or so pounds of tender lobster meat is dulled by blandly steaming it in what can't be much more than Poland Spring. An herb-marinated chicken could be up to the level of its cracklingly good, golden skin if it had only been taken out of the oven a little sooner. Somewhere it must be written that all steakhouse side dishes are to be rendered innocuous, and except for super mashed potatoes, and cremini mushrooms that could do twice as nicely with less truffle oil, Jordan's Steak House dutifully complies.

And didn't anyone at the home office find it inappropriate, considering the vaunted integrity of the place's namesake, for the house to cheat with dessert? While the kitchen produces a passable vanilla cheesecake, a solid sundae made with Häagen-Dazs, and mud cake, a chocolate ordeal that should have gone the way of alligator sausage, the best tarts and cakes—each one a stunner—come from Payard Patisserie. For shame. And I'll have another one of each.

We like Mike. And we like his restaurant, but c'mon, just what is the guy's responsibility here? Well, according to the small print in the menu, "all meats are . . . personally selected and aged to Michael's specifications." *All* meats? No wonder he doesn't have the time to say hello.

Michael Jordan's The Steak House NYC, in Grand Central Terminal, 23 Vanderbilt Avenue (655-2300). Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 2:30 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Saturday 5:30 to 11 P.M. All major credit cards.

WHEN *HELLO DOLLY*'S TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY clerk, Cornelius Hackl, implored his friend Barnaby to put on his Sunday clothes and head for New York to "see the shows at Delmonico's, and we'll throw this town for a whirl," Delmonico's had already been at its off–Wall Street location for 60 years.

Well, the century is turning again, and regardless of who's hustling the choice seats at the Four Seasons or Moomba, it seems as if Wall Street is once again our urban ground zero. How fitting, then, that Delmonico's has been returned to its burnished-mahogany and peach-glass glory. What's so cool about Delmonico's buffed-wax elegance and gentlemanly service is that they make even new money settle down and act as if they've been loaded for more than a couple of weeks.

In order for overnight moguletes to indulge their Rockefeller self-centered pretension, chef Spencer Hugh Levy's kitchen has brought back house classics like lobster Newburg, grilled steak, Delmonico potatoes, and baked Alaska. (Surprisingly, the "Continental Cuisine" Newburg is the foursome's sole delight.) But the pleasures of this menu are not to be found in its mining of the past, or the perfunctory updates of classic appetizers and salads. Save your carpaccio craving for Bar Pitti, and leave the seafood platter to Blue Ribbon: The grilled-shrimp cocktail is nasty. Instead, there's a superb garlic soup, and flavorfully dense lobster bisque. Follow either with a snapper with baby artichokes that's beautifully rendered, or salmon fillet offset by hearty portobellos. Onion rings and creamed spinach may not be much, but the rack of lamb and buffalo strip steak are solid, plentiful, savory, and lean. Pan-roasted chicken is happily asplash in a garlicky bath, and a fine aged rib-eye is the steak to bolster you while stocks are swooning.

And except for the Alaska that tastes like it was wrapped in coconut soap, there's an exhilarating parade of sugar-rush-inducing desserts. Invest wisely—either the chocolate-pistachio blackout, the apple tart, or the tropical soufflé—and you'll reap big dividends. The way things are going, this could be the best investing advice you'll get this month.

Delmonico's, 56 Beaver Street (509-1144). Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:30 to 3 P.M.; dinner, daily beginning at 5:30 P.M. All major credit cards. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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Smith *continued from page 41*

B.H.: Yeah, we toured recently. Sean is one of the sweetest young men I know. It's really refreshing.

Y.O.: [*Laughs*] When Al and I were talking about this and that about the world, we never expected all *this* to happen.

I've read various things about Al Hansen and Andy Warhol and that whole Factory scene.

B.H.: He actually ran into Valerie Solanas as she was on her way out of the Factory from shooting Warhol. He made a book about it called *Why Shoot Andy Warhol?* It's really beautiful.

And wasn't there something with the Velvet Underground?

B.H.: Oh, yeah, right. He actually came up with that name. It was a few weeks before their first gig, and they were calling themselves Falling Spikes or something and desperately looking for a better name. Al had this semi-pornographic book called *The Velvet Underground*, and he was having lunch with their manager one day, and he said, "Well, this is a good name. Why don't you use it?" The manager ended up taking credit for the whole thing and said it was *his* book.

Y.O.: But that was Al for you: He would share anything with anyone.

Your brother, Channing, reenacted the Yoko Ono Piano Drop *at the Santa Monica opening of "Playing With Matches," right?*

B.H.: Yeah, he did. I was really taken aback at how moving it was. First, there was this huge sound of the piano hitting the ground. There were 400 people there, and as soon as the piano hit the ground they were swarming around it, ripping it apart, giving pieces to Channing to sign. And there were all these sounds of the hammers and the strings and the keys being ripped out of the piano. I wasn't expecting that at all.

Is he going to do it again in New York?

B.H.: No. There isn't really any place to do it there. You know the way this piano thing got started: When Al was stationed in Germany at the end of World War II, he became obsessed with this bombed-out building that had an apartment on the fifth or sixth floor, with a piano just sort of dangling on the edge of this room. He became so obsessed that one night he snuck out of the barracks and went up and pushed the piano off. And the sound of it and the whole experience was the starting point for his interest in performance.

Fluxus seems to tread a line between destruction and creation—

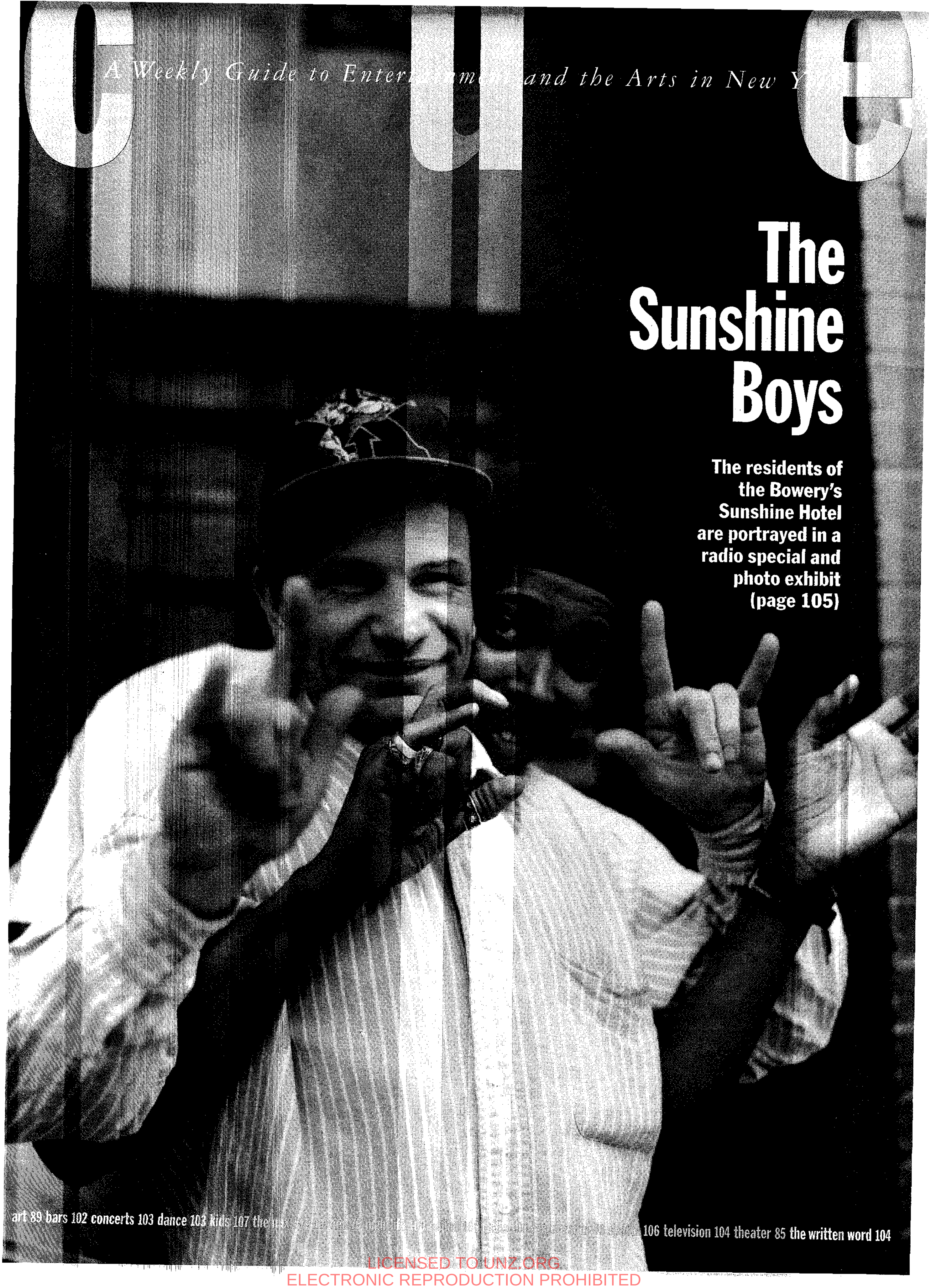
Y.O.: I should point out that we *never* did anything that would have hurt someone. We didn't kill animals or anything.

B.H.: That whole shock-value thing came later, in the eighties.

Y.O.: With Fluxus, there might have been a hint of danger, but Al made sure no one was ever standing underneath the piano. ■

CUE

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



The Sunshine Boys

The residents of the Bowery's Sunshine Hotel are portrayed in a radio special and photo exhibit (page 105)

art 89 bars 102 concerts 103 dance 103 kids 107 the [illegible] 106 television 104 theater 85 the written word 104

movies

Susumu Hani at MOMA...*Chicago Cab*

New Films

Air Bud: Golden Receiver—The continuing story of a boy and his very athletic canine. Starring Kevin Zegers, Cynthia Stevenson, Tim Conway, and Gregory Harrison. Directed by Richard Martin. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Concourse Plaza; Main Street Cinemas.*

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Billy Bob Thornton is the executive head of NASA—the guy who has to run the crisis center and save the world. Here's what he says: The asteroid is coming our way at 22,000 miles an hour; we have eighteen days in which to try to blow it up or deflect it; we need to land on it, drill a hole 800 feet deep, plant a nuke, take off, and detonate the nuke. The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Cobble Hill.*

The Avengers—Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman are the famously low-key superagents John Steed and Emma Peel in this film version of the sixties television show. Also starring Sean Connery. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Kings Plaza.*

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR).

Blade—Wesley Snipes is an immortal warrior who must fight a nation of vampires to save the world. Also starring Stephen Dorff, Traci Lords, and Kris Kristofferson. Directed by Stephen Norrington. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Brazil—The European version of Terry Gilliam's 1985 surrealist classic. Starring Jonathan Pryce, Robert De Niro, Ian Holm, Bob Hoskins, and Michael Palin. (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R).

Buffalo '66—Watching this film is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station ("Hey, can I talk to you for a second? Just for a second . . ."). Which is not to say that Vincent Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. He plays Billy Brown, a jumpy young loser who leaves prison and spends a long time looking for a place to pee. Billy kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) with heavily tinted eyes and fluttering lashes so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. *Buffalo '66* has an authentic rotgut flavor, but here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**The Chambermaid on the Titanic**—Horty (Olivier Martinez), a rather depressed French foundry worker, wins a contest and receives a peculiar prize—a ticket to England to witness the departure of the *Titanic*. At Horty's hotel in Southampton, a French-speaking woman, claiming to be a servant aboard the ship, presents herself at his door—she needs a place to spend the night, she says, before leaving in the morning. Marie (Aitana Sánchez Gijón) stretches herself out on Horty's bed, but Horty does nothing. An honorable evening or a missed opportunity? When Horty returns to France with the chambermaid's picture, his factory buddies demand to hear about his exploits, and his wife (Romane Bohringer) turns on him in fury. Horty becomes a storyteller who nevertheless holds a roomful of men in rapt silence with his tales of fabulous erotic goings-on. The Spanish-born director Bigas Luna has a talent for romantic-erotic fantasy, and the movie is seductively beautiful. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR).

Opening

Desperately Seeking Anything

The latest tale of urban loneliness and dreams deferred applies a little humor to an unlikely subject: In *Somewhere in the City,* six residents of a New York tenement building (including, above, Sandra Bernhard and Bai Ling) are frantically searching for love and a modicum of meaning in their lives. The dark comedy, inspired by (of all things) Maxim Gorky's play *The Lower Depths,* starts September 18.

Photograph by Abbot Genser.

Chicago Cab—The stories of various passengers in a Windy City taxi over the course of one weekend. With Paul Dillon, Gillian Anderson, John Cusack, Laurie Metcalf, and Julianne Moore. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R).

Chile, Obstinate Memory—Patricio Guzmán revisits Chile and interviews those who affected, and who were affected by, the 1978 coup. With *The Battle of Chile, Part 2: The Coup d'Etat* (1 hr. 31 mins.). (58 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Concert of Wills—A documentary of the struggle to design and build the Getty Center in Brentwood, California. With architect Richard Meier. Directed by Susan Froemke, Bob Eisenhardt, and Albert Maysles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR).

Cube—Six strangers find themselves trapped in a surreal prison of booby-trapped cubical chambers. Starting Nicole deBoer, Nicky Guadagni, Wayne Robson, and Maurice Dean Wint. Directed by Vincenzo Natali. Opens 9/11. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street.*

Dance With Me—Vanessa L. Williams is a hardened salsa-dance instructor (and former champion) whose new student teaches her how to love and live again. With Chayanne and Kris Kristofferson (as the dance-studio owner). Directed by Randa Haines. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

David Searching—A documentary filmmaker searches for a boyfriend and a way to complete his film. Starring Anthony Rapp, Camryn Manheim, and Julie Halston. Written and directed by Leslie L. Smith. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Dead Man on Campus—Two roommates, both failing their freshman year in college, decide to pass by using the "dead man's clause" (the urban myth that any student whose roommate dies gets straight A's). Starring Tom Everett Scott and Mark-Paul Gosselaar. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Whitestone; Kingsway; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Digging to China—A young girl's friendship with a retarded man is misunderstood by both of their

'Cue' Cover Photograph by Harvey Wang.

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Karen Durbin, *Mirabella*

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families. Starring Kevin Bacon, Evan Rachel Wood, Cathy Moriarty, and Mary Stuart Masterson. Directed by Timothy Hutton. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas; Concourse Plaza; Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Eel—After serving time for murdering his wife in a crime of passion, a parolee hesitantly starts a new life as a small-town barber and learns to open up to another woman. Starring Koji Yakusho and Misa Shimizu. Written and directed by Shohei Imamura. Winner of the 1997 Palme d'Or. In Japanese with subtitles. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ever After—Drew Barrymore stars as the plucky cinder girl in this girl-power version of the classic fairy tale. Also starring Anjelica Huston. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Beekman; Alpine; Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

54—The story of the fabled disco Studio 54. Starring Mike Myers, Neve Campbell, Selma Hayek, and Ryan Phillippe. Directed by Mark Christopher. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Astor Plaza; Atrium; Bayside; Continental Twin; Crossbay II; Crown Gotham; Douglaston; Hylan Plaza; Lincoln Square; Orpheum; Sheepshead Bay.*

Firelight—A young woman agrees to bear a child for a handsome stranger and, seven years later, installs herself as the child's governess. Starring Sophie Marceau, Stephen Dillane, and Kevin Anderson. Written and directed by William Nicholson. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Free Tibet—A documentary of the San Francisco Tibetan Freedom Concert, with performances by the Beastie Boys, Björk, and John Lee Hooker. (About 2 hrs.; NR).

Gadjo Dilo—A Parisian boy travels to Romania to find his deceased father's favorite Gypsy singer and decides to remain in the exotic community. Starring Romain Duris and Isidor Serban. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR).

The Governess—Minnie Driver is a Jewish woman who poses as a Christian to get a governess job. With Tom Wilkinson, Harriet Walter, Florence Hoath, Bruce Myers, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Written and directed by Sandra Goldbacher. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre; North Shore Towers.*

Halloween H20—Michael Myers returns after twenty years to terrorize Jamie Lee Curtis. Starring Adam Arkin, LL Cool J., Janet Leigh, and Michelle Williams. Directed by Steve Miner. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Chelsea; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone.*

How Stella Got Her Groove Back—Angela Bassett is a successful stockbroker and single mother whose life turns upside down when she visits Jamaica and falls for a handsome 20-year-old man. Also starring Whoopi Goldberg, Taye Diggs, and Regina King. Based on the novel by Terry McMillan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; State; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City; Crossbay.*

I Married a Strange Person—A new husband develops psychic powers in this animated film by Bill Plympton. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR).

Knock Off—Jean-Claude van Damme is a sales rep in post-handover Hong Kong who uncovers a Russian Mafia conspiracy to sell bombs on the black market. With Paul Sorvino, Lela Rochon, and Rob Schneider. Directed by Tsui Hark. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; State; 86th Street; Gemini; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Let's Talk About Sex—Three Miami roommates spend a weekend filming women talking about men and sex. With Troy Beyer, Paget Brewster, and Randi Ingerman. Directed by Beyer. (1 hr. 22 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Eastside Playhouse; 84th Street; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Like It Is—A young northerner moves to London's Soho and falls in love with an ambitious record executive. Roger Daltrey, Ian Rose, and Steve Bell. Directed by Paul Oremland. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Gemini; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Mask of Zorro—Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas work with professional skill in a ludicrous vehicle—a retro-style comedy-adventure with lots of explosions and fires and gold-toothed Mexicans. Hopkins speaks with contempt to the messy Banderas—a thief who doesn't know how to fight—and then begins the arduous task of turning the young ruffian into a gentleman and a warrior. (Denby; 8/3/98) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Embassy 1; Gemini.*

Retrospective Child's Play

Japanese New Wave director Susumu Hani—known for documentaries that deftly capture the ease of childhood interaction (like 1955's 'Children in a Classroom')—makes a personal appearance to introduce his 1961 feature film, 'Bad Boys' (above), kicking off the MOMA *series, 'Susumu Hani Rediscovered,' September 18–21. See "Museums, Listings, Etc." for more info.*

★**A Merry War**—Richard E. Grant plays Gordon Comstock, a thirtyish failed poet who rails against the moneyed classes and ascribes all his failings to poverty. Gordon, the hero of this Robert Bierman adaptation of the early (1936) George Orwell novel *Keep the Aspidistra Flying,* could easily have become a bore. His upper-class socialist friend Ravelston (Julian Wadham), who publishes Gordon's poems and throws him a loan now and then, is so relaxed he seems to have been born in a dressing gown. And Ravelston's mistress, a self-conscious woman of the world, speaks of her orgasms with calculated naughtiness. Orwell's socialist sentiment is all there, and also his honesty. Gordon is unspeakably lucky to have a girlfriend (Helena Bonham Carter) who, despite everything, loves him deeply. A very small movie, but it gets everything right. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Modulations—Iara Lee traces the evolution of electronic music. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–3; Cobble Hill.*

The Negotiator—Samuel L. Jackson is a Chicago police negotiator who takes prisoners when he's being framed for murder. Also starring Kevin Spacey. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Gemini; 84th Street; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay.*

Next Stop, Wonderland—Hope Davis is a nurse who thinks she's finished with love until she meets an aspiring marine biologist from across town. With Alan Gelfant. Directed by Brad Anderson. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows.*

★**Nights of Cabiria**—This remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies. One is amazed by how close he keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Giulietta Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. The film seems at first rather wandering and random, but Fellini quietly creates a structure that echoes and resonates. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema, but some things are not possible. Yet this 41-year-old movie provides an extraordinary contrast to the summer-season monstrosities as they blaze their way into oblivion. (Denby; 7/20/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

One True Thing—An ambitious young woman returns home to care for her dying mother and discovers who her parents really are. Starring Renee Zellweger, Meryl Streep, and William Hurt. Directed by Carl Franklin. (2 hrs.; R).

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow

Photograph courtesy of the Musuem of Modern Art.

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Opening

Moving Revelations

In *Chicago Cab,* Laurie Metcalf (above, as an advertising executive on her way to a lunchtime tryst), is one of many mouthy passengers who pass across the backseat of a Windy City taxi during the Christmas season. Each one—including John Cusack, Gillian Anderson, and Julianne Moore—leave definite impressions behind them. The film, based on Will Kern's long-running play *Hellcab,* starts September 18.

teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Regency.*

The Parent Trap—The remake of the 1961 Disney classic. Starring Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson, and Lindsay Lohan. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Kings Plaza; Centre Sunnyside; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Permanent Midnight—A successful television writer loses everything to heroin. With Ben Stiller, Elizabeth Hurley, Janeane Garofalo, and Maria Bello. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R). *Opens 9/18.*

π—A mathematician tries to decode the numerical pattern in the stock market. Starring Sean Gullette. Directed and written by Darren Aronofsky. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13).

Return to Paradise—Anne Heche injects some life into this rather square moral melodrama. In a lushly photographed prelude, three American college grads, Sheriff (Vince Vaughn), Tony (David Conrad), and Lewis (Joaquin Phoenix), vacationing in Malaysia, live on a beautiful beach near Penang and smoke a lot of hash. Two of the young men go home, leaving behind Lewis. The movie then skips ahead to New York, two years later, where Heche shows up as Beth, a lawyer working for Lewis. It seems that he was busted for possession of drugs just after Sheriff and Tony left, and will hang in eight days unless they go back to Penang, admit their responsibility, and agree to serve three years in prison each. The only thing that saves the movie from boredom is the moment-by-moment sexual tension between Heche and Vaughn. She rouses him from his self-love, and he looks at her as if he's never really taken a woman seriously before. We can hardly blame him. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Rounders—Matt Damon and Edward Norton are two poker buddies who get in trouble with New York's gambling heavies. With John Malkovich and Gretchen Mol. Directed by John Dahl. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; State; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Rush Hour—Jackie Chan is a Hong Kong police detective who teams up with an LAPD officer (Chris Tucker) to solve a kidnapping. With Elizabeth Pena, Tzi Ma, Tom Wilkinson, and Mark Rolston. Directed by Brett Ratner. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13).

★Saving Private Ryan—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

See the Sea—A psychological drama about a woman on a remote island who allows a young backpacker to camp on her lawn. Starring Sasha Hails and Marina de Van. In French, with subtitles. With *A Summer Dress.* (1 hr. 7 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Simon Birch—A very small boy teaches everyone in town some very big lessons. Starring Ian Michael Smith, Jan Hooks, David Strathairn, Joseph Mazzello, and Ashley Judd. "Suggested" by John Irving's *A Prayer for Owen Meany.* Written and directed by Mark Steven Johnson. (About 2 hrs.; PG) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Slums of Beverly Hills—A young girl grows up poor in a family of men in Beverly Hills. Starring Natasha Lyonne, Alan Arkin, Marisa Tomei, Carl Reiner, Kevin Corrigan, Rita Moreno, and Jessica Walter. Written and directed by Tamara Jenkins. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 62nd and Broadway; Alpine; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Movieworld.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Village East.*

Snake Eyes—Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage) is a crooked cop in Atlantic City on fight night. At ringside he greets an old friend, Commander Kevin Dunne (Gary Sinise), a Navy officer assigned to protect the secretary of Defense, who is also attending the fight. The bout begins, Dunne gets up to check someone out, the heavyweight champ is knocked down, and the secretary, no longer protected, takes a bullet in the throat. All of this is conveyed in a single, enormously long-lasting shot. When the shot runs out, however, the movie also seems to run out—that is, it devolves into a familiar and depressingly unconvincing thriller about an assassination conspiracy and a corrupt man who has the chance to act, for once in his life, with honor. I can't think of another movie that starts so brilliantly and ends so miserably as this one. (Denby; 8/17/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Chelsea; State; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Ridgewood; Astoria; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries—The story of an expatriate writer and his warm, slightly eccentric family, as seen through the eyes of his daughter. Starring Kris Kristofferson, Barbara Hershey, Leelee Sobieski, Dominique Blanc and Anthony Roth Costanzo. Based on the novel by Kaylie Jones. (2 hrs.; R).

Somewhere in the City—Six residents of a New York tenement search for love and meaning. With Sandra Bernhard, Bai Ling, and Ed Koch. Directed by Ramin Niami. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R).

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) is a high-school nerd with braces. By some miracle, Mary (Cameron Diaz) asks him to the prom. But when Ted arrives at Mary's house, he suffers an unspeakable entanglement of his most delicate parts in the zipper of his fly. After this catastrophe, Ted loses Mary, and thirteen years later he's still thinking about her. Ted sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on Mary. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at some of the other things. The insen-

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sitivity gets one down after a while. Some of the critics write as if bad taste were an actual cause—as if a blow against p.c. were somehow a victory in itself. But anyone who falls into that trap not only loses his judgment but congratulates himself for far too little (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound consequences. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

Touch of Evil—The new cut of the film, as directed by Orson Welles's recently discovered 58-page memo. Starring Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, Marlene Dietrich, and Orson Welles. (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Unmade Beds**—This is a maliciously funny satire of the New York singles scene—a joke about self-delusion and unhappiness—and it hurts. The talented British writer-director Nicholas Barker has created one of the more original movies of the year. He chose four single men and women and filmed them during the summer, fall, and winter of 1996–97. They are all caught in similar ways; it is, Barker implies, the common spiritual condition of hetero single life. But Barker allows these four the dignity of their unhappiness. They are what they are; they will hold on to their anger and resentment even though doing so dooms them to failure, and in the end we build a kind of admiration for them. (Denby; 8/24/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Western—Two men, one Spanish and one Russian, form an uneasy friendship and drive the west coast of France. Starring Sergi Lopez, Sacha Bourdo, and Elisabeth Vitali. Winner of the 1997 Grand Jury Prize at Cannes. (2 hrs. 1 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Why Do Fools Fall In Love?—Larenz Tate stars as Frankie Lymon, the singing star who died young and left three widows (Lela Rochon, Halle Barry, and Vivica Fox) to fight over his estate. Directed by Gregory Nava. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Wrongfully Accused—Leslie Nielson stars in this spoof of *The Fugitive.* Directed by Pat Proft. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Chelsea.*

The Young Girls of Rochefort—Catherine Deneuve and her sister Françoise Dorléac star as small-town girls (twin sisters, actually) who dream of making it big in music. With Gene Kelly, Grover Dale, George Chakiris, and Jacques Perrin. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR).

Your Friends & Neighbors—This movie is set in Woody Allen territory—educated Manhattan, art galleries, adultery—and its theme is that no one knows how to love, or even how to make love. The male characters, three friends, are a schlep (Aaron Eckhart), a worm (Ben Stiller), and a would-be stud (Jason Patric) who loathes women and is probably gay. The women are only slightly less depressing. There's a prig (Catherine Keener), a mope (Amy Brenneman), and a sweet lesbian (Nastassja Kinski). *Your Friends & Neighbors* is both vicious and earnest, an excruciating combination. Neil LaBute obliterates his characters, his scenes, and, ultimately, himself. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Buffalo '66; Firelight; Next Stop, Wonderland; The Slums of Beverly Hills.* Opening 9/11: *Digging to China.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) .

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Battle of Chile Part 2: The Coup D'Etat; Chile, Obstinate Memory; Touch of Evil.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *David Searching; The Eel; Like It Is; Modulations; See the Sea.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Unmade Beds.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Knock Off; The Negotiator; Return to Paradise; Rounders; Simon Birch; Smoke Signals; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?* Opening 9/11: *Beastie Boys—Free Tibet.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Blade; Dance With Me; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Saving Private Ryan.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Avengers; Ever After; The Mask of Zorro.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Dance With Me; Ever After; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Blade; Halloween H20; Knock Off; The Negotiator; Return to Paradise; The Slums of Beverly Hills; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?; Wrongfully Accused.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Blade; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Gone With the Wind.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *54.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Next Stop, Wonderland; Simon Birch; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Rounders.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Blade; Dance With Me; Let's Talk About Sex; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?* Opening 9/11: *Cube.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *54; Let's Talk About Sex.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Let's Talk About Sex.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Mask of Zorro.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; Mulan; The Parent Trap.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) Opening 9/11: *Simon Birch.*

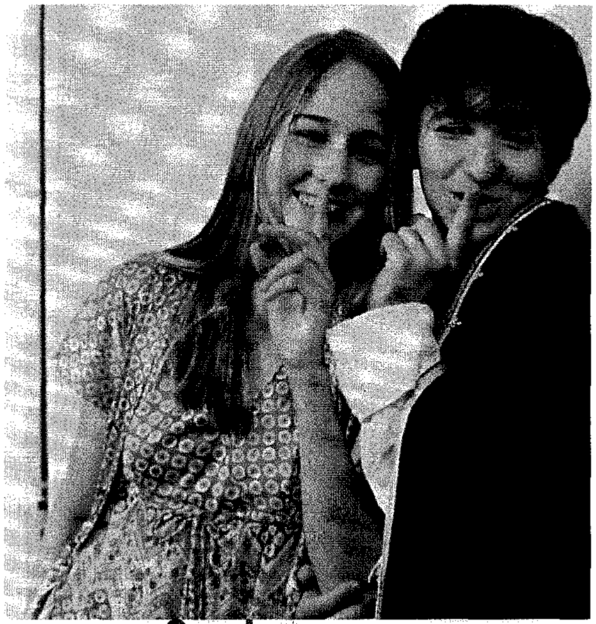
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Governess.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; Rounders; Snake Eyes.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon; Blade; The Parent Trap.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Spanish Prisoner; The Truman Show.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Saving Private Ryan.*



Opening

Daddy's Girl

Kris Kristofferson and Barbara Hershey head a happy, non-dysfunctional household in 'A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries,' the richly detailed story of life with author James Jones, as seen through the eyes of his daughter (played by talented newcomer Leelee Sobieski, above). Starts September 18.

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Snake Eyes.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; The Negotiator.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Ever After.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *The Avengers; Cube; Dance With Me; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; A Merry War; Return to Paradise; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Knock Off; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Blade; Dance With Me; 54; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Your Friends & Neighbors.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Cube; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; Let's Talk About Sex; The Negotiator; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?; The X-Files.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Eel; A*

Photograph by Seth Rubin/October Films.

Merry War; Nights of Cabiria; The Thief; Western; Your Friends & Neighbors.

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *The Avengers; Blade; Dance With Me; 54; Next Stop, Wonderland; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Simon Birch; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Without Limits.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Saving Private Ryan.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Blade; Dance With Me; Knock Off.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Blade; Dance With Me; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Blade; Rounders.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Blade; Dance With Me; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; The Parent Trap; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Blade; Dance With Me; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; The Parent Trap; Snake Eyes; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?* Opening 9/11: *Rounders.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Blade; Dance With Me; Dead Man on Campus; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; The Negotiator; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?* Opening 9/11: *Let's Talk About Sex.*

Festival
Indie's Encore

To celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Independent Feature Film Market (the week of screenings, parties, and seminars designed to present fresh filmmaking talent to the industry), the Anthology Film Archives is showing ten of the biggest and best that made their initial bow at the IFFM, including *My Dinner With André* (1981, below), *Down by Law* (1986), and *Slacker* (1989). See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph from Photofest.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Blade; Ever After; Saving Private Ryan; The Slums of Beverly Hills; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Blade; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Dance With Me; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; Wrongfully Accused.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Blade; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Blade; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *The Avengers; Blade; Dance With Me; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Dead Man on Campus; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Blade; Dance With Me; Dr. Dolittle; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; Let's Talk About Sex; The Negotiator; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Ever After; Rounders; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Blade; Knock Off; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Simon Birch; The Slums of Beverly Hills; There's Something About Mary; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Blade; Dance With Me; Knock Off; Snake Eyes; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Blade; Dance With Me; 54; Knock Off; The Negotiator; Saving Private Ryan; Simon Birch; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Blade; Dance With Me; Knock Off; Rounders; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *54; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?; Wrongfully Accused; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Blade; Dance With Me; Ever After; Knock Off; The Parent Trap; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Blade; Dance With Me; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Blade; Ever After; Next Stop, Wonderland; Saving Private Ryan; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *54; Rounders.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Dance With Me; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Blade; Dead Man on Campus; 54; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Blade; Halloween H20; Knock Off; The Parent Trap; Snake Eyes.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Dance With Me; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Ever After; Lethal Weapon 4 ; Next Stop, Wonderland; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Blade; Knock Off; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Blade; Madeline; Rounders; The Slums of Beverly Hills; There's Something About Mary.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *54; Knock Off; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Governess; A Price Above Rubies; The Thief.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Blade; Dance With Me.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dance With Me; Ever After; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Blade; Ever After; 54; Knock Off; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; The Slums of Beverly Hills; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Blade; 54; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Blade; Dance With Me; Dead Man on Campus; Ever After; Knock Off; Let's Talk About Sex; The Parent Trap; Return to Paradise; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Simon Birch; The Slums of Beverly Hills; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—9/20: *Mr. Skeffington* (1944); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"John Huston Retrospective" through 10/11. 9/19: *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (1948) and *The Battle of San Pietro* (1945) and *Let There Be Light* (1946). 9/20: *The Asphalt Jungle* (1950) and *Moulin Rouge* (1952). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"20 Years of the Independent Feature Film Market." 9/16 and 9/21: *Down by Law* (1986) and *My Dinner with Andre* (1981). 9/17 and 9/22: *The Unbelievable Truth* (1989) and *Stand and Deliver* (1988). 9/18 and 9/23: *Slacker* (1989) and *Metropolitan* (1989). 9/19 and 9/24: *Poison* (1990) and *Daughters of the Dust* (1991). 9/20 and 9/25: *Clerks* (1993) and *The Brothers McMullen* (1994). "68: Agit-Pop." 9/16: *Berkeley in the Sixties* (1990). 9/17: Panel discussion. 9/18: *The Man Who Left His Will on Film* (1970). 9/19: *Herbert's Hippopotamus: A Story of Revolution in*

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Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Paradise (1996) and *Black Panther* (1969). 9/20: *The Strawberry Statement* (1970). 9/22: *La Chinoise* (1967). "The Films of Martha Colburn." 9/19: Various. 9/20: Super-8 workshop. "Essential Cinema: Carl Th. Dreyer." 9/19: *Vampyr* (1931–32). "Austria Film Series." 9/22: *An Almost Perfect Divorce* (1998). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Donnell Media Center—"Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 8/27: *Little Stabs at Happiness* (1963) and *The Man Who Envied Women* (1985). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Chinese Cinema: 1933–49." 9/15: *Radiant Sun* (1948). 9/16: *Along the Sungari River* (1947). 9/18 and 9/19: *San Mao* (1949) and *The Lights of Ten Thousand Homes* (1949). 9/19–9/20: *Volcano in the Blood* (1932). 9/20: *Spring Silkworms* (1933). 9/21: *Small Toys* (1933) and *The Goddess* (1934). 9/22: *The Highway* (1934) and *Life and Death* (1936). 9/23: *Crossroads* (1937) and *Tears of a Mother* (1937). "Hollywood Treasures: Seven Masterpieces the AFI Overlooked." 9/17: *Nashville* (1976). "Movies for Kids." 9/19–20: *We're Back: A Dinosaur's Story* (1993). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

Guggenheim Museum—Through 9/20: "The International Puppet Film Festival." 9/16: *Tale of the Fox* and other Political Parables and "Beyond Kabuki." 9/18: "Are We Still Married? and Other Inquiries" and "Puppet Animation from Estonia." 9/19: "Miniature Worlds and Overflowing Narratives" and "Jabberwocky and Visual Play." 9/20: "Classic Puppet Animation for Children." Peter B. Lewis Theater; 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—9/21: "An Evening with Susumu Hani and Donald Richie." 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $7.50 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Susumu Hani Rediscovered." 9/18: *Children in a Classroom* (1955). 9/18 and 9/21: *Bad Boys* (1961). 9/19: *Children Who Draw* (1956) and *Bride of the Andes* (1966). 9/19 and 9/21: *Children Hand in Hand* (1956). 9/20: *She and He* (1963) and *The Inferno of First Love* (1968). "Ufa Weimar Classics." 9/17: *Der Blaue Engel* (1930) and *Metropolis* (1926). 9/18: *Faust* (1926). "Recent Acquisitions." 9/18: "The Jerome Foundation Program." 9/18–9/19: "Eight by Doris Chase" and "The Art of Vision." 9/20: *Split* (1981), *The Adventures of a Nurse* (Part I and Part II) (1976), *Fourth of July in Saugherties* (1973), *Dusi and Jenö* (1989), and "The Independents: Seven Films." "Eisenstein: The Centenary Year." 9/15: *Ivan the Terrible, Part I* (1943). 9/22: *Ivan the Terrible, Part II* (1946). "Rodchenko's Involvement with Soviet Revolutionary Cinema." 9/21: *Kino Pravda* (1922). 9/22: *Moscow in October* (1927) and *Fall of the Romanov Dynasty* (1927). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

National Museum of the American Indian—"Thursday Night at the Movies." 9/17 and 9/19: *Bringing It All Back Home* (1998) a documentary by Chris Eyre. Call 514-3730 for information. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

The Screening Room—Midnight: *Austin Powers* (1997). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club— "A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 9/19–9/20: *The Record of a Tenement Gentleman* (1947). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Dying Gaul Returns...Kathleen Chalfant

Broadway

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc, who fancies Flemish painting, considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98.) Now starring Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles and Robert Sella as the grinning emcee. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Jamey O'Quinn.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) Now starring Ute Lemper, Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Tom McGowan. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Irish Wake—The odds were against poor Colin Quinn, the sap recruited to follow in Norm MacDonald's large, indelible footsteps. But he has steadily endeared himself to *Saturday Night Live* viewers, mostly through a combination of wit and unfussiness, and he will likely do the same to Broadwaygoers in this, his densely populated one-man show about the denizens of his old Brooklyn neighborhood. $35–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. Through 9/19. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Previews
Monica-on-Avon

It seems there's a historical precedent for everything. Target Margin Theater, which is devoting its fall season (and its tiny stage) to some highly topical classics, starts off with Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure.' Surely one of Will's bleakest comedies, 'Measure' concerns the downfall of a powerful politician who solicits sex from an unwilling novitiate. If only today's interns were saving themselves for God. Opens September 23 at the Connelly Theater.

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat.

at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Previews
Last Laughs

Fresh from a New Haven triumph, Margaret Edson's caustic 'Wit' kicks off the MCC Theater's fall season. Tony winner Kathleen Chalfant stars as Dr. Vivian Bearing, a literature professor who is diagnosed with ovarian cancer. Only poetry (specifically that of John Donne) carries her through the chemo. Opens September 17.

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Corpus Christi—At long last, Terrence McNally's play about a group of gay men in a Texas motel who recreate the story of Jesus. The play was killed last spring and resurrected; now everyone has an opinion about it, though almost no one has seen or read it. Let's hope for MTC's sake it previews with a whimper, not a bang. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8 Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Previews begin 9/22 for an 10/13 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131. W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Culture of Desire—Anne Bogart brings her eccentric energies to bear on the perfect subject: Andy Warhol. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 9/16 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Dying Gaul—A return engagement of Craig Lucas's newest drama about love, the Internet, and the desire to live beyond one's own death. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Performances begin 9/18. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Marco Polo Sings a Solo—Signature Theatre Company kicks off its John Guare season with this surreal ode to the new millennium, written by the author in 1977 as he was whiling away the hours on a flight from Chicago to New York. The time is 1999, the setting is an iceberg in Norway, and the denizens of this brave new world—a filmmaker, his wife, his parents, his house help, a politician, and a space man—while away *their* hours by taking drugs, evading scandal, and wrestling with the complexities of intergalactic sperm. *Brrrrr!* $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/15 for a 9/27 opening. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the young actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/1 opening. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

A Night in November—Dan Gordon returns as Kenneth McCallister, as well as his many friends and relations, in Marie Jones's super-acclaimed one-man show about the strife in Northern Ireland. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/4 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Oedipus—Frances McDormand stars in Dare Club's updated, cheeky, four-hour-plus version of the Sophoclean tragedy. This time, the Theban prince tries like mad to fulfill his destiny; he's constantly plotting his father's death and trysts with dear old Mum. Considering the delectable Billy Crudup plays him, McDormand ought to be in for quite a bit of fun (*Oh, yah!*). Blue Light Theater Company presents. $37.50–$40. Tues., Thurs., Fri. and Sat. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 9/20 for an 10/11 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

The Uneasy Chair—Evan Smith not only understands the importance of drawing-room comedy—he has written one, thus setting him apart from the dozens of other young American playwrights plying their trade. Meet Miss Pickles, dowager; her dashing tenant, Josiah Wickett; and their impeccable, mischievous children. Dana Ivey (always a pleasure) and Roger Rees star. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/4 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Wit—Kathleen Chalfant, a stage treat always, plays an uncompromising English professor who discovers she has cancer. Written by Margaret Edson. $25. Wed.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 9/17 opening. MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Candida—Pearl Theatre Company presents Shaw's cheeky 1897 play about a woman who chooses between two men. $20–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/11. *Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802)*

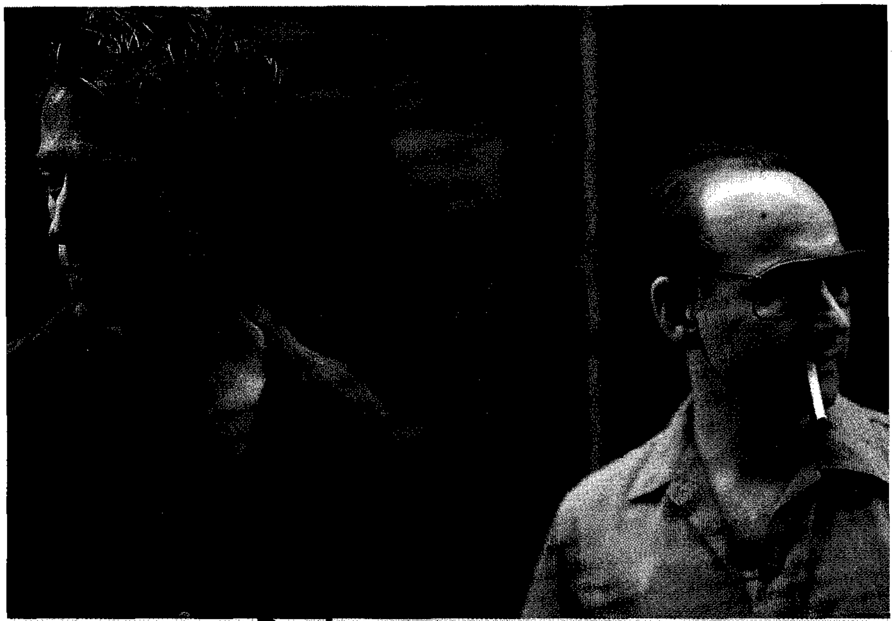
Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—Alan Ayckbourn's suspense thriller about a pair of unlikely heroines who travel through time and space to alter the course of their lives. The London critics loved it; the American cast (Mary-Louise Parker, Patricia Hodges, David McCallum) and director (Christopher Ashley) are first-rate. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne.

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.



Previews

Boys to Men

Naked Angels returns for its first full season in three years with Matthew Weiss's *Hesh*, a testosterone-fueled, multigenerational saga directed by guy-talk specialist Frank Pugliese. Opens September 27.

Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Nijinski Speaks—Leonard Crofoot retells the story of the renegade dancer-choreographer who was institutionalized for madness at the pinnacle of his career. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/18. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Secret History of the Lower East Side—En Garde Arts, which never met a site it couldn't adapt to its eccentric, theatrical purposes, hauls its troops to a high school rooftop for an evening of one-acts about the discrete immigrant cultures crisscrossing Delancey. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Seward Park High School, 350 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stupid Kids—A comedy-ethnography about the mysterious folkways of teens from the suburbs. Written by John C. Russell, who died of AIDS shortly after completing the script; directed by Michael Mayer. $15–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Off-Off Broadway

The Black Marble Shoe Shine Stand—Louis LaRusso II's new drama about a day in the life of four men living in the Hoboken of 1908—a new Italian immigrant, an Irish cop, a Jewish merchant, and an enigmatic stranger. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/3. *ATA Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).*

The Brothers Booth—Roger Kristian Jones's new play about John Wilkes and his twin brother, Edwin. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (501-6325).*

Hesh—Naked Angels, on hiatus for far too long, presents Matthew Weiss's Bronx saga about an overbearing father and his troubled son. The playwright Frank Pugliese directs. $12. Wed.–Mon. at 8. Previews begin 9/19 for a 9/27 opening. *Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. (479-7304).*

Kwaidan—Ping Chong directs a puppet version of three Japanese ghost stories. Presented by the International Festival of Puppet Theater. $20–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *La MaMa E.T.C. (Annex), 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Measure for Measure—Target Margin's distinctive, nervy approach to Shakespeare's play about sex and politics. Hmmm. $12–$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 9/16 for a 9/23 opening. *Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (358-3657).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan*

Photograph by Erika Latta.

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Sat Sep 19, 8:00 CARMINA BURANA Orff SINS Weill/Brecht
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Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).

No Exit—Hell is other people—though the prospect of spending all eternity in a Second Empire drawing room is pretty awful, too. Performed by the Cocteau Rep.; translation of Sartre's play by Paul Bowles. $24–$30. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, though showtimes may occasionally vary. Through 10/23. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Slap Head: Demon Barber—A puppet version of Sweeney Todd, the barbarous barber's apprentice, presented by Wales's Green Ginger and the International Festival of Puppet Theater. $20–$25. Mon.–Sat. at 7. *PS 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

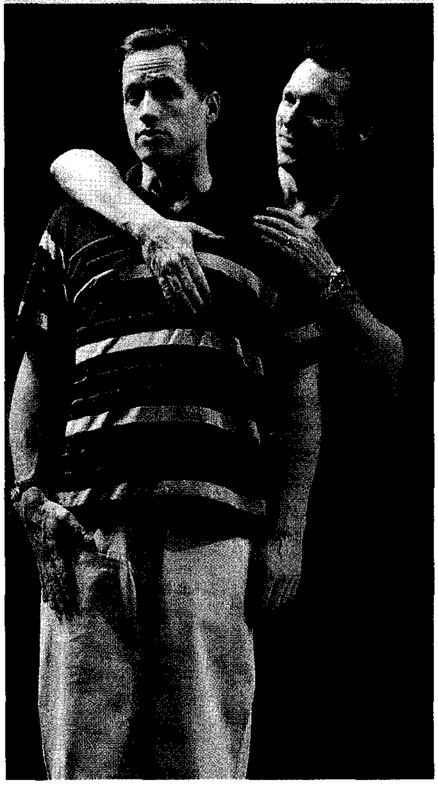
W-Wow! Radio—A stage revival, complete with sound effects and vintage jingles, of two classic radio thrillers: *The Blood Money Caper* and *The Man Who Was Death.* $28. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/11. *Martin R. Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Wayang Listrik/Electric Shadows—Balinese shadow puppetry on a grand, luminous scale. Presented by the International Festival of Puppet Theater. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 1 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Weatherbox—A woman's illness precipitates a bitter skirmish between her children, unsheathing even more serious pathologies than her own cancer. Rattlestick Productions presents. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (675-5634).*

Re-Opening
The Long Goodbye

A real-life injury abbreviated the run of the Vineyard Theatre's spring production of Craig Lucas's *The Dying Gaul,* a thriller that *mixed unlikely lovers with Hollywood politics.* But buoyed by the reaction to those earlier sold-out shows (and cast member Cotter Smith's return to health), *Gaul* has been resurrected, for five weeks only.



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

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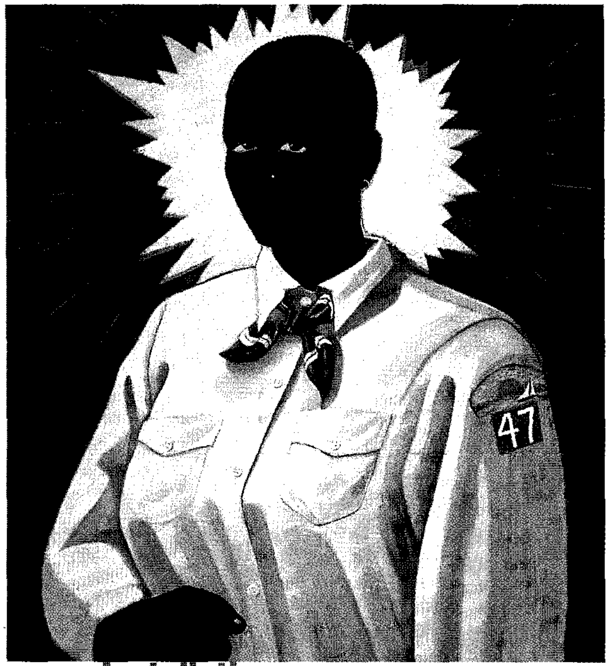
Maya Lin...Kerry James Marshall



Installation

Black Power

Those familiar with Kerry James Marshall's monumental unstretched paintings of black figures enacting biblical or African-American narratives are likely to be surprised by the artist's first solo New York museum exhibition. Besides being a multimedia installation, "Mementos" is more clearly autobiographical than the artist's other works, drawing on his memories of Birmingham, Alabama, where he was born in 1955, and of growing up in L.A.'s Watts neighborhood. At the Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; through November 29.

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Luis Cruz Azaceta—New works by this Cuban-born artist combining oil, wood, steel, and photography and continuing his depiction of "boat people" (*balseros*) as a metaphor for the plight of Cuban immigrants and the alienation of twentieth-century mankind; 9/16–10/17. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213). See "Solos, 57th Street Area."

Claudia Fitch—Recent sculptures that put a surrealist twist on traditional decorative arts and popular culture, among them works made from urethane foam and steel, cast iron, and ceramics; through 10/17. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

David Klamen—Works in watercolor and ink on paper that reference landscape; through 10/24. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

Simon Lee—An installation that uses glass, dust, and light to create a filmic panorama; through 10/17. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Aleksandr Rodchenko—A selection of photographic and graphic-design works by the Russian Constructivist, whose work is currently on view in a major exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art; through 10/17. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

57th Street Area

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Recent monumental works incorporating oil, wood, metal, and found objects and focusing on the violence of the nineties; 9/17–10/17. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (644-9090). See "Solos, Madison Avenue & Vicinity."

Georg Baselitz—New paintings made in Germany and Italy; through 10/10. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Bill Jensen/Leonardo Drew—New paintings that depict atmospheric arrangements of two colors, one stacked above the other/An installation of assemblages of encrusted wood, fabric, paper, and glass. Through 10/3. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Alan Bray—Small panel paintings of Maine landscapes; through 10/3. Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Petah Coyne—Works from the artist's new "Fairy Tales" series, in which antique taxidermy and religious sculptures have been cloaked with hair and then braided together to form mysterious wall and floor tableaux; through 10/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Balcomb Greene/Gertrude Greene—A survey of works from the thirties and forties by the painter Balcomb Greene and his wife, Gertrude Greene, the sculptor, including abstract and figurative paintings by the former, and wood reliefs of cut-out biomorphic and geometric shapes by the latter. Through 10/10. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (644-7171).

Sharon Horvath/Mervyn Peake—Recent mixed-media paintings and works on paper started in Rome by a 1997 Prix de Rome recipient/Works on paper by the British writer and illustrator (1911–1968). Through 10/10. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

David Kroll—Paintings of vases, fruits, bird's nests, and other still life set against sepia-toned landscapes; through 10/3. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

John Laub/Roger Winter—Recent landscape paintings by both; through 10/10. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Andrew Lenaghan/Richard Shaw—New paintings of the Brooklyn waterfront and a series of paintings made last spring during a road trip from New York to Key West/Porcelain sculptures. Through 10/9. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5666).

Jason Martin/Carlo Mollino—Recent abstract paintings by a British artist/Photographs, sketches, photomontages, and plans for architecture and design work by the Italian architect. Through 10/10. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Louise Nevelson—Ceramic sculptures and drawings from the forties; through 10/17. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Kenneth Noland—New paintings that mark a return to the circle format first examined by the artist in the late fifties and early sixties; through 10/17. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Terry Adkins/Dotty Attie—Minimal assemblages that draw on the artist's southern and African heritage and are constructed from industrial castoffs, farm machinery, and bits of wood and metal piping/New paintings on small square canvases whose imagery is based on photographs of murder victims. Through 10/10. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Barry Bartlett/Don Doe—Glazed terra-cotta sculptures of familiar objects reduced to their simplest forms/Paintings that evoke loneliness and desire through such images as women smoking cigarettes. Through 10/17. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Xu Bing—Two pieces by a Chinese avant-garde artist that explore the use of live animals in performative art; through 10/10. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Peggy Cyphers—Paintings whose imagery suggests primordial ecosystems; through 10/10. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

John Carhart Ebeling—Paintings that depict faces derived from anonymous photographs and early fifties advertising; through 10/17. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Roland Flexner—New works in ink on paper that explore the relationship between movement, breath, and gesture; through 10/10. Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

Fred Franzen—Recent paintings that depict seascapes reduced to simple abstract shapes; through 10/3. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

David Goerk—Intimately scaled abstract paintings on shaped supports; through 10/7. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Georg Herold—Wall sculptures and color-dyed panels that analyze and respond to the computer's presence in contemporary life; through 10/31. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Jim Hodges—New works, among them a collage made from 18,000 Pantone samples, a mosaic of thousands of pieces of handcut mirrored glass, and a fabric construction of sixteen incrementally sized shirts all contained within each other;

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

through 10/10. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Wade Hoefer—New paintings and works on paper that depict archetypal pastoral landscapes; through 10/17. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Richard Kalina—New paintings that depict recognizable objects such as pipes and martini glasses juxtaposed against a grid; through 10/10. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Sol LeWitt—New site-specific wall drawings; through 10/10. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Santi Moix—Abstract paintings with whimsical figurative touches, by a Barcelona native who lives in New York; through 10/10. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Frank Owen—Abstract paintings from the seventies and the nineties; through 10/7. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Chelsea

John Ahearn—Cast-plaster sculptures made in the artist's East Harlem studio over the past three years; through 10/24. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Andrea Belag—Abstract paintings composed of broadly painted strokes of pure color; through 10/10. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Lynda Benglis—New bronze sculptures and ceramic pieces, and a screening of the artist's 1973 video *Female Sensibility*; through 10/10. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

James Bohary/Stephen Antonson—Gestural abstract paintings/Drawings based on the artist's photographs of New York City architecture. Through 10/10. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Miguel Calderón—New paintings and sculpture that use the artist's own image as a front for contemporary Mexican identity; through 10/17. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Carl D'Alvia—Large terra-cotta sculptures of futuristic superheroes; through 10/10. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Marco Gastini/Carole Seborovski—New mixed-media paintings by an Arte Povera artist/New photographs and mixed-media objects that transform gummy worms, doll parts, and other items into surreal fetishes. Through 10/10. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Jonathan Hammer—Recent large-scale drawings and two unique handmade books filled with the artist's drawings and a text by the Dada writer Hugo Ball; through 10/24. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Rob Hornsby—Works that draw on the events of the summer of 1969 as experienced by the artist when he was 9 years old and living in Fort Worth, Texas; through 10/10. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Shirley Kaneda—New paintings that depict collage-like arrangements of disparate patterns and colors; through 10/17. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Fang Lijun—Paintings and monumentally scaled woodcuts by a Chinese artist whose work is included in "Inside Out: New Chinese Art," an exhibition currently on view at the Asia Society and P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center (see "Museums"); through 10/10. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Sarah Lucas—New works by a British artist that explore our ambivalence about the degradation of others, including sculpture constructed from bathroom furniture, photographic self-portraits, and an installation; through 10/17. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Robert Melee—Op Art–style paintings on curtains, beer-bottle caps, and other common objects; through 10/10. Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. (741-8849).

John Morris—Drawings that explore repetition, variation, and change; through 10/3. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Brigitte Nahon—New sculpture that involves balancing heavy, solid materials with seemingly fragile ones; through 10/10. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (206-0297).

Gayil Nalls—An installation that offers an introduction to the artist's perfume/project *World Sensorium*, a scent formulated by the artist that will be released at global millennium celebrations; through 10/10. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Blake Rayne—Recent paintings that depict scenes both interior and exterior from and of a car driving through a fall landscape; through 10/10. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Mike Sale—An installation that transforms the gallery into a street through a recording of traffic sound and yellow traffic lines painted along the entire length of the gallery's floor. Through 10/3. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Richard Tsao—Abstract paintings created through a variety of processes involving chance; through 10/10. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Leslie Wayne—Recent paintings; through 10/10. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (772-6932). "Invitational 1998," celebrating underrecognized contemporary artists, including Bartolozzi, Dingwall, and McGill; through 10/10.

57th Street Area

Archives of American Art—1285 Sixth Ave. (399-5015). "Julien Levy: Documenting Surrealism," an exhibition presented in conjunction with the Equitable Center's exhibition, "Julien Levy: Portrait of an Art Gallery," of artworks by Surrealists who showed with the Julien Levy Gallery, photographs, and ephemera; through 10/2.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). "Earth, Water, Air: 8 Contemporary Painters," including works by Wilson, Knott, Ayhens, Innerst, others; through 10/10.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Julien Levy: Portrait of an Art Gallery," an exhibit of paintings, sculpture, and photographs that were shown by the art dealer Julien Levy (1906–1981) in his legendary 57th Street gallery, including works on loan from museum and private collections and works and ephemera from Levy's own collection; through 10/31.

McKee—745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951). Drawings by Berthot, Lerman, Quaytman, Silverthorne, others; through 9/26.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—29 Walker St. (219-0473). "In Order to Join," an installation by Rummana Hussain; through 10/31. "Personal Touch" in Gallery 6, a group of ten international artists including Kim, Tayou, Wasko, Baran, Eller, others. "Music for an Elevator: Audio Project in the Elevator," sounds recorded from percussion and string instruments by Michael Voefeld. "The Temptation of Eve: Window Installation," Jane Kaufman transforms a window into a terrarium with colorful, beaded snakes; through 11/7.

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Deep Thought: Part II," with works by Ackerman, Hawkinson, LeWitt, Prina, others; through 10/10.

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Black and Blue," an exhibition expressive of the fin de siècle's mounting energies; through 10/17.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). A site-specific painted environment by Cadence Giersbach;

On View
Time and Again

Richard Martin, curator of the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute, is distinguished for mounting exhibitions that provide food for thought as well as for the eye. The wittiest outfit on display in his latest effort, "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion" (September 9–November 29), was created by Olivier Theyskens in 1998 (at right). It refers to the typical combine-and-reveal bodice of the 1700s, carapacing the ribs and thrusting up the breasts like scoops of ice cream, while the earlier period's elaborately draped and trailing-behind skirt is reduced to a micro-mini tailed by a ruthlessly slashed train. The whole affair is executed in the red-trimmed, burlap-colored household linen of times gone by. Throughout the show, examples from the Met's formidable collection of eighteenth-century costume are tellingly juxtaposed with nineteenth- and twentieth-century pieces whose designers reverently or rakishly took their inspiration from the Age of Enlightenment. The actual eighteenth-century items, which we think of generically as possessing a sumptuous, self-confident elegance—reveal a surprising range within the time frame. Opulence in shape, fabric, and embroidery gradually gives way to freshness, simplicity, and an air of innocence—of country life rather than urban—even before the cataclysmic fin de siècle revolution of the people against the aristocracy. The ludicrous extravagance to which the age (like any other) was prey is represented in a panniered dress so wide it occupies an entire vitrine, but elsewhere even the fiberglass mannequins sedately parading the clothes seem permeated with the eighteenth-century equation of richness in apparel with richness of spirit.

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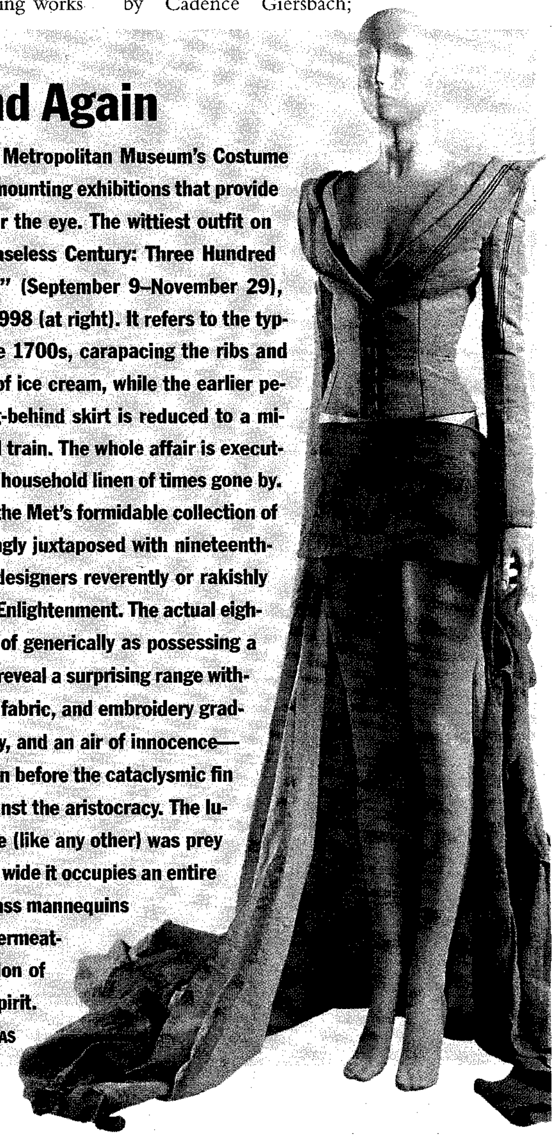


three photographic projects by Noritoshi Hirakawa; photographic works from *Show*, Vanessa Beecroft's April 1998 performance at the Guggenheim Museum; through 10/17.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Selections Fall '98," with works by Callan, Verhoeven, Monick, Chann, others; through 10/22.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2604). "corpus virtu," with works by Smith, Gober, Hamilton, Antoni, others; through 10/24.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). "Ideas for the Home," with works by Bogin, Halley, Turcato, Warhol, others; through 10/31.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "Where Is Your Rupture?," with works by Swiss and American artists, including Adler, McCarty, Ammann, Bacher, others; through 10/31.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer—504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956). Shows by Shaw, Vine, and Ovelman that include painting, collage, and a process called "summantics": designating a numerical equivalent to each letter of the alphabet according to its position; through 9/27.

Cooper—534 W. 21st St. (255-1105). A group exhibition of major sculpture with pieces by Judd, Levine, Winsor, others; through 10/10.

Kirkland—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). "Some Like It Hot," with works by Moffat, Adelman, Leonard, Pujol, others; through 10/17.

Trans Hudson—416 W. 13th St. (242-3232). "Educating Barbie," a multimedia exhibition that wonders how one could best explain the art of painting to Barbie; the resulting works suggest ways of imagining possibilities for painting in the future through studying various alternative approaches to the medium; through 10/3.

Photography

Shelby Lee Adams/Mike Smith—Black-and-white portraits of people living in Kentucky's Appalachia region/Color photographs of eastern Tennessee. Through 10/10. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255)

Sally Apfelbaum/Nicholas Barker—Large-scale, multiple-exposure color landscape photographs of upstate New York and Central Park/Stills from the English director's new film, *Unmade Beds*. Through 10/17. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Eugene Atget—Forty albumen prints of old Paris; through 10/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Jeff Brouws—Photographs documenting American highways and roadside culture; through 10/17. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Linda Butler—Black-and-white photographs of architectural remnants in Italy; through 10/10. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Harry Callahan/Robert Rauschenberg—More than 70 photographs from the past five decades, including new, never-before-exhibited images of the sky shot from the window of the photographer's Atlanta, Georgia, home/Photographs from the early fifties, including images of the painter Cy Twombly. Through 10/24. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Ellen Carey/Amanda Means—Monochromatic abstractions made with the 20-by-20-inch Polaroid camera/Black-and-white botanical images. Through 10/10. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). "The American Century: Observations and Metaphors, Part II, 1936–1967," photographs by 78 Americans, among them Avedon, Bourke-White, Callahan, Evans, Frank, Friedlander, Weston, and Winogrand; through 10/17.

Regina DeLuise—New platinum palladium prints of nudes and still-life arrangements; through 10/17. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Thomas Demand—Color photographs of the artist's hand-made cardboard facsimiles of architectural interiors, including *Barn*, a series of photographs of his reconstruction of Jackson Pollock's Springs, New York, studio as shot by Hans Namuth in the fifties; through 10/14. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Macduff Everton—Recent panoramic photographs of Beijing, Moscow, Oxfordshire, Rhode Island, and British Columbia; through 10/8. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*; 9/20–11/29. . . . "Walker Evans Simple Secrets: Photographs From the Collection of Marian and Benjamin A. Hill." Works from every period of the photographer's career, including early New York abstractions, street scenes, and portraits, and studies of New England and New York Victorian architecture; 9/20–11/29.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Vik Muniz: Seeing Is Believing." A survey of work by a photographer who creates his seemingly straightforward images of figures, landscapes, and objects from such unexpected materials as granulated sugar, chocolate, and wire and thread; through 11/8. . . . "New Photography From France: The CCF Award Recipients"; through 11/15. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 11/15.

Alix Lambert—Large-scale photographs of tattoos created by the artist on her friends' bodies; through 10/10. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Donald Lokuta—Black-and-white photographs of figures taken on the streets of New York and related paintings; through 10/17. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Vera Lutter/Vik Muniz—Unique large-format black-and-white photographs created by using an entire room as a pinhole camera/A new series of photographs of fake flowers shot in the style of early photographic botanical documentation, by this photographer who is the subject of a retrospective at ICP Midtown (see above). Through 10/10. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Susan Meiselas—Black-and-white photographs of carnival strippers taken between 1972 and 1975, and recent color work; through 10/24. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Ray K. Metzker/Albert Renger-Patzch—"Arrestations," a series of unique collages made from snippets of photographic paper that were manipulated in the darkroom and combined into poetic juxtapositions/Twenty vintage photographs taken in the twenties and thirties of architecture and industrial sites; through 10/31. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Michael Wesely—Works from the past ten years, among them camera obscura scenes of major cities, portraits, and abstracted neon signs; through 10/10. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

World Financial Center—The North Bridge, West St. between Liberty and Vesey Sts. (206-67003). "Eyewitness 1998," photographs selected for the World Press Photo Foundation's forty-first annual World Press Photo Contest; through 10/4.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Transformation: Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977–1996." Works by contemporary Canadian craft artists who have been winners of the Saidye Bronfman Award; 9/17–1/3/99. . . . "June Schwarcz: Forty Years/Forty Pieces." A 40-year retrospective of the artist's enamelware vessels; 9/17–11/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; through 10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, of more than 80 works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881–1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. . . . "Kerry James Marshall: Mementos." A retrospective of paintings, plus new video and sculptural pieces; through 11/29. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"French Oil Sketches and the Academic Tradition." Oil sketches by nineteenth-century masters of the academic tradition, among them Baron Françoise-Pascal-Simon Gérard, Jean-Louis Meissonier, and Jean-Louis Gérôme; 9/22–1/2/99. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Claude Monet's *Vétheuil in Summer* From the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto"; through 10/4. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Maya Lin: Topologies." Fifteen works by the artist/architect in glass, wood, and wax adapted from computer-enhanced imaging and microscopy and from aerial views of the earth taken from airplanes and satellites; through 10/31. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; contribution suggested.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "After Rabin: New Art From Israel." Paintings, photography, installation, video, and artist books by contemporary Israeli artists; through 1/3. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

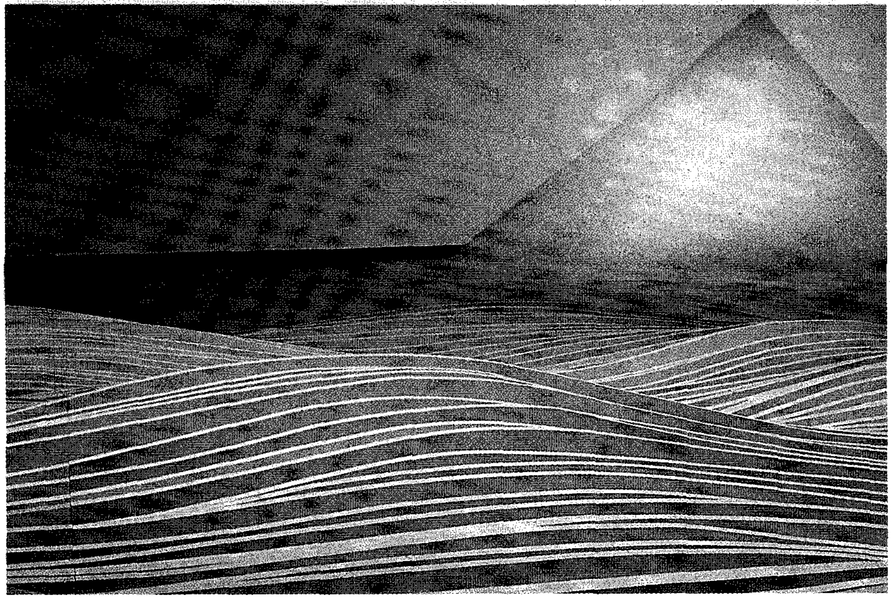
Metropolitan Museum of Art—"From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; 9/22–1/3/99. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; 9/16–2/28/99. . . . "Letters in Gold: Ottoman Calligraphy From the Sakip Sabanci Collection, Istanbul"; through 12/13. . . . "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion." An exhibition exploring the persistence of eighteenth-century style in clothing, featuring garments from the 1700s and their nineteenth- and twentieth-century revivals; through 11/29. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31/99. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "Modern Times: Photography Between the Two World Wars"; through 10/4. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Baule: African Art/Western Eyes." Objects created by the Baule people of Africa's Ivory Coast; through 1/30/99. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; through 10/6. . . . "Ufa Film Posters, 1918–1943." Fifty posters for films produced or distributed by Ufa, Germany's legendary movie studio; 9/17–1/5/99. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Talent **The artworks, drawings, and architectural models in "Maya Lin: Topologies" continue the architect's poetic exploration of landscape and horizontality as a metaphor for passage, a defining characteristic of her work since her competition-winning Vietnam Veterans' Memorial design of 1981–82. At New York University's Grey Art Gallery, 100 Washington Square East; through October 31.**



Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology— "A Look at Recent Figure Painting: Nine Artists at Work." Figure paintings by nine members of F.I.T.'s fine-arts faculty, among them Vincent Arcilesi, Robert Jessel, Carole Robb, and Nicholas Sperakis; through 9/26. . . . "Other Places: Four Photographers on the Road." Photographs by F.I.T. faculty members Max Hilaire, Melanie Reim, Irving Schild, and Leonard Speier; through 9/26. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art— "Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War III Illustrated; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"William Sidney Mount: Painter of American Life." The first major loan exhibition of paintings by the Long Island native (1807–1868) often credited as the founder of American genre painting; through 10/25. . . . "Fading Ad Campaign: Vintage Painted Signs." Photographs of painted advertisements on buildings in New York City by Frank H. Jump; through 11/1. . . . "Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 10/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1, of works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Liisa Roberts: *Blind Side.*" An installation in which a 16-mm. film operates as a sculptural element; through 10/4. . . . "Good Times, Hard Times, War Times: American Prints From the 1920s to the 1940s." Prints from the museum's permanent collection by Howard Cook, Mabel Dwight, Louis Lozowick, Benton Spruance, and others; through 11/15. . . . "Janine Antoni: *Swoon.*" The first major video-installation by the artist Janine Antoni; through 11/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. at 59th St. (546-1119). 9/16: at 10 and 2: "From Elegant Mansions: Fine Classical Chinese Furniture and Works of Art/Fine Chinese Ceramics and Works of Art." On view from 9/8. 9/17 at 10: "Southeast Asian Art." On view from 9/12.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 9/16 at 10 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 9/12. 9/22 at 10 and 2 "European and Asian Decorative Arts." On view from 9/19.

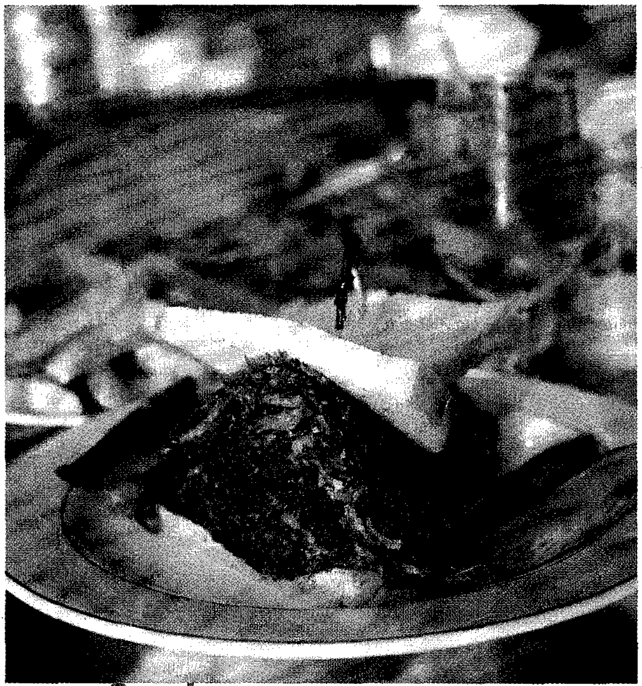
Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 9/16 at 10:15 and 2 and 9/17 at 10:15: "Southeast Asian Art." On view from 9/11. 9/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Chinese Works of Art." On view from 9/11. 9/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Japanese Works of Art." On view from 9/12. 9/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Asian." On view from 9/13. 9/22 at 10:15: "Stamps." On view from 9/18.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 9/17 at 10:30 and 2:00: "Art and Architecture Books," "Prints and Drawings," and "Livres D'Artiste." On view from 9/12.

Photographs courtesy of the Grey Art Gallery, New York University.

restaurants

Girl With the Most Cake...Dinner Theater



Opening
Your Royal Ryeness

Pastrami King used to be a Kew Gardens landmark, but last winter, when Queens moved its family and civil courts to Jamaica, the kosher deli lost most of its customer base. For years, its clientele included the borough's most powerful public servants (the late Donald Manes, to name one, was a regular). Now the owners have crossed the river and reopened as Pastrami Queen in smaller, posher digs, bringing their corned beef and kasha varnishkes into suspiciously close proximity to Gracie Mansion. (1269 Lexington Avenue, near 85th Street; 828-0007.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St.*

Photograph by Duane Winfield.

(620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks behind midtown's popular Da Ciro. *535 Hudson St. (620-3838). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

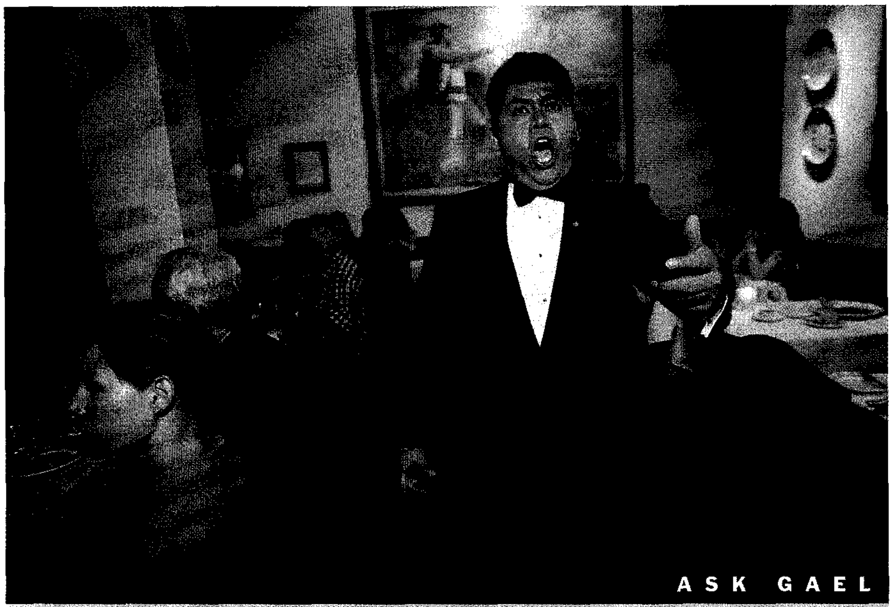
Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South,*

Takeout

Nothing Could Be Fina

When Carolyn Giacalone opened Fina Pastries last year, she became famous for her lemony ricotta cheesecake, flaky flat fruit tarts, and old-fashioned doughnuts. But her Bowery location was just off-the-beaten-track enough to make survival a struggle, so this week, she reopens uptown as Carolyn's, where her new line of low-fat muffins and cakes will probably provoke as much desire as her high-cal confections. She'll also have tables for lingering over espresso or indulging in a light lunch of soups and sandwiches, made on her own fresh-baked loaves. (1516 First Avenue, at 79th Street; 396-9961.)

Photograph by Safia Fatimi.



ASK GAEL

Didn't Plácido Domingo open a restaurant?

Yes, and Domingo was such a dud, I vowed never to return. Then the charismatic Iberian announced he would whip the place into shape. Recently I heard the kitchen had improved. Screwing up my courage, I traipse upstairs beside a wall papered in a montage of Spanish roofs to a handsome table beside the rain-racked terrace and am instantly disarmed by luscious, garlicky aïoli to spread on bread. Our foursome is happily mewing over the tapas—chicken croquetas, a crab-stuffed pepper, empanadas, herbed lamb chops with white beans. Suddenly a waiter bursts into an aria—his voice so big I put down my wine glass expecting it to crack. Bravo, I suppose. But alas, this poor man's Plácido keeps coming back and belting every fifteen minutes. This might be a must for the host's groupies, but overcooked rabbit, insipid trout, and pork-loin adobo roasted to cardboard do little to counter our pain. (209 East 49th Street; 826-8269.)

nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) AE, TM.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

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the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Paramount Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

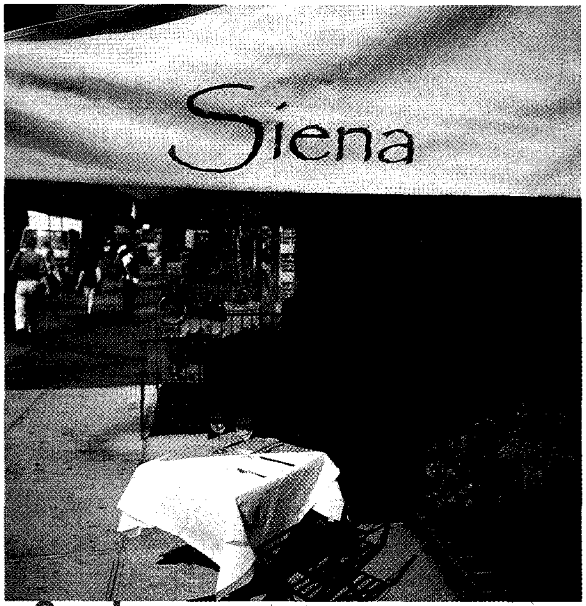
"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

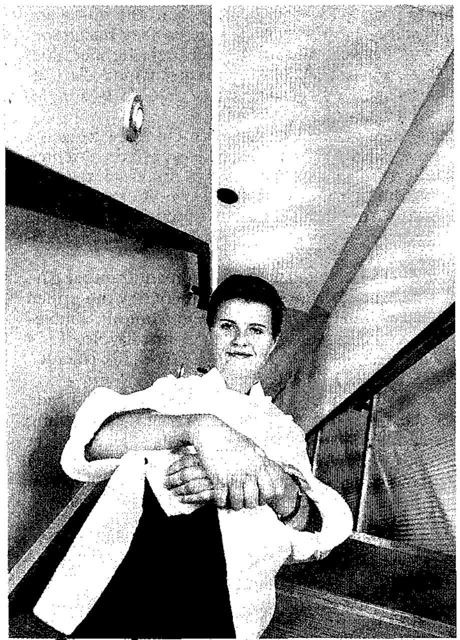
Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.



Opening Risorgimento

Ten years ago, Luma brought elegant French-American cooking to the restaurant-deprived fringes of west Chelsea. Now that the competition is finally heating up, with less-pricey restaurants and lounges siphoning off the growing gallery crowd, owners Gino Diaferia and Scott Bryan have transformed this posh pioneer into a more competitively priced Italian restaurant called Siena. Appetizers, including chicory-gorgonzola-and-pear salad with walnuts and pecorino, run from $5 to $8, and no entrée—Barolo-braised pork, with smoked bacon and mascarpone polenta among them—exceeds $18. (200 Ninth Avenue, near 22nd Street; 633-8033.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.



Opening

Motley Coup

This Thursday, the culinarily eclectic East Village undergoes yet another fusion experiment with the opening of Coup, where chef-owner Karin Trouyet's French heritage and Mexican citizenship have both left their mark on her wildly diverse new menu. Begin with an appetizer like bean-pot stew with chorizo and manchego, or potato-apple pancakes, and finish with fried custard or a grape tart with peanut-butter fudge. (509 East 6th Street; 979-2815.)

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—The feng shui design contributes to the feeling of serenity at this midtown Indian restaurant, where subtle spicing and pungent flavors show up in dishes like chicken breast stuffed with tikka-and-pomegranate confit, and lamb with sunflower seeds, saffron, and cloves. Vegetables like mustard greens slow-cooked over charcoal make it easy to forgo meat. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to

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In Print

Eat This Book

JEAN-GEORGES

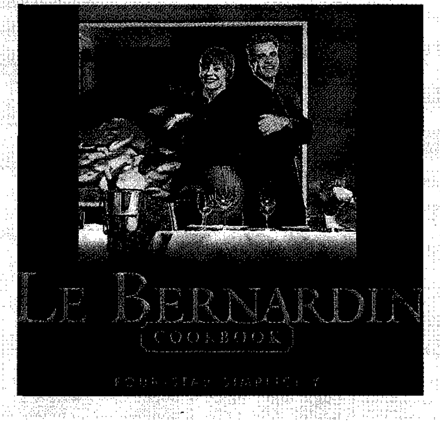
Cooking at Home with a Four-Star Chef

JEAN-GEORGES VONGERICHTEN

AND MARK BITTMAN

Where would you rather spend a free evening? Ensconced in a cushy corner banquette at Le Bernardin or hunched over your kitchen counter, extracting the roe from a spiny sea urchin? And what would please you more: to learn the secret to the molten center of Jean-Georges Vongerichten's addictive chocolate cake or to devour it? The publishers of two new cookbooks are hoping that there are enough intrepid home cooks—not to mention chef groupies—to make best-sellers of *Jean-Georges: Cooking at Home With a Four-Star Chef* (Broadway; $35) and *Le Bernardin Cookbook: Four-Star Simplicity* (Doubleday; $35). Now that the eating (and, only incidentally, cooking) public has taken to preserving the memory of its favorite restaurants between hard covers, chefs have flooded the market with coffee-table souvenirs that cost a fraction of the price of a meal. But for chefs, cookbooks are a tangible record of a life's obsession—or, at least, "a résumé of four or five years of work," says Vongerichten, who published his last book, *Simple Cuisine*, eight years and six restaurants ago.

***Le Bernardin* has had an even longer gestation: Its emotional introduction by owner Maguy Le Coze interweaves the restaurant's evolution, from its rocky beginnings in Paris 26 years ago to its critically acclaimed American expansion, with a heartfelt portrait of her relationship with her brother Gilbert, the restaurant's original chef and co-founder, who died in 1994 at 48. Her voice gives the book more of a keepsake quality, but the recipe section, supervised by executive chef Eric Ripert, shares Vongerichten's insistence on simplicity. Both chefs tested their dishes on "housewife's stoves" installed in corners of their professional kitchens, to reproduce typical home cooking conditions. Vongerichten, in fact, maintains that his recipes (collected from Vong, JoJo, and Jean Georges) are entirely unabridged: "We don't have to do anything," he told co-writer Mark Bittman at the onset of recipe testing. "The food is already easy." Maybe so. But the eating will always be easier.** **ROBIN RAISFELD**



LE BERNARDIN

COOKBOOK

FOUR-STAR SIMPLICITY

combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). Also, 470 Sixth Ave., nr. 11th St. (243-2222). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Silver Star—Open around the clock for seafood and hearty American fare, including fresh pasta and grilled chicken platters. Spacious surroundings in the recently expanded dining room and sidewalk café. *1238 Second Ave., at 65th St. (249-4250). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls.

Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sales *continued from page 21*

Every other kid was wearing something.

WE LOVE OUR YOUTH, read a sign somebody was waving.

The police were now ordering everyone to leave. The helicopter was zooming overhead, back and forth, the high whip of its blades inevitably conjuring up images that were never supposed to be New York, but Vietnam or L.A.

Khallid Muhammad was speaking. "If any one of these bastards riots here today, you take their nightstick the way they did brother Abner Louima, and you ram it up their behinds and jam it down their throats!" he bellowed.

For the first time all day the crowd began to get worked up. "Black power!" yelled a boy waltzing down the street. "Black power!"

"The police are only out here like this when it's people of color," said a young woman who called herself Belqis. She shook her head, in a tall maroon turban, pursing her lips, looking around uncomfortably. "That's what makes people angry—they say, okay, you want to treat us like animals, I'll *show* you an animal!" Belqis and her sister Favya hurried for the exits with the rest of the people leaving. Heads shot round. At the front of the march, near the stage, there seemed to be screaming.

I leaned down to talk to a copper-colored girl named Shafari Oliver, age 8. "I'm worried that this is gonna keep going on—this war," she said. "They'll put you in handcuffs just 'cause of the way you look—" Shafari was one of those children you see now all over New York, not black, white, Latino, or Asian, but a breathtaking meeting of all.

"One day, my uncle was going home in the Bronx," she said, "and the police, they just ran up on him and killed him—shot him in the back eight times, and shot him in his head—"

"His name was André," offered her aunt, Shahara, grimly. "They said he had a weapon, but he was coming home from a construction site, so he had his hammer and his belt—"

"Some people, they don't like our color," Shafari whispered, twisting the bottom of her shirt.

I asked her who these people were.

"A couple of them are Jewish," she said anxiously, eyes glistening.

Perhaps a better leader will come along who cares about what is good in today's kids, and cares to speak to it.

Now there was a small riot going on.

Out on Broadway, some kids slammed a water bottle against a police truck—as if trying to put a fire out—and took off running. ■

Kaplan *continued from page 32*

reads, in part. "I was impressed by your manner, never lose that natural, intelligent speech pattern. I really think you will go all the way. Save your money, marry a nice girl, get a dog, and buy only blue shirts. . . . I could have gone even farther if I had your hair. . . ."

O'Brien eats at his desk as he discusses the "Year 2000" bit. "You always feel that the desk piece"—the show's first piece—"has to be more durable," he says. "More showbiz. You want to give them their roughage. Act-fours"—the name for the last bit on the show—"can be almost subliminal. Like the Hooded Sweatshirt Guys."

He quickly shows me a tape of the Hooded Sweatshirt Guys, a running gag. The Guys—played by writers Jon Glaser and Brian Stack, wearing dark sweatshirts—rise up silently, eerily, in the lower corners of the screen, late in the show, as O'Brien and Richter sit talking about something else. Mute, goofy, staring presences, they answer all questions by nodding or shaking their heads. Their names are Ira and Jeremy. They apparently come in peace.

O'Brien barely suppresses a smile as he watches the screen. Visual and highly marginal, the Guys clearly approach the essence of comedy for him. "There is no discernible joke," he says. "It's the kind of thing that has to happen after one in the morning. Sometimes I worry about the show, and then I think, *It's 12:30 at night, for God's sake.* Our motto should be, 'If you have any complaints about the show, you shouldn't be up that late anyway.' "

FIVE-FIFTEEN P.M.: THE HALL OUTSIDE STUDIO 6A. Conan O'Brien, now in tie, dress shirt, and slick suit slacks, has been transformed from room guy into host. He does deep knee bends as the din of the Max Weinberg 7 booms through the double doors. Then he goes in for the warmup.

The audience greets him wildly; O'Brien beams. The 200 faces are primarily white and mainly very young. The average age looks to be about 17. O'Brien bounds up the steps, picks a cute blonde from the seats, and, as the band plays a pounding number, goes into a wild dance. The blonde tries to keep up, then is reduced to laughter. After the song is over, O'Brien, grinning, breathing hard, looks around the audience. They're his.

"Were you frightened by that?" he asks. "Who wet themself?"

He turns to the blonde. "Were you frightened, or was it like a sexual thing?" he asks her.

"Frightened," she says.

O'Brien looks ecstatic. "That's what I was going for," he says. ■

nightlife

Garing & Williams...Stubblefield & Scofield

Concerts

"The Aratasin African Cultural Revue"—9/20 at 6 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). $10–$24.*

Cowboy Junkies—9/18 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (496-7070). $28, $35.*

Creed—With Fuel and Finger Eleven. 9/15 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17.50–$20.*

The Andrew Cyrille Quartet—9/18 at 8 P.M. *N.Y. Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (594-7149). $12.*

Baby Jane Dexter—9/18 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 254 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $30.*

Hootie & The Blowfish—With Jump, Little Children. 9/16 at 7:15 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $27.50.*

Hank Jones—The prodigiously talented Jones brothers—drummer Elvin, trumpeter Thad, and pianist Hank—are one jazz's most epic dynasties. Most recently, Hank's been found dueting with Charlie Haden, to hauntingly lovely effect. For this gig, he goes it alone. 9/17 and 9/19 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

Ulhas Kashalkar—With Suresh Talwalkar, Shubendra Rao, Partho Sarathy, and Tanmoy Bose. 9/19 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). $25.*

Cleo Laine—With John Dankworth and friends. 9/16 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $15–$50.*

Miriam Makeba—Somalia's biggest star has weathered more travails to make this date than most pop stars could contemplate. She also happens to be a damn lovely singer. With the I-3's (Rita Marley, Judy Mowat, Marcia Griffith). 9/18 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 313 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25.*

John Scofield—On his recent *A Go-Go*, the guitarist got in touch with his inner chicken shack, laying down grooving boogaloo that would have made Grant Green proud. Two of the musicians who backed Scofield on the disc—organist John Medeski and bassist Chris Wood—are joined by guest drummer Clyde Stubblefield, of "Funky Drummer" fame. With Charlie Hunter & Pound for Pound. 9/19 at 8 P.M. *Irving Plaza, Irving Place at 15th St. (777-1224). $25.*

Tripping Daisy—With Branford Reed & His Amazing Pencilina. 9/17 at 8 P.M. *Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St. (307-7171). $12.50.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 9/16: Passion Fruit. 9/17: Closer. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/16: Paul Ruderman Band; Jessica Craven. 9/17: The Burns Sisters; Debby Schwartz; Liz Swados. 9/18–9/19: Jonatha Brooke; David Wilcox. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—9/18–9/19: England's Chemical Brothers are the best known—and best—big-beat outfit around. Their huge, rock-influenced electronica is simply as exciting as the digital domain gets. That said, the "brothers" (who aren't related) aren't playing one of their usual roof-raising sets this time around. Instead they're plugging their new D.J.-mix album, *Brothers Gonna Work It Out*, by spinning records. Have no fear, though: Unlike many other rocker dilettantes who jump on the wheels of steel out of boredom or affectation, the Chemicals are ultra-proficient on the decks, having cut their teeth as London D.J.'s long before they were cutting tunes as a band. 9/15: Harvey Danger; Creeper Lagoon; Spoon. 9/16: Stereo Total; Guv'ner; Muckafurgason; the Golden Showers. 9/17: Los Super 7. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 9/15: Beat Tree. 9/16: Automat. 9/17: Yolk; John Brown's Body. 9/18: Pinetop Seven. *161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 9/15: Blue Machine. 9/16: David Phelps. 9/17: Mark Hummel. 9/18–9/19: Otis Rush. 9/21: L.L. James; Sparechange. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swanky restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. 9/20: B. J. Crosby. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 9/18: Lunachicks; Stab City. 9/19: Honky Toast; Demonspeed; Girltoucher. 9/20: Yuppicide. 9/22: Everlast. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 9/15: Q-Burns Abstract Message. 9/17: Lyricist Lounge "360." 9/18–9/19: Germany's To Rococo Rot update their nation's noise-rock tradition (not to mention its obsession with palindromes). With Blonde Redhead, 9/18, and Cul de Sac, 9/19. 9/21: Thurston Moore. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

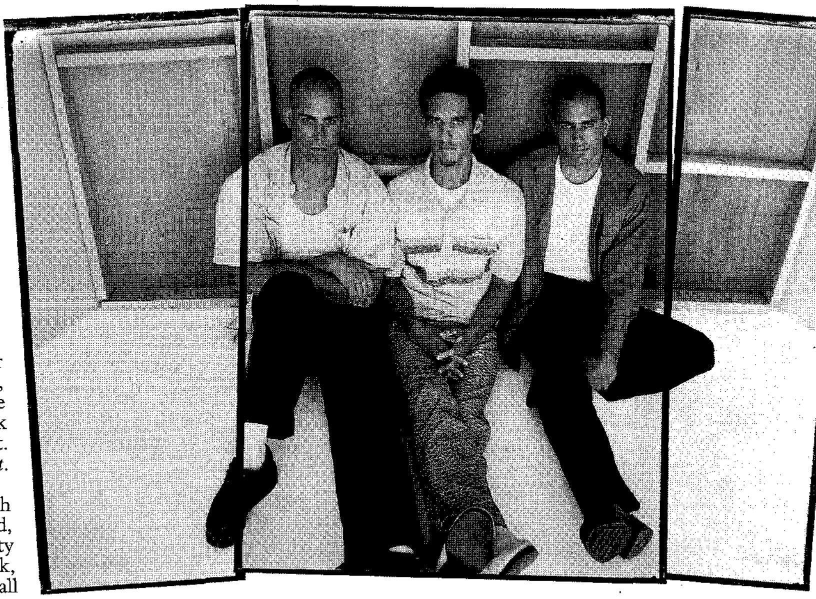
Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-

Performance

Tubular Swells

Dennis Wilson may have been the one Beach Boy who actually surfed, but he had nothing on the Surfers. Kelly Slater, Peter King, and Rob Machado sing, play guitar, write songs—and have been among the top professional surfers in the world (King is retired from the circuit). Mellow guitar-rock, not Wilson-brothers harmonies or Ventures twang, will be on tap when the Surfers make their New York debut at Wetlands, September 19.



Photograph by Jim Wright.

basement Old Office lounge. 9/14: Don Byron. 9/15–9/20: Pharoah Sanders. 9/21: Don Byron & Existential Dred. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).* $

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 9/16: The Jimmy Vivino/Catherine Russel All Star Blues Jam. 9/17: Coco Montoya. 9/18: Little Sammy Davis & Midnight Slim. 9/19: Tom Principato. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormant period, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. Through 9/17: When Todd Abramson quit as the beloved Maxwell's booker the year before last, Yo La Tengo were there to send him off his final night on the job. Now he's back, and though it's not his first night, the Hoboken trio's four-night stand does mark a spiritual homecoming of sorts. 9/18: The Silver Apples; Bardo Pond. 9/19: Cat Power; Tower Recordings. 9/20: Snowpony; Grandaddy. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 9/15: Mary Cutrufello; The Bisbees; You Am I. 9/16: Junior Brown. 9/17: Front of Truck; the Normans; Cross of Snow. 9/18: Frank Bingo; Travis Pickle; Kitty in the Tree; Birdy. 9/19: Snowpony; Grandaddy. 9/20: The Few; Pack of Lies. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 9/16: Flaco Jimenez; Bill Kirchen. 9/18: Simon and the Bar Sinisters; Angry Johnny and the Killbillies. 9/19: Rockabilly Explosion. 9/20: The Flying Neutrinos. 9/21: Western Caravan with Thirsty Dave. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night rollerskating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. 9/17: Fabio & Grooverider with McFlux. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404).* $.

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 9/15: Gabriela Anders. 9/16: Mecca Bodega; New Nile Orchestra. 9/17: Baba Olatunji. 9/18: D'Tripp. 9/19: Booya Brazil. 9/21: Eddie Palmieri. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Shine—Open only since December, Shine's already attracting crowds, and the usual celebrity suspects, like John-John, Wesley Snipes, megacool old-timers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo, Leo! 9/15: Daniela Cotton; Olu; Corey Glover. *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Now, if they could just dig up a club kid or two . . . 9/22: Photek. *20 W. 39th St. (719-9867).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big band swings with abandon. 9/18: Full Swing—Tribute to Louis Jordan. 9/19: The Camaros. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—9/18: Okay, so you know the parts in "Sex Machine," when James yells "Get up!" and this gritty, smoky voice answers "Get on up!"? That's Bobby Byrd—the Godfather's on- and offstage right-hand man (and organist), who's now passed his Soul Brotherly shout-out duties on to other, less worthy parties. As a solo performer, Byrd's somewhat hampered by the same gritty voice that made him such a great sideman. Nonetheless, he's quite a kick, and is joined by showstopping trombonist and fellow JB alum Fred Wesley. 9/19: Burning Spear with Rocker T and the I.R.T. Band. 9/20: C.J. Chenier & Red Hot Louisiana Band. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 9/17: Hank Williams Birthday Tribute with Alphabet City Opry (see box, this page). 9/18: Agnostic Front; Dropkick Murphys; U.S. Bombs. 9/21: Goatfest; Church of Betty; 101 Crustaceans; Johnny Society. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Happening

Americana Gothic

Greg Garing had a hunch that New Yorkers would support the Alphabet City Opry, his weekly country and bluegrass jam at 9C, but he had no idea that the tiny downtown dive would be inundated with roots enthusiasts in less than a year. "I was just looking for a place where my friends and I could play, and I accidentally started this country scene," says the singer, multi-instrumentalist, and reluctant impresario.

As the crowd began to spill out of the bar and into the street every Monday night, Garing decided it was time for a full-blown hootenanny. Enlisting the help of documentary filmmaker Rachel Liebling and dobroist "Uncle" Bob Sadenberg, the 31-year-old Garing (pictured) organized Full Circle, an expanded version of the Opry. It's an appropriate moniker, as these events bring together veteran players with young up-and-comers in the kind of environment that has always sustained traditional American music. "I feel a responsibility to see that this music is kept alive," says Garing, who lived in Nashville for nearly a decade and played fiddle with bluegrass legend Jimmy Martin before moving to New York.

The Bowery Ballroom debut of Full Circle featured performances by twenty musicians, including Steve Earle and Rodney Crowell, plus rare film footage of country and bluegrass elder statesmen such as Johnny Cash and the Stanley Brothers. The follow-up show (Wetlands, September 17) will pay tribute to Hank Williams on his 75th birthday, with performances of Williams's music by Garing and others and screenings of film clips culled from his all-too-brief career. Since his death in 1953 at age 29, Williams has been fully canonized by both mainstream Nashville and Garing's alternative-minded cohort. "Hank Williams epitomized the intensity of American roots music that we're honoring with Full Circle," says Garing. "He could sing right into your heart."

MEREDITH OCHS

Photograph by Jana Leon.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 9/15: Bobby Watson & Tailor Made Band. 9/16–9/17: As she approaches the eight-decade mark, Marian McPartland is still going strong, hosting her *Piano Jazz* radio show and leading a trio with impeccable smarts. 9/18–9/19: Dave Liebman Group. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M.

9/15–9/20: R&B saxophonist, fusion giant, and erstwhile *Night Music* host David Sanborn is in. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. 9/15: Dave Fiuczynski. 9/17: Jump with Bim Bam Baby. 9/18–9/19: Eric Person. 9/20: Domingo Calor with Jay Collins' Mofongo. 9/21: Greg Tuohey. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Iridium—9/15–9/20: The Nelson Riddle treatment Joe Lovano gave to a collection of standards on last year's *Celebrating Sinatra* was an interesting experiment. With emphasis on *experiment:* Judi Silvano's wordlessly melismatic vocalizing was just too reminiscent of the theremin line in the *Star Trek* theme music for comfort. This year, the tenorman's stripped his sound down, first offering a set of duets with Cuban pianist Gonzalo Rubalcaba, even more recently playing in the setting that suits him best: the trio. His blistering new *Trio Fascination* (on which Elvin Jones and Dave Holland provide an exquisitely muscular counterpoint for Lovano) offers a tantalizing foretaste of this date with the same personnel as the CD. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., Irish guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. 9/15–9/19: The Larry Coryell Quartet. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 9/18: Charles Davis with the Roni Ben-Hur Trio. All shows at 5:30 P.M. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory demographic. 9/16: Dorgon. 9/17: Anthony Coleman. 9/18: Pheeroan AkLaff, Taylor Bynum, Joe Daley, Steven Haynes, Bill Lowe, and Sid Smart. 9/19: Soultronix. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 9/20: Tommy Flanagan, the undisputed master of the piano trio, plays the second of two weeks. His fearsome command of the canon (and beyond), on display on the new *Sunset and the Mockingbird,* is all the more affecting live. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 9/15–9/19: Ken Peplowski; Michael Moore; Tom Mellto. 9/20: Pete Malinvemi; Jody Sandhaus. 9/21: Emme Kemp. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Talent

Give the Drummer Some

The shuffling, syncopated flow of James Brown's "Funky Drummer" may be the single most familiar beat in modern music, forming the basis of so many hip-hop tracks that one rapper advised his colleagues to "take the funky drummer and give him back to James." The actual drummer in question, Clyde Stubblefield, isn't rejoining Soul Brother No. 1 any time soon. But he is taking the stage (Irving Plaza, September 19), along with New York stalwarts John Medeski and Chris Wood, as part of John Scofield's new boogaloo endeavor. See "Concerts."

Illustration by P.J. Loughran.

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. 9/20, 9/22: All-Star Showcase with Jim David, Corey Kahaney, Dave Attell, and the Sklar Brothers. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50; two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/15–9/20: Carrie Karavas; Richie Byrne; John Rizzo. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M., and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 9/18–9/19: Wanda Sykes Hall; Rich Francese; Mitch Fatel. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," veterans of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post–Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the *Krofft Superstars* show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun is in, playing jazz hits of yesteryear through the fall. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 10/11: Barbara Cook. Every Monday, Woody Allen and Eddy Davis's crack Dixieland outfit take you back to the Big Easy. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Through 9/19: Jimmy Webb. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. Closed for August. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Avenue B Social Club—Just down the street from Charlie Parker's old apartment, this cozy, two-floor joint is the perfect place to down a Brooklyn wheat beer and kick your feet up. The live music can be excellent (Matthew Shipp is a regular), and no matter who's on the bill, the jukebox is among the best in the city. *99 Ave. B, bet. 6th and 7th Sts. (982-2511). $.*

in concert

Opening Night at the New York Philharmonic

Classical Music

Tuesday, September 15

Kiev Symphony Orchestra and Chorus—Performs works by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Prokofiev, Gershwin, Berlin, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$60.*

John Root, Piano—Performs works by Haydn, Chopin, Berio, Debussy, and Stravinsky. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; $9.*

Wednesday, September 16

New York Philharmonic—The Philharmonic opens its season with a benefit concert of Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture, Symphony No. 1, and Concerto for Violin, with violinist Isaac Stern. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; sold out.*

Joanne Polk, Piano—Performs *Ballad, Four Sketches,* Prelude and Fugue, and other works by Amy Beach, with guest artists Curtis Macomber and the Lark Quintet. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Thursday, September 17

Ernst Bacon Centennial—A performance of Bacon's songs for soprano based on Emily Dickinson poems, *A Life* for cello and piano, Trio No. 2, and songs for baritone. Featuring pianist Gilbert Kalish, cellist Joel Krosnick, and others. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's *Leonore* Overtures 1, 2, and 3; the *Fidelio* Overture; and Symphony No. 1. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$78.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Beethoven, Pinnington and Peskanov, and Shostakovich, with pianist Paul Ostrovsky, violinist Mark Peskanov, cellist Suren Bagratuni, and soprano DeBorge Pinnington. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$25.*

Friday, September 18

New York Philharmonic—See 9/17, at 11 A.M.

Saturday, September 19

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Symphonies No. 2 and 3 (*Eroica*). *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$78.*

Joanne Polk, Piano—See 9/16, at 8:30. Call for program information.

Sunday, September 20

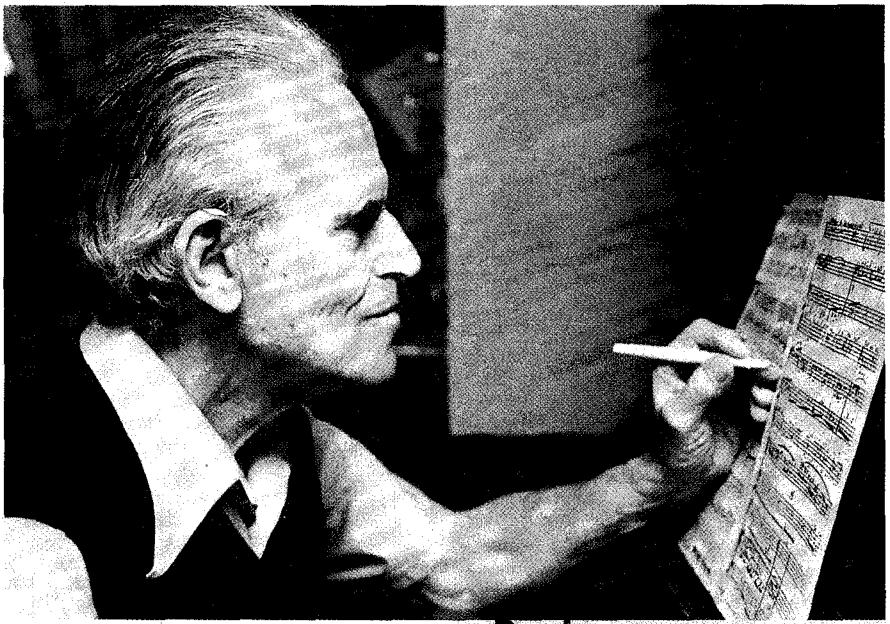
Immanuel Davis, Flute and Steven Gosling, Piano—Perform works by Ibert, Prokofiev, Davidowitz, and others. *Hotel Wales, 1295 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (876-6000), at 6 and 8; free.*

Nicole Heaston, Soprano—Performs works by Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Schubert, and others, as part of the Marilyn Horne Foundation's "On the Wings of Song" series. Accompanied by pianist Carol Anderson. *Music Gallery, Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $12.*

Bargemusic—See 9/17, at 4.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Photograph courtesy of Ellen Bacon.

Jazz

Wednesday, September 16

Dame Cleo Laine—Celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of her Carnegie Hall debut, with the John Dankworth ensemble and surprise guests. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$50.*

Thursday, September 17

Jazz at Lincoln Center—Performs "Jazz Jam: Have You Met Hank Jones?," an evening of big-band jazz with pianist Hank Jones, trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $37.50.*

Saturday, September 19

Jazz at Lincoln Center—See 9/17.

Opera

New York City Opera—Performs Puccini's *Tosca,* 9/15 at 7:30 and 9/18 at 8; Handel's *Partenope,* 9/16 at 7:30 and 9/19 at 1:30; and a double bill of Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins* and Orff's *Carmina Burana,* 9/19 at 8 and 9/20 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Amato Opera—Performs Puccini's *La Bohème,* 9/19 at 7:30, and 9/20 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20–$45.*

Miller Theater—Performances of Viktor Ullmann's chamber opera *Der Kaiser von Atlantis,* directed by Gregorij H. von Lëitis, 9/15 and 9/17–9/19 at 8. *Miller Theater, Dodge Hall, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799); $30.*

Previews

Bacon Bits

Though he is considered by many to be one of America's greatest composers, often compared with the likes of Copland and Ives, Ernst Bacon has not exactly become a household name. Even the Ernst Bacon Society admits he's the "dark horse" of twentieth-century composers. To remedy the situation, the Society will present a concert of his signature pieces—including songs inspired by Emily Dickinson poems and *A Life,* a tribute to his son—on Thursday at Merkin Hall.

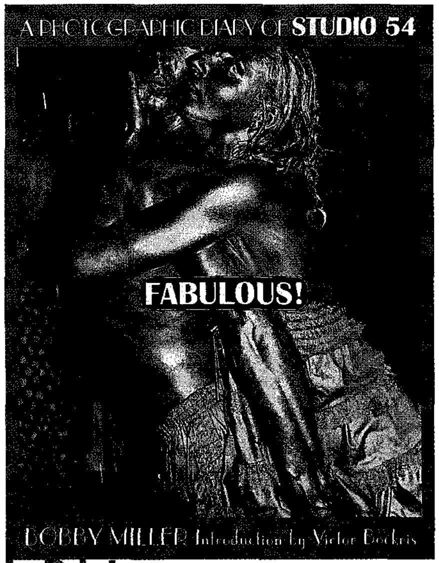
Dance

Ballet Argentino—American Ballet Theater principal Julio Bocca and his company perform *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort, Cautivos, Concertango,* and *Desde Lejos,* 9/16–9/19 at 8 and 9/20 at 3. *City Center, 151 W. 55th St. (581-1212), $20–$50.*

Teatron Theater—Performs *Kafka, or the Search Goes On,* a Surrealist work centered around the interactions of a vaudevillian chimpanzee and a down-and-out theater director. The piece is based on Kafka's *Report to an Academy* and directed by Yehuda Almagor, 9/15–9/17 and 9/19 at 6:30 and 9/20 at 3. *Dance Theater Workshop, Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $20.*

the mix

Art in Central Park...Voices of the Bowery


A PHOTOGRAPHIC DIARY OF STUDIO 54
FABULOUS!
BOBBY MILLER Introduction by Victor Bockris

In Print

Flash Photography

If the fashion, the fables, and the flicks haven't given you your fill of the seventies at Studio 54, Bobby Miller's new collection of photographs, 'Fabulous!,' will. Miller offers a slide lecture on the notorious nightspot in conjunction with the Downtown Arts Festival on September 17.

John Leonard's TV Notes

Anne Frank: The Missing Chapter (9/15; 9 to 10 P.M.; A&E) lets us listen in as Bill Kurtis interviews historians and childhood friends of Anne's on what the long-suppressed pages of her diary now tell us about her harsh feelings toward her mother, and provides us with speculation on who really betrayed the family to the Nazis.

The Inspectors (9/20; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) teams up Louis Gossett Jr. and Jonathan Silverman as post-office cops tracking down a mail-bomb killer with much the same savvy as a posse of their federal ancestors tracked down Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid — except they get to use computers and play darts. Some nice red herrings here, and, with Gossett as his own executive producer, a series wouldn't surprise me.

The Marriage Fool (9/20; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks us to root for widower Walter Matthau to fall in love with widowed Carol Burnett in spite of the objections of his own womanizing son, John Stamos, who can't even commit to someone as perfectly blonde as Teri Polo. Exactly what Carol sees in Walter may be a mystery to most of us, but what most of us see in Carol is a reason to watch television.

Conrad Bloom (9/21; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; NBC), the first of two new NBC sitcoms whose pilots are directed by James Burrows, asks us to care about Mark Feuerstein as an advertising account executive who is such a nice guy that he neglects a willing-and-very-available girlfriend (Christin Moore) to baby-sit for his art director (Jessica Stone) or go ballroom-dancing with his widowed mother (Linda Lavin) or bail his activist sister (Ever Carradine) out of jail. Steve Landesberg, from Barney Miller, is also around as a doped-up seventies leftover. The jokes are about Robert De Niro, Wolf Blitzer, and global warming.

Will & Grace (9/21; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; NBC), the other Burrows-directed pilot, posits the moving in of Debra Messing, a heterosexual interior decorator, with Eric McCormack, a homosexual lawyer, because not only do they happen to be best friends but they can count on each other to play the $10,000 Pyramid game, enjoy the same French films, and laugh at, if they haven't made, the same jokes about *ER*, Pop-Up Videos, grizzly bears on the Discovery Channel, Brooklyn and, well . . . "You are so Markie Post in every single Lifetime movie." The fact that I laughed at these jokes too means that I, too, watch far too much television.

Radio Highlights

"Sunshine Hotel: Last of the Bowery Flops"—9/18: An audio portrait of the residents of this skid-row flophouse, whose lives seem to be of a different time and place. At $4.50 a night, rooms at the Sunshine are some of the cheapest quarters in New York City, and the isolates that inhabit them offer fascinating reports from the fringe. WNYC, 4:30 P.M. on 820 AM and 7:30 P.M. on 93.9 FM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 9/19: Robert Cohen, author of *Milk—The Deadly Poison;* Aryeh Neier, president of the Open Society Institute and former executive director of Human Rights Watch and the ACLU discusses war crimes and criminals; Richard Chalfant, architect and author, explains current trends in residential architecture and public structures. WOR, 710 AM.

New York & Company—Weekdays at 12 P.M. 9/15: Nansook Hong, author of *In the Shadow of the Moons;* Simon Winchester on *The Professor and the Madman;* Kris Kristofferson on his role in *A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries.* 9/16: Etymologist Richard Lederer; Andrea Barrett on *The Voyage of the Narwhal;* Jean-Georges Vongerichten gives cooking lessons; Peter Manz and Larry Kardish on the Museum of Modern Art's presentation of eight films from the golden age of German cinema. 9/17: Aryeh Neier on *War Crimes;* John Ridley on *Love Is a Racket;* Nathan Smith and David Isay on "The Sunshine Hotel." 9/18: Al and Larry Ubell on home improvement; Christopher Patten, Hong Kong's last British governor, on *East and West.* WNYC, 820 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 9/20: Paul Hoffman, author of *The Man Who Loved Only Numbers.* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Alice James Books' Benefit Reading—9/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Olga Broumas, Deborah Digges, Donald Hall, Richard Howard, Timothy Liu, Richard McCann, Grace Paley, and Jean Valentine give a twenty-fifth-anniversary reading. Buttenwieser Hall, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Sebastian Barry—9/14 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his new novel, *The Whereabouts of Eneas McNulty.* Glucksman Ireland House, 1 Washington Mews. (998-3950); $5.

Grace Paley—9/15 at 7:30 P.M.: The National Book Award finalist reads from her latest, *Just As I Thought.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Jackie Chan—9/15 at 12:30 P.M.: Reading from *I Am Jackie Chan: My Life in Action.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Michael Lowenthal—9/15 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Same Embrace.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Helen Schulman and Dani Shapiro—9/16 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *The Revisionist* and *Slow Motion,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Ernesto Mestre—9/16 at 6 P.M.: Reading from his favorite works. Café Bvlgari, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (800-BVLGARI, ext. 5); free.

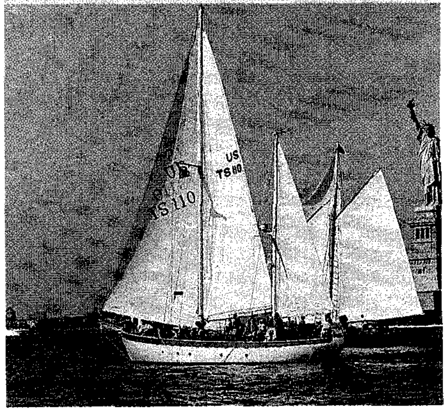
Andrea Barrett—9/17 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *The Voyage of Narwhal.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Liz Trotta—9/17 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *Jude: A Pilgrimage to the Saint of Last Resort.* Logos, 1575 York Ave. (387-9588); free.

Doris Kloster—9/17 at 6 P.M.: Signing *Forms of Desire.* Rizzoli, 454 West Broadway (674-1616); free.

Judy Collins—9/17 at 7 P.M.: The folk diva reads from

Happening **More than 40 classic schooners take to the Hudson in the 32nd Annual Mayor's Cup Race September 19 at the South Street Seaport Museum. Despite the yachting motif, leave the white pants at home—it's after Labor Day. See "Sports" for further information.**



Photograph: Bottom right, Philippe Cheng.

her memoir, *Singing Lessons.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway at 66th St. (595-6859); free

Peter Rock—9/18 at 7:30 p.m.: Reading from *Carnival Wolves.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Lectures and Panels

Ruth Elias—9/14 at 12 P.M.: A luncheon featuring the author of *Triumph of Hope: From Theresienstadt and Auschwitz to Israel.* The Pierre Hotel, 2 E. 61st St. (983-0825); $150, reservations must be made by Sept. 9.

"What Do Women Really Want?"—9/15 at 8:15 P.M.: Helen Gurley Brown, Leonard Lopate, and Grace Mirabella decide. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $30.

"The Power of Publicity"—9/15 at 6:30 P.M.: P.R. guru Lee Canaan explains the intricacies of lifestyle and beauty public relations. The Seminar Center, for location and reservations, call 655-0077; $27.

"Cuba: Behind the headlines"—9/15 at 8 A.M.: Lucia Newman, Havana-bureau chief of CNN International, leads a discussion over breakfast. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950); $20–$40.

"The Sunshine Hotel"—9/17 at 7 P.M.: Producer David Isay leads a panel discussion on his documentary about the last Bowery flophouses. There will also be a slide show with the photographs of Harvey Wang. The Lower East Side Tenement Museum's "kitchen," 90 Orchard St. (431-0233, ext. 440); free.

Studio 54—9/17 at 7:30 P.M.: Bobby Miller, the photographer behind the new book *Fabulous!,* offers an insider's slide lecture on the seventies hot spot. The Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (966-4844); $8–$10.

Ralph Bakshi—9/17 at 7 P.M.: The animator behind *Heavy Traffic, The Lord of the Rings, American Pop,* and *Wizards* has returned to his first love, painting. The artist will speak on his work and life at the School of Visual Art's Amphitheater, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2011); free.

Anna Quindlen—9/18 at 7:30 A.M.: The award-winning writer discusses her recent book *How Reading Changed My Life* with CBS News reporter Leslie Stahl. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $30.

"Chinese Vegetarian Tofu and Soy"—9/19 at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.: You'll never need takeout again after you learn the art of Chinese cooking. 70 Mulberry St., fifth floor (718-468-4586); $35.

Harbor Visions Forum—9/17 at 6 P.M.: Examine the past, present, and future of New York's waterfront. South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St. (748-8600); $8–$12.

Events

Afternoon of Arts in the Garden—9/19 at 12 P.M.: View an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and photography by local artists and enjoy a concert by the Mannes College of Music's Brass Quintet in Central Park's only formal garden. The Conservatory Garden, Fifth Ave. at 105th St. (860-1382); free.

German-American Steuben Parade—9/19 at 12 P.M.: In honor of the U.S. military personnel who participated in the Berlin airlift. On Fifth Ave. from 63rd to 86th Sts. (516-239-0741).

Black History Extravaganza—9/19 at 11 A.M.: Fifty dealers of memorabilia will participate. The Borough of Manhattan Community College, 199 Chambers St. (532-1151); $5.

Downtown Arts Festival—Through 9/20: Highlights of this eleven-day arts extravaganza include free behind-the-scenes talks and walks in the Chelsea arts district; a "musical peace happening" with Sheva, an Israeli-Arab ensemble; Dave Muller's "Three Day Weekend" art installation and loft party; and a poetry reading at the African Burial Ground, to name just a few of the 274 events and projects. A free magazine-size festival program is available at all Manhattan Starbucks stores and all festival locations. The Ohio Theater will serve as headquarters, 66 Wooster St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (925-4200); $10 for the ArtCard, which provides discounted or free admission to all events.

72nd Annual Feast of San Gennaro—Through 9/20: Music, food, parades, and Italian culture. Activities take place on Mulberry Street between Canal and Houston Streets, and along Hester and Grand Streets between Baxter and Mott Streets. The main stage, on Grand Street just west of Mulberry, will host live bands each night at 7:30 P.M.; performances on the second stage, on Mulberry between Prince and Houston Streets, will take place on weekend nights only, at 7:30 P.M. All proceeds to benefit local charitable organizations. Call 768-9320 for more information.

Benefits

"Beck and Al Hansen: Playing With Matches"—9/15 at 8 P.M.: An evening of cocktails, snacks, and music by Beck, Marianne Faithfull, foot, Larry Miller, Rebecca Moore, and others, to benefit Thread Waxing Space, where the work of Beck and his grandfather Al is on view from 9/16–10/24. The Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. (564-6367); $150–$5,000.

"Building Blocks of Hope"—9/15 at 7 P.M.: A gala dinner to benefit the Easter Seals of New York, which will establish a center to provide day care, education, and evaluation to people with disabilities. The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. (572-6227); $500–$10,000.

Harvest in the Square—9/17 at 7:30 P.M.: An eating extravaganza to benefit the 14th Street-Union Square Local Development Corporation, with preparations of the executive chefs from thirty neighborhood restaurants. Union Square Park's North Plaza. (843-9265); $60-$75.

Exhibitions

"The Edge of Awareness"—9/15–10/15: Works by 40 artists from five continents, underscoring the ability of art to address world health issues. Simultaneously showing at P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave., Long Island City, Queens (718-784-2084); $5 suggested donation; and United Nations Visitor's Lobby, First Ave. at 46th St. (963-7111); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George will be on display along with props and costumes. The American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

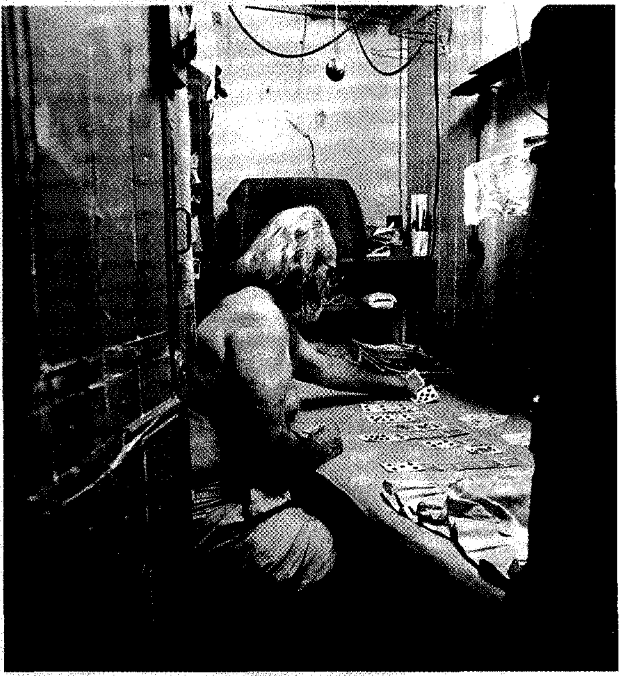
"Laurence Olivier: Four Crowning Achievements"—Through 11/29: A unique opportunity to better understand one of the most acclaimed actors of his era, this series features some of Olivier's best television work: *A Voyage Round My Father, The Collection, Love Among the Ruins, King Lear.* The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commem-

On Air

Heartbreak Hotel

Like the countless other corners of this city that are being scrubbed clean of their grit, New York's skid row, the Bowery, has become an urban palimpsest. The gentrified stretch's night crawlers are more likely to be models than hard-luck rummies these days, but the Bowery's past lives on at a flophouse that still offers rooms—and a virtually obsolete way of life—for under $10 a night. "On the one hand, it's probably as close as you can come to living in hell: 125 dysfunctional guys crammed together in a crummy old hotel. On the other hand, it's pretty interesting," says hotel manager Nathan Smith in David Isay's radio documentary "The Sunshine Hotel," which airs on NPR September 18. Award-winning producer and author Isay and associate producer Stacy Abramson spent a year recording the stories of this self-enclosed world through the voices of its inhabitants. We are introduced to Fat Anthony, who weighs 425 pounds and walks around in a sheet because his clothes no longer fit. "Anthony's an orphan who came to the Bowery as a teenager about twenty years ago . . . something about this place caused him to eat, and eat, and eat," explains Smith. "The world's still here and we're still here," says Eddie, a resident musician who played with Tito Puente before having a mental breakdown, and came to the Sunshine for a night—30 years ago. "Within a month of our finishing this project, Fat Anthony entered a hospital and Eddie moved to a mental institution," says Isay, "so even though in many ways this place has been the same for 70 years, it's also very fragile." Isay will lead a panel discussion accompanied by the photographs of Harvey Wang at the Lower East Side Tenement Museum on September 17. ARIEL LEVY



Photograph by Harvey Wang.

Wolff *continued from page 24*

and getting them to deliver a suitable return. (An exception to this discipline appears to be *George*, a dubious business proposition; obviously the JFK Jr. brand was the selling point for Pecker.) The Pecker formula is to produce a reasonable facsimile of the original product with only a marginal loss of quality (warning: this is what editors call "soul") at significant overall savings. Obviously, this potential loss of "soul" will be a concern to *New Yorker* staffers. We believe, however, that if Pecker is kept in the background, and if the French owners are brought in to smooth the transition (chairman Daniel Filipacchi is very French and very charming!), this will undoubtedly be reassuring to the *New Yorker* staff.

Michael Kinsley—Kinsley, former editor of *The New Republic* and a *Firing Line* host, now the editor of Microsoft's Seattle-based online magazine *Slate*, was offered the job of editor of *The New Yorker* by Newhouse following Tina Brown's resignation. Kinsley, who is generally regarded as a bit of a prima donna and who seems to feel that no position quite matches his unquestionably significant accomplishments, asked for some time to think about the offer. Before he could accept, however, Newhouse told him that he had reconsidered—and then offered the job to David Remnick. Naturally, Kinsley was upset. So much so that he intemperately sent an e-mail to friends explaining how he had in essence been fired from a job he'd never held. This e-mail (circulated widely) appears to have left Kinsley stigmatized both for having lost the job and for having had the bad sense to send such an e-mail. Clearly, a way for him to recover his dignity is to buy *The New Yorker*. Our assumption is that he could finance the deal through his relationship with Microsoft. This will be unsettling for *New Yorker* staff—but Kinsley's staff at *Slate* is reportedly eager to step in and take over. Kinsley and Gates at *The New Yorker*'s helm could be a powerful combination.

Recommendation

We do not foresee significant fees accruing from this transaction. Nevertheless, given *The New Yorker*'s prestige, we recommend that the firm actively seek a position either on the buy or the sell side of a transaction. We believe there is a high probability of success if we can bring a suitable deal to members of the Newhouse family. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

On View

The fiftieth anniversary of the World Health Organization brings with it "The Edge of Awareness," an exhibition that originated in Geneva and will make it to São Paulo and New Delhi after its visit here. The show—with works by 40 international artists focusing on health and human rights—will appear at both P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center and the United Nations, in keeping with its itinerant ways. Opens September 15 at both locations.

orating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

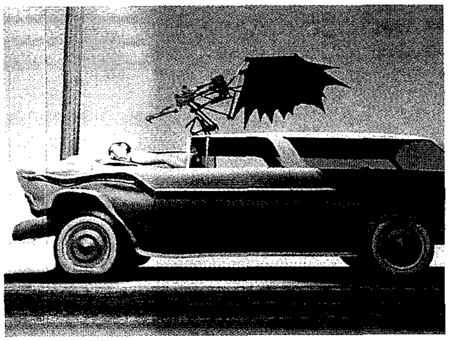
"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

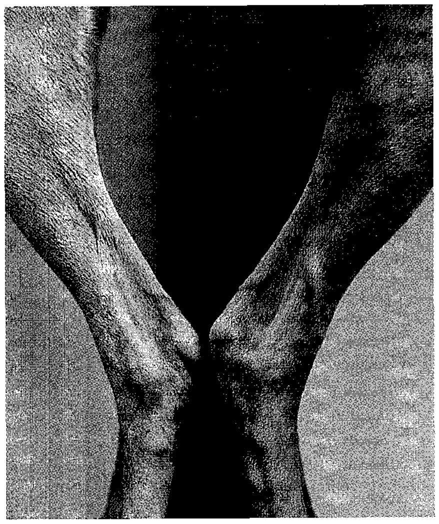
Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to visit a new Website each weekday. This week we'll take you to: a site that will make sure you're educated at the ballots; a U.K. Webzine that updates on the underground; another site aimed at keeping surfers healthy; a daily quote server; and a site that molds cyberspace into a provocative digital art experience. But wait! Before you leave www.nymag.com, check out all the other great features we've got, like selected articles from the current issue and an expanded "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals in Angie Maximo's "Cheap Thrills," new books in "First Words," daily New York trivia, and our helpful, online Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

Wall Street Run/Walk 5K—9/17 at 6:00 P.M.: The New York Road Runners Club hosts this annual event to benefit the American Heart Association. The race starts and finishes at West Street near 1 World Financial Center in Battery Park City. Call 860-4455 for more information.





Boston–New York AIDS Ride 4 Presented by Tanqueray—9/17–9/19: Once again, cyclists trek from Boston to New York in one of the five city-to-city AIDS Rides held each year. Closing ceremonies will be on the 19th, when more than 3,000 bikers will invade New York for the last leg of their 275-mile journey.

The Fortune 5K Fight Against Prostate Cancer—9/19: Help out the Prostate Cancer initiative by participating in this 5K in Central Park. Registration fee is $15; $20 on race day. Preregistration on Saturday is from 7 A.M until 8:15 A.M, with the race starting at West Drive and 67th Street at 8:30 A.M. To register and get more info, call 860-4455.

32nd Annual Mayor's Cup Race—9/19 at 12 P.M.: Pier 16 at the South Street Seaport (Fulton and South Streets). A Circle Line spectator boat will be available for those who wish to get up close and personal on race day. Boat boards at 11 A.M. Tickets are $25 and available in advance by calling 748-8786 or at the Pier on the day of the event. All proceeds benefit the South Street Seaport Museum.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							
JETS							IND CBS 1PM
YANKEES	BOS MSG 7PM	BOS MSG 7PM	TAM MSG 6:30PM	TAM MSG 6:30PM	BAL MSG 6:30PM	BAL MSG 6:30PM	BAL ESPN 8:00PM
METS	HOU FSNY 7:30PM	HOU FSNY 4:00PM (DH)	HOU FSNY 7:30PM		FLA FSNY 7PM	FLA UPN 4PM	FLA UPN 1:30PM
METROSTARS			DC MSG2 7:30PM				
	9/14	9/15	9/16	9/17	9/18	9/19	9/20

Photographs courtesy of the School of Visual Arts.

kids

Creation Myth...Fish...Circus

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Gone Fishing—This weekend, the Harlem Meer—an eleven-acre lake at the northwest corner of **CENTRAL PARK** stocked with 50,000 fish—hosts its second-annual free Fleet Bank Fishing Jamboree. Competition among youngsters in the 6-to-12 age group is to snag the longest fish. All weekend long there are fly-tying demonstrations, live music, craft activities, T-shirt giveaways, storytelling, and tours of the local ecosystem—all on the subject of fish. 9/19 and 9/20 from 11 to 5. Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, 110th Street near Fifth Ave. (212 860-1374). Advanced registration is required. ●

Stringing Along—The International Festival of Puppet Theater brings a multitude of theatrical productions, films, and exhibits that children will thoroughly approve of—although it's worth pointing out that most of what is on offer is strictly adult fare. For kids, a program of classic puppet animation on film—with gems like George Pal's *Tubby the Tuba* and Wladyslaw Starewicz's *The Insect's Christmas*—is at the **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM** 9/20 at 2:30 P.M. In theaters, *The Fable and the Fox* (9/19 and 9/20 at the **PUBLIC THEATER**) is inspired by a true story about a Spanish hunter who inadvertently befriends his prey; *Isidor's Cheek,* at **THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS** (9/19 through 9/27), follows the escapades of a bored cheek that decides to run away; *The Firebird* (see listing below) is a shadow-puppet production of the Stravinsky classic at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER** by Italy's Teatro Gioco Vita. Productions that festival organizers suggest for audiences of adults and older kids include *Slap Head, Demon Barber, Dr. Kronopolis and the Timekeeper Chronicles, Short Stories* (see photo), and matinee performances of Great Small Works' *Toy Theater.* Fifty toy theaters from Europe and the Americas are on display at **LOS KABAYITOS** (9/9 through 9/27); "Masks and Magic of Ralph Lee" is on view at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** (9/9 through 9/27). For ticket prices and further information, call 439-7529, ext. 1998, or visit the Website www.henson.com/festival.

The Firebird—The Russian folktale set to Igor Stravinsky's score comes to life with the machinations of two puppeteer dancers, creating fireworks of light against a modern scaffold set. This opening production of the **NEW VICTORY THEATER**'s season is part of the Jim Henson Foundation's International Festival of Puppet Theater (see listings above). 9/19 through 9/27. 209 W. 42nd St. (382-4020). $20.

Safe Harbor—Dancing in the Streets relives stories of immigration that Red Hook harbor has seen, in twilight performances that will involve some walking around. Part of "New York City 100: Greater New York Centennial Celebration," the production is recommended for anyone steady on his or her pegs—over the age of 5, perhaps, and under 105. At the end of each evening's performance, overlooking the candlelit harbor, a chorus of voices will chant a tribute to past generations who have lived in this community. (A round-trip bus leaves from Barnes & Noble, Union Square, at 6 P.M., and from Borough Hall in Brooklyn at 6:15. Tickets for the bus transportation are $10, and reservations are required.) Through 9/20 at 7. Pier 41, 204–207 Van Dyke St., Red Hook, Brooklyn (989-6830).●●

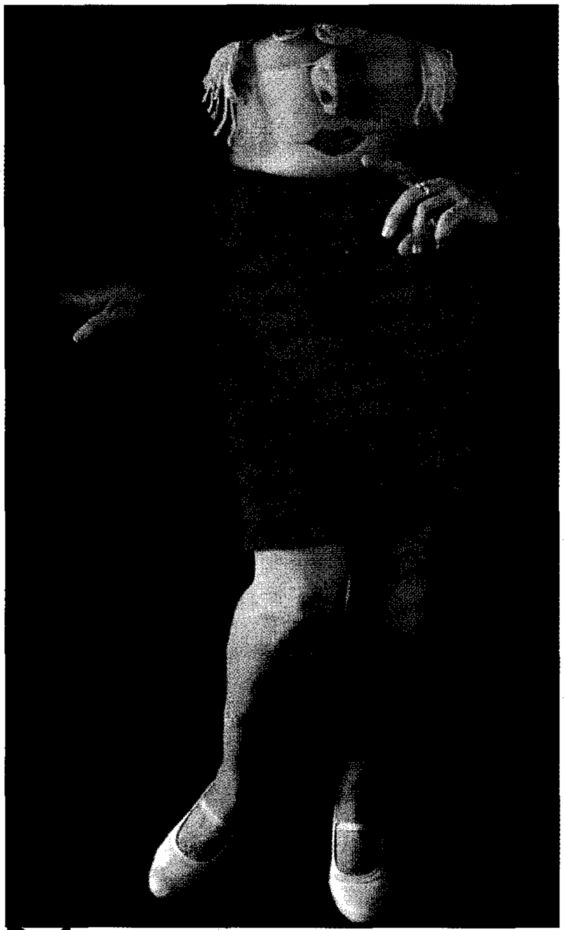
Small Is Beautiful—Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse begins another season of funny takes on traditional stories—where children are more than welcome to get up on stage and join in the action. Weekend performances of *Sleeping Beauty* are at 1:30, with *Hansel, Gretel and the Jolly Gingerbread Man* at 3. 9/12 through 11/22. **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE,** 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $8.

Thinking Big—Don't worry, lots and lots of birds form a net to cushion *The Woman Who Fell From the Sky,* and the Great Turtle offers up his back so she has somewhere to land. Mettawee River Company's production, based on three versions of the Iroquois creation story, is directed by Ralph Lee. The one-hour performance, with puppets, masks, and live music—suitable for children ages 6 and older—will be performed at the **CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,** through 9/20 at 7:30. 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (929-4777). Suggested contribution $6 for adults, $2 for children under 12. Reservations are not necessary. ●

One-World Circus —Part of a conspiracy to get kids not to feel they have to go so far as to run away to join the circus, the **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**'s World Circus Exhibition—here until January 8—opens with a bang this weekend. At workshops (both days at 11, 1, and 3) kids can put on clown makeup and learn some clowning know-how. Performers with the Russian-American Children's circus give afternoon performances in the rooftop theater (9/19 at noon and 2). The exhibit itself, created by two museums in Canada, is interactive too. In 1,200 square feet, kids are invited to try out walking on a tightrope, juggling, and swinging on a trapeze. Opening events are 9/19 and 9/20. (Next week, 9/27 at 11 and 1, a circus ringmaster leads more hands-on workshops.). 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400). Suggested admission is $3.

Getting Down—On the final day of the mostly-for-adults Downtown Arts Festival, kids can roll up their sleeves and make instruments out of plastic fruits and vegetables that creak, squeak, and rattle. The instrument-making workshop runs from noon to 2:30; concurrent with it are several other Kids Day festival events: a musical performance of *The Five Wacky Witches,* a popular Israeli children's book that's recently been published in translation (at noon), and Dream Yard Drama Project poetry readings and performances by kids (at 1:30). **OHIO THEATER,** 66 Wooster Street (between Spring and Broome). $4 suggested donation; one child admitted free with each parent with an ArtCard.●

Outdoor Games—Borrow a horseshoe set, some hula hoops maybe, a Nerf ball, or a couple of bats and Wiffle balls, and bring a valid I.D., to better enjoy **CENTRAL PARK**'s North Meadow Recreation Center with a bunch of kids. Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. and weekends from 11 to 8. Mid-Park at 97th St.; call 348-4867 to reserve equipment.●



Performance Body Parts

As children, we thought nothing of enlisting our fingers and toes to portray entire people. So there's something familiar and funny, especially for kids, about the body parts standing in for actors in Teatro Hugo and Inés's 'Short Stories'—in which, for instance, a belly button (above) becomes a hungry lady's mouth. For kids older than about 7, and adults. At the Public Theater September 15 through 20, as part of the Jim Henson Foundation's International Festival of Puppet Theater. Tickets are $30. Call 279-4200 for reservations.

Photograph courtesy of Hugo & Ines.

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

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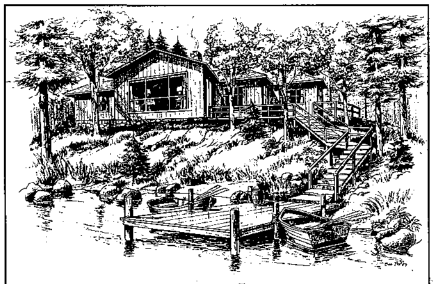

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Strictly Personals

Someone To Watch Over Me—And vice-versa. I'm a real head-turner who is seeking a secure man. Weight, height, age and looks are not the focus. A good heart and soul, generous, thoughtful, sincere, caring and affectionate are what I want. I am all of these and much more. A very sexy, 50-year-young lady who only wants to give love. I'm self-employed, love to dance, travel, cook, play tennis and am very sports-minded. I want forever and ever. Note and number, please. 5193 ✉

First-Time Ad—Me: single male, intelligent, successful, very good-looking, fit, 40, 6', 200 lbs, tan - enjoy travel, dining, boating and most sports. You: 28-32, smart, bubbly personality, sexy, slim, with a heart of gold. Photo, please. 5186 ✉

Successful, Athletic, Very Handsome—Jewish male, 41, who enjoys a good laugh, having fun and living well, seeks attractive, adventurous, passionate, nonsmoking, witty female, 32-39 (need not be Jewish), to enjoy romantic evenings and possibly much more. Photo, phone and note. Will exchange. 5245 ✉

CEO, Green-Eyed GQ Type—45, 6', fit and athletic, worldly, witty, financially/emotionally secure, holding out for smart, feisty, slim, sexy soul mate, 20s-30s, 5'3" plus, for romance, commitment and family. Photo a must; will exchange. 5218✉

Search For A Good Heart—By a caring, cerebral, successful CEO/inventor with expansive heart, mind. A handsome, affectionate, quite romantic Renaissance man, 5'10", trim, fit, 43, funny, seeks kind, refined woman under 37, family-oriented. Phone/photo necessary. 5244✉☎

I Know He's Out There—And I want to find him. Two years widowed, young 46, beautiful, sweet, warmhearted, exotic female looking for doctor, lawyer or other professional man, 45-60 young, for companionship, monogamous relationship. Please be intelligent, sincere, honest, fit, with good conversational skills. Looks aren't everything but they count. I'm an artist, enjoy music (opera to doo-wop), tennis, good dining, good wine, cuddling by a fire, foreign movies, books, museums, long drives in country and cooking. I don't smoke, but enjoy an occasional Cuban cigar. Financially secure. Let's see if we complement each other; love to meet over coffee and take it from there. Please include photo and short note. 5236 ✉

Ready For Love, Marriage, 2-3 Kids—Very pretty woman seeking a special man, 30s-47, who's ready for the same, to share what really matters in life. Photo. 5217 ✉

South Shore Gem—Seeks permanent Valentine. I'm 49 (look 39), classy, affectionate and emotionally available, with long ash-blond hair and a great sense of humor. I love the simple and sophisticated, Broadway, fine dining...but Frosted Flakes at 2am in bed sounds great too. Your integrity and honesty mean a lot to me. Your heart and mind matter more than your exterior. Studmuffins of no substance need not respond. I'm easygoing, generous and young at heart. If you are a fine person seeking a truly significant other, I'd love to hear from you. Note/photo, please. 5207 ✉

Seeking A Consummate Gentleman—Who is older (but not too old), Jewish, and comfortable in his own skin, interested in meeting a pretty (all-American look) vivacious, voluptuous, bright brunette, 36, who is seeking the "real deal". 5252 ✉ ☎

Seeking My Soul Mate—Single Jewish man, boyish-looking 40, warm, sentimental and playful, seeks a smart, spirited woman for lasting romance. Pleasures range from the serious (opera, linguistics, philosophy) to the pedestrian (well, I love to walk) to the downright silly (no confessions in print). Will take an average or Rubenesque build over the "waif" look any day, but a kind and generous spirit is the only sine qua non. Photo appreciated (not required). 5231 ✉ ☎

Gay White Female—42, feminine, very attractive, intelligent, imaginative, seeks older but similar, sophisticated, lovely woman of substance who desires a truly romantic experience with exceptional afterglow leading to a fascinating, stable relationship. Photo if possible/note. 5251 ✉

Beautiful Blond Model—Jewish, classy, with MBA, seeks handsome, fit, Jewish, successful MD/DDS/JD, 38-43 years old, who is emotionally secure, financially established and marriage-minded. Note/photo, please. 5203 ✉ ☎

Athletic, Adventurous, Accomplished—Single white female, 40 - has achieved professional goals and more yet still seeks true companion...for skiing, golf, midnight suppers, moonlight walks and take-out with Ally McBeal. Good sense of humor essential; potential for love and commitment would be nice too. Carpe diem! Photo/note appreciated. 5190✉☎

Seek And Ye May Find—A very attractive, energetic Jewish widow, 61, 5'4", a bit zaftig, vibrant personality, professional, Westchester, Boca Raton. Looking to meet an educated, traveled Jewish male, 60-70, physically fit, nonsmoker, to share the future. Photo. 5234✉

I'm A Traveling Man—(Long weekends, that is)... 48, 5'9", 155, long hair. Caribbean, desert, mountains...at least once a month. Need in-shape, nonsmoking adventuress, 32-42, with time to split, laugh and love. Note/photo/phone. 5232 ✉ ☎

Seeking Italian Beauty—25-35, for serious relationship. I'm a successful, handsome, athletic CEO with an exceptional lifestyle. Photo/note. 5184 ✉

Legs That Don't Stop—Beautiful, tall, thin and very athletic, is how most would immediately label this exceptional woman, but there is much more than what meets the eye. I am in my 30s, the CEO of a renowned manufacturing company, who is unusually successful, confident, passionate, with an infectious smile and boundless energy. I have long ago achieved my financial goals and desire a man interested in long-term mutual respect and spoiling. The energy and time once focused on my career, I now choose to dedicate to a great romance. Looking for a dynamic, confident and successful man, 35-50, with a warm heart and a spirit for living. Great looks will attract me, but a quick, challenging mind will hold me. Photo/note. 5201 ✉

Striking, Tall Blond—5'10", 125, willowy, high-energy, outgoing, heart of gold. Sane. JD, Law Review. Jewish - Wasp looks of 35. Divorced. Seeks: tall, fit, handsome, successful male (leader in field preferred), traditional values (honesty, integrity, sanity) - for fun/friendship. RSVP. 5239 ✉

This Caring Man—Would be happy by simply being with you: a playful, unpretentious, expressive, 25-plus woman. You get: hugs, sensitive-as-a-seismograph Manhattanite, more-than-okay looks on a Tour de France-fit 6' frame, never taken for 40, truly deep-pocketed, daydreaming about a family with nice additions. A note with some prose, please. 5182 ✉

Billy Zane Type—NY nightlife was fun, but it's time to move on. 29. 6'1", good-looking, sharp and fit, Jewish (nonreligious), very successful - enjoys everything outdoors, NYC and great restaurants. If you're a 5'5" plus, normal, skinny, witty, stylish and independent young woman who can keep a secret how we met, don't be shy... You'll be surprised. Full-length photo and note (will exchange). 5248 ✉

Jewish Doctor—Mid 40s, with heart of gold, seeks sensitive soul mate for lasting relationship. Interest in theater, opera and long walks in Central Park a plus. Please include photo with short letter. 5241 ✉

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Wanted: Partner For Parenthood—Sincere, attractive, fit, financially secure older gentleman seeks bright, healthy, sincere woman, 30-40, to have, keep and nurture a child with his assistance. Please include photo, age, relevant information. POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

Someone Special—Handsome, intelligent and refined, 6'2", 175 lbs, nonreligious Jewish corporate attorney. I am a sincere, considerate, honest, faithful, sensitive, open, romantic, loving and giving person. I enjoy the excitement and variety of city life and the beauty and peacefulness of the country and seashore. I have many interests and prefer activities I can share with someone special. Are you that special someone? Your religion is less important to me than your character and appearance. If you have similar traits, are pretty, 5'5" plus, slender, shapely, and in your mid 30s-mid 40s, please send note, recent photo and your phone number. 5181 ✉

Feminine, Fun, Smart, Sexy, Slim—Very pretty, Jewish, mid 30s, looking for an accomplished, educated, refined Jewish man who is in his late 30s, 40s or early 50s, and is ready for marriage and family. Note/photo/phone, please. 5227 ✉ ☎

Wanted: German Or Austrian Woman—I am an educated, sophisticated and professionally successful American man, 50, 5'11", athletic, who would like to meet a stylish, German-speaking woman. Photo, please. 5213 ✉

Hot Stock—Jewish male, 32, athletic, extremely successful business owner with movie-star looks, seeks a model-type female who is not afraid to let the right guy spoil her. Photo a must. 5230 ✉

Mourning The End Of Summer?—You need a new man in your life. He's a funny, tall, dark, handsome, affectionate, Jewish, 40s, successful real estate investor. Respond now. Photo essential. 5206 ✉

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Free To Play—If you are free to play tennis, sail, ski, bike and travel with a mid-60s, tall, fit, nonsmoking Jewish widower, and enjoy the arts and music, please write. Picture and (212) are big pluses. 5189 ✉

Love—Beautiful widow misses her lover. He was educated, cultured, big heart. I'm waiting. Picture/letter/phone. 65-75. Thank you. 5197 ✉

Date My Bro...Please!—If you're looking for a cute, not-so-typical, nice Jewish guy - who bakes, calls his grandma and races cars - act now! 5214 ✉ ☎

Affectionate, Compassionate MD—Single Jewish male, 43, athletic, handsome and romantic, from NJ - enjoys dining, dancing and sports. Seeks attractive, medium- to full-figured female who is warmhearted, intelligent and a nonsmoker, seeking serious relationship leading to happily ever after. 5202 ✉

Very Pretty Brunette—34, 5'4", slim, Irish/Italian, earthy, sense of humor, independent. Seeking kind, smart, athletic, successful man. Enjoy the outdoors and the arts. Only photo gets reply. 5261 ✉

Strikingly Stunning Brunette—5'5", 115 lbs, smart and svelte, single mom of one, wishes to connect with a ruggedly handsome, hirsute and bright man, 38-55. Note/recent photo; will exchange. 5200 ✉

Mirth Awaits—Good-looking, stirring, solid arts professional, 59, 5'10", great shape, secure, seeks very pretty, shapely, soulful lady, 39-45, any race. Photo. 5163 ✉

Somebody Special—I'm a 41-year-old, good-looking and youthful Jewish male, smart, athletic and fit, successful, educated, down-to-earth, with a nice balance of intensity and humor. Love outdoor activities and a variety of music and film. You are pretty and/or cute, slender, 28-37, bright, warm, open and mature. Photo, please. 5238 ✉ ☎

Rare Gem Seeks Special Setting—Ready to share a true love story with a fascinating gentleman. Female with elegant style and exquisite tastes. Beautiful both inside and out, slim yet curvy. Radiates internal warmth. Enjoys cultural and culinary pursuits. Athletic, intelligent, enthusiastic, energetic. Seeks the same (allergic to cigarette smoke)...male, 37-49. Photo a must. 5183 ✉ ☎

Unusual Woman—Many interests, both indoors and out - willing to learn yours. Retired entrepreneur, artist/designer. Seeking energetic, healthy, silver-haired gentleman, 60-70. You'll be proud to be seen with me. Informative note, please. 5254 ✉

Fun-Loving Attractive Female—Loves getting to know friends well and lighting up there lives. Enjoys tennis, jogging, keeping up with political and financial news, lectures, movies and theater. Intelligent, humorous, honest, warm and happy, financially secure, seeks man, 55 plus. 5257 ✉

Meet Me At The First Tee—Real golf widow seeks partner for a round of 18 and more. Fairfield County, fashionable, sophisticated, down-to-earth, creative, athletic, green-eyed, dark hair - loves to travel, cook, entertain, dance and dine out. Seeks athletic, secure male, 58 plus, who is ready to live life to its fullest and explore opportunities together. 5188 ✉ ☎

Best Friends/Lovers—I'm 52, pretty, vivacious, independent, multifaceted, with wit, warmth and class. Seeking successful professional/entrepreneur. 5208 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Kind Professional Woman—Intelligent, cultured, good humor, seeks compatible man, mid 50s-60s. 5215 ✉

Exotic, Petite—43, looks 33, seeks her forever-sweet knight. Photo/note. 5210 ✉

Okay Guys, Listen Up—I'm special! I'm Jewish, professional, 40, beautiful and feminine, with dark wavy hair, 5'5" and in great shape. All I'm missing is the right man. He should be Jewish, professional, smart, funny and honest. I need someone with refined taste but also down-to-earth. Note/photo appreciated. 5247 ✉

Big Blue Eyes—Minnie Driver look-alike, 5'7", slim, looking for fit, charming man (32-42) with a great smile and a good sense of humor. 5192 ✉ ☎

Japanese Guy—30s, slim, 5'9", seeks white American lady, 20s-30s. Love driving/romance/activity. 5177 ✉

Lost In Miami—Sophisticated, well-bred, accomplished beauty who shuns the masses, seeks secure, charming man, not easily intimidated, who stands out in a crowd; someone who is looking for an equal not a trophy. European/Latin preferred, 40 plus. Photo a must. 5260 ✉

Very Attractive, 5'3", Trim—Professional Jewish woman, late 30s, feminine, sensitive, youthful and warmhearted. Enjoys movies, theater, warm-weather vacations and seeking out the mystical in life. Desires dynamic, solid, good-hearted, educated man, 40-52, for laughter, communion and romance. Photo/note, please. 5226 ✉

Wishing You Were Here With Me!—NJ, divorced, attractive, 5'1", 40, brunette is seeking the right man. I enjoy romance, fine dining, golf, travel, art, music and theater. Looking to share my life with a passionate, caring man. Photo/note. 5187 ✉

NYC Male—With no problems, seeks companion, 50-60, for adventurous travel. Photo appreciated. 5220 ✉

Dark-Haired Beauty—Very pretty, Jewish, 36-year-old Manhattan business owner seeks Jewish male soul mate, 32-45, who enjoys the beach, Vermont, fine dining, skiing and the arts. 5222 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Adventurous Lady—Professional, Jewish, 53, seeks bright, warm man who loves classical music, jazz, cinema, travels and intimacy. 5212 ✉ ☎

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Greta Garbo Eyes—Literature professor, fluent in Italian, trim as a gazelle, seeks 44-55 male, 5'11" plus, with intellect of an astrophysicist and heart of a poet. Open to interesting combinations, such as CEO who reads Aquinas... E-mail: Pampinea@escape.com. 5205 ✉

Once More, With Feeling—Unencumbered male, young 50s, slim, seeks lady for friendship, simple enjoyments. Focus on future with love and care. Photo. 5258 ✉

Attractive, Lovely—Asian Lady, 30, 5'2" seeks warm, caring, mature, 30-40 man for loving, committed relationship. 5225 ✉

Female Health-Care Professional—Classical pianist, fit, seeking professional, nonsmoking male, 40-52, for long-term relationship. Must be willing to relocate to West Coast/southwestern US. 5194 ✉

Single Dad Seeks Lifetime Love—6', athletic, Ivy professional, blue eyes and warm smile, looking for partner under 40, to share intimacy, warmth and everything else. No smokers. Photo a must. 5233 ✉

Former Actress, Trial Lawyer—Loves to play golf, tennis and ski, 5'5", 120, blond, hazel eyes, 44, looking for a handsome, active, bright, ambitious man. 5246 ✉ ☎

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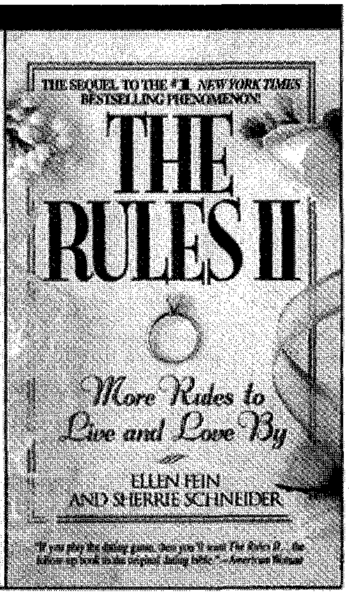
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Handsome, Sincere, 6', Gentleman—Dentist, 42. Seeks pretty, kind, intelligent lady. Photo and bio. 5262 ✉

Sea-Loving Lass—Seeks mensch with a beach house. Green eyes, dark hair, slim, editor, 43, seeks tall, literate man. Grey hair a plus. 5196 ✉

Attractive Woman—Searching for mature man with heart and soul. 5204 ✉

A Nice Woman—Interesting, alive, romantic, cultured, humorous, trustworthy...as well as pretty, 5'7", 120 lbs. Please be a sweetheart, smart and in your prime. 5228 ✉

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New York

Handsome 30 Year-Old Doctor—In shape, slightly outrageous Italian, great personality, seeking attractive, adventurous woman. Note/photo. 5250 ✉

Attractive Woman, 50s—Partial to Irishmen, seeks a unique man: earthy and intellectual, with good values, a sense of humor, diverse interests and a love of the arts. 5180 ✉

Nice-Looking Man—Professional, warm, youthful, trim, 5'10", 57 - seeks a down-to-earth, stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. I love the arts, music, films, travel...or just a good conversation. Photo, please. 5195 ✉

Handsome, All-American—Renaissance man, 6'1", mid 30s, Jewish, seeks outstanding woman for marriage and children. Will exchange photos. 5243 ✉

Searching for Love And Romance—Young, fit, Jewish professional guy, 40, seeks sensitive woman for serious relationship. Children okay. 5253 ✉ ☎

Long-Haired Asian Beauty—Seeks lifetime partner, lover and best friend. Me: slim, sexy, affectionate, classy entrepreneur with diverse interests. You: tall, slim, single white male, 40-55, funny, warm, sensual, nonsmoker, who appreciates an independent lady with brains. Note/photo/telephone. 5224 ✉

Very pretty Psychotherapist—46, slim, athletic, 5'7", blue eyes, auburn hair, seeks career-oriented Manhattan-MD, lover of music. Snapshot. 5259 ✉

Widower—51, 6'1", 190, government service, Democrat, Protestant/Unitarian. I enjoy being an amateur jazz and classical musician, a movieholic...astronomy and celestial phenomena, books, museums, science and 20th-century art. 5216 ✉

Kind But With An Edge—Attractive, slim, tall, successful but ridiculously overeducated female, 32, looking for male counterpart to go out, hang out and do crossword puzzles. Only musts are striking intelligence and a justified confidence. Photo/phone. 5223 ✉

100-Percent Truth—Cute, bright, slim, humorous, single Jewish female, young-looking 36, Brooklynite, seeks intelligent, humorous, sincere, single Jewish male, 33-41, nonsmoker, to share life's future Kodak moments. Phone/photo. 5211 ✉

Somewhat Sweet—5'10", 40ish, slim, curly blond, easy to look at lady trial lawyer with a great Chelsea loft looking for a good fit - strong character, emotionally generous, physically and professionally able. Must laugh, hug and argue heartily. 5219 ✉ ☎

Waiting For Godot—Do you exist? You: desirable, free Jewish gentleman, late 60s, healthy, intelligent, educated, with enough spirit and intuition to want to save me: a petite, attractive, Manhattanite Jewish lady, same age and qualities, from loneliness. Note/photo. 5229 ✉

Marriage-Minded Mensch—Handsome, 39, owns lovely Westchester home. Please be under 37. Photo a must. 5198 ✉

NYMessage

Did You Like The Movie?—At the 8pm screening of "Unmade Beds" at the Screening Room, Sept. 5, you asked me if I was in the tickets line. I'm tall and wore a green polo shirt and khakis. 5235 ✉ ☎

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NYMessage
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***Quality Woman**—In search of male counterpart to enjoy each other's company and (if we're lucky) start a lifetime together.* Very pretty, petite, youthful 44, unpretentious, with strong intellect and sense of fun, Jewish (you needn't be), enjoy Manhattan. You're very intelligent, emotionally stable, 40-50, honest and warm-hearted. Include home phone. 5179 ✉☎

Seize The Day—40ish, attractive Jewish brunette, affectionate, empathic, passionate and curious, funny, well-read, well-traveled, romantic and politically aware, seeks warm, very smart, spirited mensch (40-52, nonsmoker, Jewish), who loves to laugh and play and has a bit of poetry in his soul. Note/photo. 5237 ✉

Beautiful Woman—In high-level corporate positions, 48, passionate about the arts, the outdoors, foreign travel and cooking, truly slim, fit, bright and warm, seeks man to love and cherish. 5242 ✉

Our Time Is Now—A compassionate, sensitive, humorous, successful man, 42, athletic, 5'10", seeks fit Jewish woman, 30-38, romantic, intelligent, outgoing, giving, for a lifetime of love and adventure. Note. Photo helpful. 5256 ✉

Handsome Judge—60, Jewish, athletic, artistic, seeks pretty, slim professional female with similar interests. 5240 ✉

Moving To LA!—Tell your CA friends! Eclectic, attractive, 35, 5'7" Jewish female with Ivy/MBA, arts awards, and who bicycled USA...dreaming of irreverent, fit, tall Jewish comedian who appreciates the magic of Silly String. Creative, funny reply and self-portrait. 5209 ✉

Joie De Vivre!—Sparkling CT Supermom and redhead! Seeks tall Jewish dad, 40 plus, for laughter/family/fun/romance! Photo/phone. 5185 ✉ ☎

One In A Million—Beautiful, elegant, slim, great personality, educated, warm and loving. Seeking highly successful, attractive, dynamic, caring Jewish gentleman, 57-65. Photo a must. 5221 ✉

Tennis Anyone?—Super nice guy seeks sweet cutie pie with racquet. I'm fun to be with, 40, 6', 175, marriage-minded, honest, caring, cute, affectionate, and athletic. Please, photo a must. 5255 ✉

MARY ANN MADDEN #922

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Amerigo Vestpoochie—pioneer in designer dogwear.

Nicholas Mountseurat—curator, the Art Institute of Chicago.

James Whitecomb Riley—Hoosier poet beset by dandruff.

Above, excerpts from the directory of mangled names. Competitors are invited to provide one sullied but familiar name briefly described.

Results of Competition 919, in which you were asked for an original redefinition for any familiar foreign phrase.

Report: Great fun to read these. From time to time we found the "original" sin, but old things make us laugh as well. Always will. Don't know but that they make us look younger. French and Latin the most popular sources. With Urdu a close twenty-sixth. Eerie duplications among even the new-to-us. Samples of best-defined: **foie gras**—Astroturf. **faux pas**—surrogate dada. **sui generis**—huge pig. **carpe diem**—catch of the day. **pied à terre**—Earth Shoe. **hors de combat**—camp follower. **in toto**—Dorothy's dog ate my homework. Thanks all. Remember our motto: **risi senex**—laugh at the old; **donner chat**—on with the mew.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

les jeux sont fait—welcome to the Gay Games.
Andrew Gelker, Malibu, Calif.

orlando innamorato—I love Disney World.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

entente cordiale—happy camper.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

q.e.d.—Queen Elizabeth the 500th.
Mark Wilson, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

ductus litterarum—Mother Goose.
Nita Lamborghini, Newburyport, Mass.

éminence grise—highly respected auto mechanic.
Laura Handlin, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

ratatouille—I hate vermin.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

moussaka—for the good of the cow.
R. A. Honeygosky, Washington, D.C.

coup de grâce—a confessional.
John J. Conti, Norfolk, Mass.

te deum—traditional words uttered by bar mitzvah boy ("Te deum a man . . .).
Leonard Greenberg, Sterling, Va.

pas de chat—pussyfoot.
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

desco da parto—out of the office.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

rond de jambe—jelly roll.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

maison de santé—North Pole.
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

commis voyageur—fellow traveler.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

coup de theâtre—stagecoach.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

salto mortale—sodium kills.
Dot Edwards, Galena , Mo.

laissez-aller—easy street.
Dede Perssons, Mundelein, Ill.

lever de rideau—gearshift.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

capable de tout—I can blow my own horn, thank you.
Jens Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

pur sang—the cat's meow.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

en l'air—in the lion's den.
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

post mortem—dead letter.
Alice Kantor, Newburyport, Mass.

sic semper tyrannis—kill that smirking Barney.
Peyton Coyner, Afton, Va.

dove sono?—whither the sonos of yesteryear?
Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park, Md.

le toute ensemble—some assembly required.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

et tu, brute?—did you consume my aftershave?
Rich Katz, N.Y.C.

multus gemens—the place is crawling with Feds.
Smitty Landry, New Iberia, La.

vin ordinaire—unmarked police vehicle.
J. J. Meany, Orangeburg, N.Y.

hava nagila—Fidel.
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

tant mieux—tease the cat.
R. Gorby, Los Angeles, Calif.

fin de siècle—Communist.
Thomas D. Warren, Hollywood Hills, Calif.

cul de sac—stuff from your purse.
Ralph Carl, Duncan, B.C.

linguine carbonara—burnt-out English teacher.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

scusi—prosciutto wrapped in cold cooked rice.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

mise en scene—latecomers will be seated at an appropriate break in the action.
Mark Paladini, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

à la recherche du temps perdu—chicken plant seeks part-time workers.
Danielle Warnes, Flossmoor, Fla.

maison chic—henhouse.
Charlie Faith, Calgary, B.C.

rex tremendae—largest known dinosaur.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

enfants gatés—Microsoft kids.
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.

kriminalroman—Little Caesar.
Ellen Butler, San Francisco, Calif.

pot au feu—cannabisque.
Michael Flitter, Elkins Park, Pa.

sol y sombra—alone and sad.
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

hors commerce—horse trade.
Brian Bracey, Carrboro, N.C.

sub conditione—out of shape.
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

fantasiestücke—defective Disney videocassette.
Dave Rapp, New City, N.Y.

non compos mentis—organic fertilizing strictly prohibited.
JoAnn Renfro, Kansas City, Mo.

annus horribilis—butt-ugly.
Roy C. Dicks, Raleigh, N.C.

au courant—with raisins.
Collier W. Hofmann, Livingston, Ala.

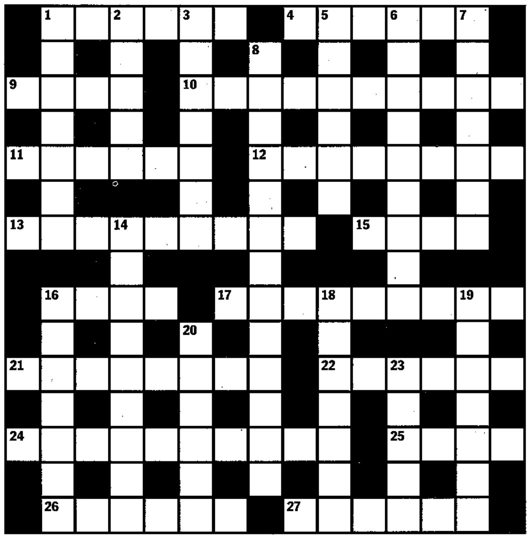
Yom Kippur—tasty fish.
Jonathan Smit, Brooklyn

pas possible—maybe he's dad.
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 922, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by September 18. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the November 2 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Refinement of language. (6)
4 Pleasurable activities for good losers. (6)
9 To speak other than plainly is considered an affront. (4)
10 A racket fought with foreign money. (10)
11 Hurt that makes a mother mature. (6)
12 The girl's fortitude personified. (8)
13 The memorial constituents had seen to. (9)
15 Some are too slow for the city. (4)
16 Beats top gear! (4)
17 Capital's initial value. (5-4)
21 The person soliciting article by outside ring. (8)
22 Guarantee for a vessel going by river. (6)
24 Agreeing on scent—it's to be used. (10)
25 A certain police division could get really acrimonious. (4)
26 A steed, when properly treated, is not fiery. (6)
27 Gullible Oriental dramatist. (6)

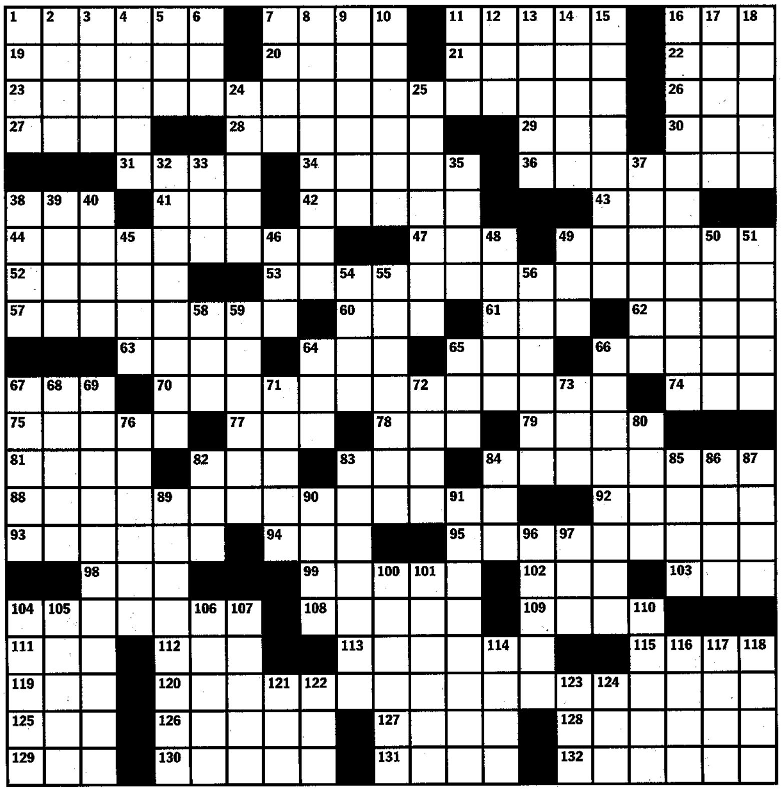


DOWN
1 Feel a friend should accompany the head. (7)
2 The Chancellor naturally includes the woman. (5)
3 A national topic of conversation. (7)
5 Exercise quite a bit before a game. (6)
6 Note written on furniture restorer. (9)
7 Blast! The Italians don't like it! (7)
8 Judges unsatisfactory a diner's tip that is small. (13)
14 Newsmen at the heart of the action can appear dispirited. (9)
16 Rich, firm, and very good. (7)
18 Broadcast of TT races results. (7)
19 One of many six-footers engaged in high-rise building. (7)
20 Shut down before the end of August for the recess. (6)
23 Fish—or maybe steak? (5)

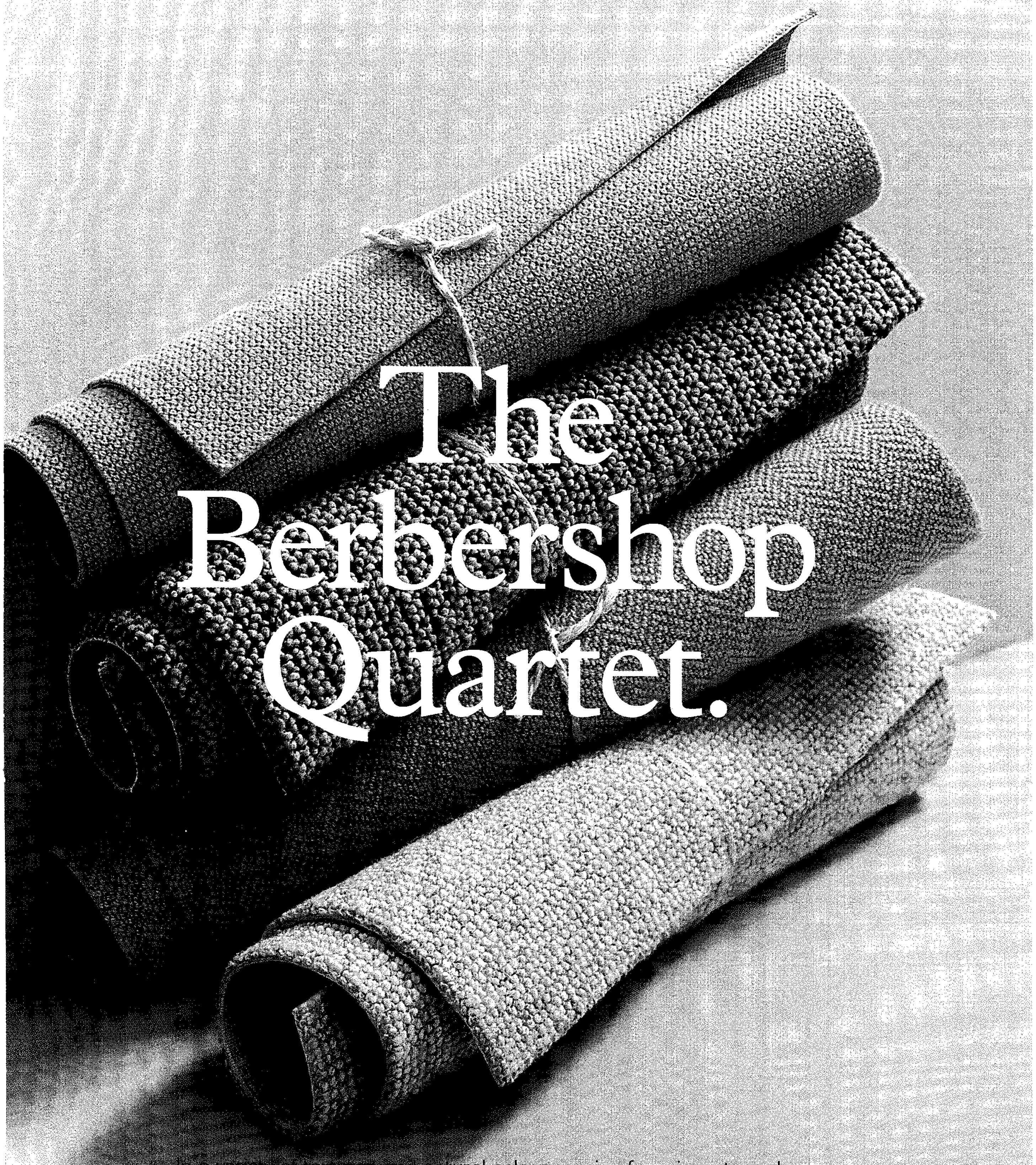
'Redundancies': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Become hesitant
7 Loud plop
11 State of India
16 Fido's doc
19 "Lawrence of Arabia" star
20 Horse hair
21 String-quartet instruments
22 College league
23 Intermediate redundancy
26 Traveler's reference
27 Son of Ramses I
28 Native American
29 Pester for payment
30 Drink that sounds helpful
31 Pre-Soviet ruler
34 First Lady after Pat
36 Less permissive
38 Elevator buttons
41 Salt Lake City player
42 Grenoble's river
43 City near Tel Aviv
44 Bicycle's redundancy
47 Pixie
49 Garlic units
52 Kukla's colleague
53 Nearness redundancy
57 Dermatological redundancy
60 Illiterates' signatures
61 Columnist Kupcinet
62 Victorian "by God!"
63 Bone: combining form
64 Longing
65 Bank convenience, for short
66 Prefix for sphere
67 Abby's twin
70 Selective redundancy
74 VCR reverse setting
75 TV comic Sales
77 Royal Dutch Airline
78 Call from the Titanic
79 Bloody Mary's daughter
81 Scandinavian capital
82 French fool
83 Baby blossom
84 Arithmetic redundancy
88 Archaeological redundancy
92 Actress Massey
93 Town of an Irish rose
94 Last London letter
95 Art redundancy
98 Convent resident
99 Perfume give-off
102 Hurricane center
103 Before theta
104 Senior citizen
108 Navigation system
109 Thereabouts
111 Ingmar's protégée
112 Balin or Claire
113 Perfect-game pitcher Don
115 Golden-rule word
119 Comedian Philips
120 Teamwork redundancy
125 Kimono sash
126 Weatherworn
127 Burt Reynolds's ex
128 Like a paradise
129 Topsoil
130 Spaniard's title
131 Brits.
132 Prisoner's conditional release

DOWN
1 Watch chains
2 Suit to ——
3 Dole's successor
4 That is to say
5 One of the Whitneys
6 Mardi Gras king
7 Eliot Ness, for one
8 Manually distributed circular
9 Lingerie, informally
10 Candidates' discussion
11 Play to the audience
12 Ply the needle
13 Toboggans
14 Alaskan islander
15 Oscar-winner for "Cabaret"
16 Health redundancy
17 Dodge, as taxes
18 Blood-bank worker
24 Bushed
25 Menu section
32 O.S.S.'s top operative
33 Didn't go hungry
35 Hound sound
37 Paying guest
38 Sci-fi craft
39 11th President
40 Songs sung singly
45 Martinez of the Yankees
46 Bonn cry of woe
48 Chip from a corn-chip package
49 Caesar's 115
50 Bivouac encampment
51 Max von ——
54 The yoke's on them
55 Makes a parody of
56 Imitation gold leaf
58 "—— was saying . . ."
59 "I gets weary, and —— trying": "Ol' Man River"
64 Sweet potato
65 Utterances of pleasure
66 Anglophiles' afternoon breaks
67 Of —— (of one kind or another)
68 Face-down fall, colloquially
69 Legalistic redundancy
71 Clumsy one: slang
72 Final musical passage
73 Scottish actor Alastair
76 WW I French doughboys
80 Balsam tree of Peru
82 Enemy
83 Kin of a sleeping bag
84 Depot abbr.
85 Ripped
86 Med. school subj.
87 After tra
89 Parts of francs
90 Work a cure
91 Farewell performance
96 Sierra ——, African republic
97 Song wording: abbr.
100 Seer at Delphi
101 Leave stranded
104 Butter look-alikes
105 Under-the-pole dance
106 Harden to hardships
107 Florida's Boca
110 Kind of space
114 Decorative finials
116 Barcelona boy
117 Be a drudge
118 Fairy-tale starter
121 G.I. hangout
122 —— Lingus
123 G.O.P. voter
124 Nabokov heroine



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 74.



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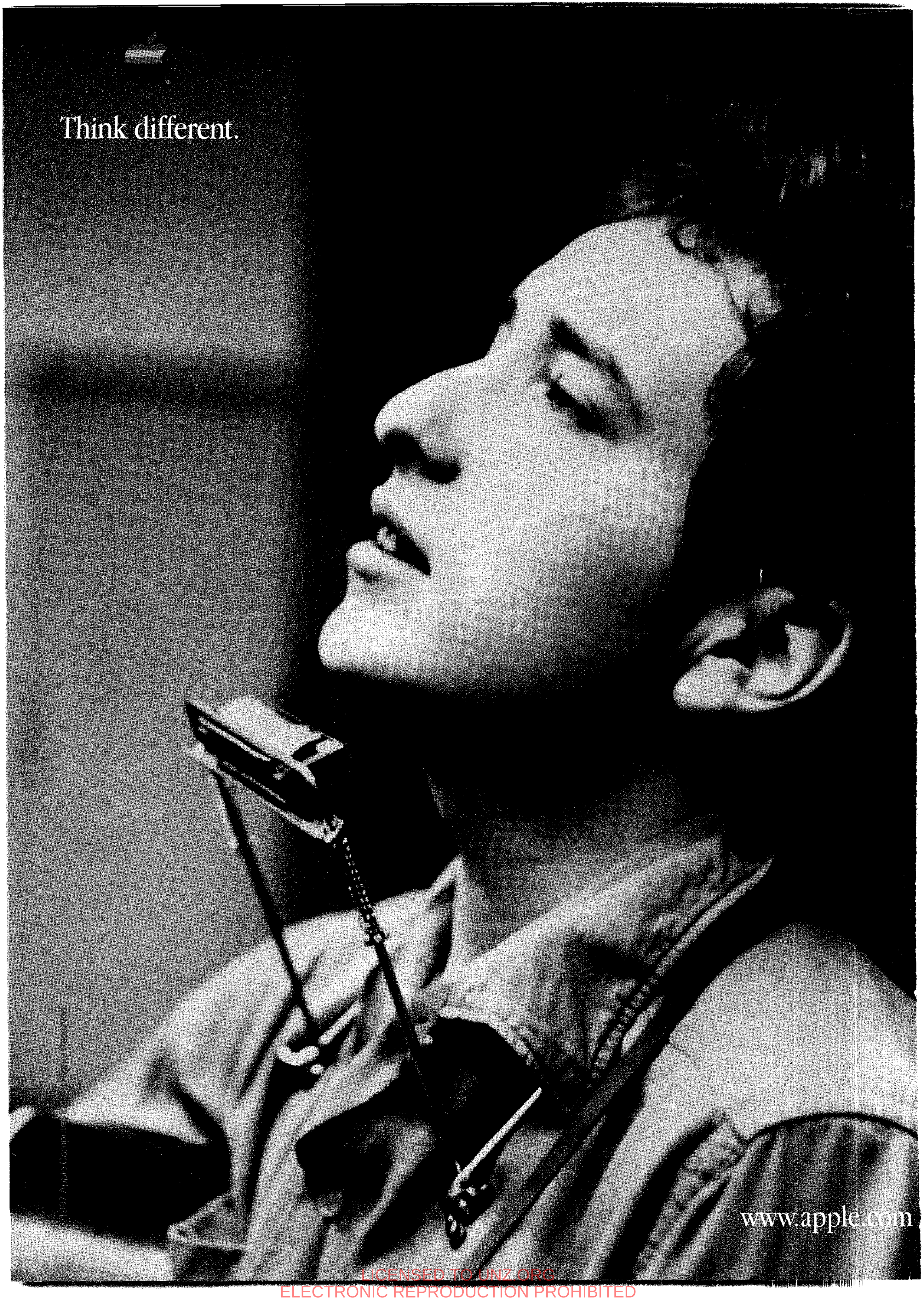
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